THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Difficulties in Getting Terms in

The Nicaraguan Treaty Likely to be Ratified by the Senate.

Liable to Cause an Extra Session.

WASHINGTON, December 28 .- The Spanish treaty will be given precedence, in the Senate, of all the other pending commercial treaties, and its fate will determine the status of the others. While tion, its friends expect a reaction in their favor before it is reported to the Senate. It will be modified in some respects, and discussion will, the friends of the scheme

of many champions of the construction of the Nicaragua canal.

The inside history of Lie manner in which the Nicaraguan treaty was negotiated will probably never be told. The secretary of state has worked under adverse circumstances for nearly a year before he accomplished his purpose. From excellent and disinterested authority it is learned that not a dollar was spent to secure the treaty. In fact, Mr. Frelinghuysen had not a dollar at his disposal to use for such a purpose. Lesseps originally tried his best to secure a concession from Nicaragua for the construction of a canal and only failed by two votes in the Nicaraguan Congress. Had he been chosen for the Freuch enterprise. Then the American company, through Engineer Menocal of the navy and others, obtained a concession from the Nicaraguan government for the construction of a canal, which concession had not expired by limitation at the time the secretary of state began his negotiations for a treaty, and the granting to the United States of the right of way and route for the construction of a canal. The private company insisted that it would demand damages of the Nicaraguan government if its exclusive rights and privileges were granted to any corporation or government.

While there is good reason to believe that the

in history.

The Hawalian treaty is now pending in the Senate. It cannot expire without notice from one of the two parties to the contract, and the Hawalian minister, it is thought, made a serious error in asking for its formal renewal at the present time. This treaty will not be renewed in its present form. It may, indeed, if pressed at the present session, suffer the fate that now seems inevitable for the Spanish and San Domingo treates. The Callfornia wine producers and fruit growers want their products added to the free list of articles to be sent to the islands, and there are also matters their products added to the free list of articles to be sent to the islands, and there are also matters of political interest to the United States to be incorporated in the treaty. The instrument may be recalled by the President to allow these changes to be made, instead of suffering the foreign relations committee of the Senate to amend it.

It Practically Annuls the Immigration Act and Excites the Alarm of California

WASHINGTON, December 29 .- The subject of the restriction of Chinese immigration, which senators and representatives fondly hoped had een ended by the ratification of the treaty of 1880, and the two acts of Congress subsequently ed in pursuance thereof, is revived by the

son who chooses, for the sake of obtaining a certificate, to peddle peanuts on the streets of San Francisco for a day.

Senator Miller of California, as soon as he heard of Mr. McCulloch's ruling, visited the treasury and tried to have the decision reversed. The secretary, who is opposed to any restriction of Chinese limingration, declined to modify or repeal the decision. In conversation with The Globe Carrespondent, Senator Miller said:

These Chinese certificates are worth about \$150 apiece, and there is danger that the Chinese consul will abuse the privileges given him under the secretary's riling. The intent of the act was that Chinese representatives abroad, not those in this country, should certify to representatives of the United States government the facts conceraing any applicant for a certificate. If this were not so then Congress would not have conferred anthority thom our collectors of customs to issue certificates. What sense is there in giving both the collector of customs and the Chinese consult the right to issue these certificates? A man may go to the Chinese consulate, produce proofs that he is a merchant desiring to return home, get a certificate and mail it to his relatives or friends in China, upon which he can enter the country and become a laborer. You cannot tell one Chinaman from another, and there is money in the importation of the men at an expense of \$150 per certificate for the Six Companies."

Senator Miller will do all in his power to secure the reversal of Mr. McCulloch's decision.

Appropriation for Sending an American

attention of British colonists to the advancement the arts, sciences and manufactures of the nited States. A circular issued by the promotors

United States. A circular issued by the promotors of the exhibition says:

The importance of this American exhibition to the tommerce and manufactures of the United States amnot be overestimated, and at this particular time of trade depression, notwithstanding a large surplus of food products and manufactured goods, when 316.249 artisans in twenty-two States of our Union, or 13-per cent. of all the wage earners in the whole country, are unemployed on account of over-production, as appears by Bradstreet's reports, even the most unreflective person cannot fail to see that we must do omething, and do it quick'y, to open new fields for the sale of that which we cannot ourselves consume. Surely there can be no simpler or more efficacious way to accomplish this than to display to the world the world's commercial capital all that we have to dispose of, together with all the evidences we can obain of our material progress. All this will be done at the American exhibition of 1886 in a most complete and comprehensive manner. All that is asked or is for Congress to give permission for the removal of the United States exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition to London, and such small sum of money as will be required to care for it there.

SECRETARY CHANDLER'S ORDERS For the Conduct of the Navy Department

Without Any Appropriation. WASHINGTON, December 28. - The following eneral order growing out of the failure of Conress to pass the naval appropriation bill, was ssued at the Navy Department today: After December 31, 1884, until action by Congress, here will be no current appropriation for the pay of he navy, for pay miscellaneous, for contingent exenses of the navy, for the work of the bureaus of he department. for the naval academy, marine corps raval asylum.

r naval asylum.

The naval segrice must therefore be lawfully main-

no appropriations may apply, will be allowed to continue on duty where the work in which they are engaged is, in the opinion of the department or its proper representatives, necessary to the maintenance of the naval service, provided they will stipulate that theywork voluntarily and without contract or agreement that they shull be paid therefor; and in such cases they will be given certificates stating the time and character of the services, and that they were voluntarily rendered without contract or agreement, and that the holders will have no claim for compensation unless Congress shall make an appropriated for will be accepted after December 31, except under the foregoing stipulation.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER,

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, Secretary of the Navy.

Preparations for Mr. Arthur's New Year's Reception-The Fete Expected to Eclipse All Its Predecessors in Splendor and Gayety,

WHITE HOUSE GLORIES.

WASHINGTON, December 29 .- The social season at the national capital this winter will be one of unusual brilliancy. The families of cabinet officers, it is said, will entertain largely with a view to having the Arthur administration expire amid a social blaze. Mrs. McElroy, the President's sister, is preparing a list of the ladies who will be invited to assist the President at the New Year's reception. It is expected that from thirty to fifty ladies will take part in it. The indicaand discussion will, the friends of the scheme hope, win for it considerable support. If the Spanish treaty fails of ratification then the Nicaragua treaty will be brought forward with a much better prospect of success. There are political questions involved in the treaty with which it is said have not yet been advanced, that it is believed will gain for it the support of many champions of the construction of the Nicaragua canal.

The inside history of the manner in which the Nicaraguan treaty was negotiated will probably never be told. The secretary of state has worked under adverse circumstances for nearly a year before he accomplished his purpose. From excellent and disinterested authority it is learned that tions warrant the belief that the executive has

room will be almost obstructed by a bank of paims.

The red room of the executive mansion has been further beautified by the addition of a handsome screen and a pair of porcelain vases. On one part of the screen, painted on a dark plush background, is a bunch of golden-rod and thistles and another of wild roses, while the centre-piece is an exquisite bit of color, representing a landscape. In the background of this is a luxuriant growth of wild grasses, out of which a startled covey of game birds are rising. The screen is about five feet high, and it is pronounced by composseurs worthy of a place in the White House. On each side of the magnificent inlaid mantel of this room there has been placed a new vase, and the centre of the room contains a small table of Mexican onyx, designed as a stand for a bouquet of cut flowers.

The Wrangle and an Extra Session. Washington, December 26.—The heavy appropriation bill recommended by the Senate comwittee on appropriations as a substitute for the House resolution extending the appropriation for three months instead of six months has been sent to the seerctary of the navy, with a detailed comparison between it and the appropriations for the first six months of the year. The statement shows that the Senate substitute would give the navy \$600,000 less for the remainder of the fiscal year than it had for the first six months of the year, and \$300,000 less than they would have had for the half year, if the original bill of the House had passed.

hair year, it the original bill of the House had passed.

The wrangle between the two 'buses, if not harmoniously settled, may possible lead to the calling of an extra session of the Forty-ninth Congress to provide for the needs of the navy. There is an impression, if the Senate does not flatly recede from the position it has hitherto assumed, the House will simply make appropriations for the next fiscal year and refuse to vote a dollar for the balance of the present year.

A Christmas Present for China.

Washington, December 24 .- Just before the adjournment of the Senate today the committee on foreign relations, through Mr. Pendleton, reported favorably the bill to restore the balance of the Chinese indemnity functio China. This indemnity was paid in 1858 for alleged outdemnity was paid in 1853 for alleged outrages on American citizens, and amounted to over \$735,000 in gold. After claims that could be proved had been paid in full, and most of them with 12 per cent. Interest for five years added, there still remained an unexpended balance of about \$240,000, which, being converted into currency and invested in United States 5 per cent. bonds, now amounts to more than \$584,000. The fund has never been paid into the treasury, but remains in a safe at the State Department. Every president since Grant has recommended that the money be returned to China, but for some reason Congress has always failed to take action.

Mr. Bayard's Possible Successor. WASHINGTON, December 27 .- Should Senator Bayard be called to the cabinet it is believed that one member of the House from Delaware, win succeed to his seat. Mr. Lore is 53 years of age, of fine presence, and a ready but nervous speaker. His pollucal views are very liberal. He is a graduate of Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, studied law with Judge John K. Findlay of Philaelphia, and has been attorney-general of his

Concerning Distilled Spirits.

WASHINGTON, December 27 .- The attorneygeneral has rendered a decision that the Treasury general has rendered a decision that the Treasury Department has power to make a regulation by which distilled spirits can be permitted to remain in a distillery warehouse after the expiration of three years from the date of entry therein, pro-yided the distiller, or owner of the spirits, files a declaration of his purpose to export the same in good faith, and gives a bond to do so within a given period. At daylight the officials started for the scene of the disaster, but could only lind the debris covering the beach. The bodies of the captain and the sailor were found and interred in the sand where they fell. The steward's body was washed ashore and buried near where the vessel struck."

Captain Gunidford of the Landsdowne, who has had over forty years' experience on this coast, says the late gales were among the worst he ever saw. The snow storm Friday night was so thick that he could not see the first officer at the other end of the bridge. The vapor from the water and cold at Sable Island rose to a height of thirty feet.

Long Stories Briefly Told. WASHINGTON, December 27.—Democratic members of Congress are said to be quietly arranging pers of Congress are said to be quietly arranging a system for distributing patronage under the incoming administration with a view of preventing a rush of officeseekers upon President Cleveland. The Spanish minister in an interview today respecting the pending treaty, said: "The Spanish government is willing to accept such modifications in regard to sugar and tobacco as the American Senate may adopt or recommend."

Robert C. Winthrop, Father and Son-WASHINGTON, December 24.-Hon. Horatio C. King has a letter from the son of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop stating that his father was better, but that there was no probability of his being able to come to Washington to deliver the address which he has prepared for the ceremonles at the dedica-tion of the Washington monument. It has been suggested that the son of Mr. Winthrop be invited to read the address, but the matter has not yet been considered by the monument commission

The Inauguration Ball. WASHINGTON, December 24 .- Chairman Ber-

ritt of the inauguration committee said to a reporter today: "We are getting along very rapidly. We will have a fine ball room, a magnificent entertainment—the greatest, I think, ever held here or anywhere else in the country." It is now practically settled that the ball will take place in the new pension building.

Long Stories Briefly Told.

Long Stories Briefly Told.

Chief Justice Waite, who has been ill for some time, is rapidly convalescing.

It is said by members of the river and harbor committee of the House that the bill this year will appropriate about \$10,000,000.

The State Department yesterday was officially notified by the American minister in Japan of the massacre in Corea, in which Mon Yon ik, who was chief of the Corean embassy which visited this country last summer, was the first to be killed.

this country last summer, was the first to be killed.

Director Powell of the geological survey reports that during the season which closed the latter part of November there were surveyed in the New England section 658 square miles; in the Appalachian section, 17,466 square miles; and in the Southwestern section, 15,000 square miles. The field notes are being put in shape as rapidly as bossible.

as possible.

The naval court of inquiry appointed to investi-The naval court of inquiry appointed to investigate fraues in the bureau of medicine and surgery, and to examine the methods of purchasing supplies in the other bureaus, made a preliminary report today, stating that they found no reason to believe that the frauds in the bureau of medicine and surgery had extended to other bureaus.

The Bureau of Statistics reports to the secretary of the treasury that the foreign commerce of the United States for the month of November shows that the exports were valued at \$78,776,666, and the imports at \$45,173,792, the excess of exports over imports being \$38,602,874. This is a greater excess than has occurred during any previous month of this year.

Comptroller Lawrence today rendered a decision, in which he held that the Otoe and Missouri Confederate Indian tribes are entitled to receive 5 per cent. Interest on the removal fund provided by the act of March 3, 1881, and expended for their benefit under the direction of the secretary of the interior.

It is thought that the House appropriation committee will make a liberal appropriation for seacoast defences this year. The opinion that several millions will be appropriated has been expressed by many.

pressed by many.

r respective duties under existing orders, and ready and the constitute lawful debts he government. All necessary contracts and purses for ciothing, subsistence, forage, fuel, quarters transportation for the current year, will be duy le and vouchers will be issued therefor. The holdmust be informed that payment will depend upon are appropriations for the purpose.

Sudden Death of a Portland Mason.

PORTLAND, Me., December 29.—Charles H. Jordan of Portland, a mason by trade, aged about 58 years, was found dead in his bed at his home in Westbrook yesterday morning. It was probably a case of heart disease.

Terrible Fate of the Crew of a Miquelon Brig.

Half their Number Swept Overboard as the Vessel Struck on Sable Island.

The Others Only Spared for Still More

HALIFAX, N. S., December 26 .- One of the saddest stories of wrecks, in a year terribly proline of such tales of suffering and death, comes from Sable Island. The brig A. S. H., Captain Lemarchaud, owned by Omeger & Co. of St. Pierre. Miquelon, sailed from that place on the 15th inst. with a cargo of dry fish for Boston and a

was dashed to pieces on Sable Island, and only one man survives to tell the terrible story of the disaster. This was the first mate, who arrived here in the Dominion government steamer Lausdowne last night, and made the following "The day after leaving St. Pierre we encoun-

tered heavy winds from the southwest, which continued and changed next day to north and northeast, accompanied by heavy snow. At 4 o'clock that afternoon we made out West End light, off terribly from exhaustion during the cold and hurricane of the previous thirty-six hours, and were thoroughly disheartened when the ship struck.

with debris.

the light winds prevailing in that latitude would have taken us many days or weeks to reach."

The captain, his wife and boy came home, leaving the officers and crew he charge of the American consul at Pernambuco. The Alert was of 1099 tons register, built in Boston, and owned by Littlefield Sons of that place. Vernon H. Brown & Co., 4 Bowling Green, New York, were his consignees.

WRECKED ON RICHMOND'S ISLAND. Intense Sufferings of the Crew of the Schooner Express. PORTLAND, December 24 .- A graphic story is

told of the sufferings of the men of the wrecked schooner Express, Captain L. N. Ingersoll. They put out of Portland over a week ago, with hopes of reaching Boston without delay, but when in the vicinity of Richmond's Island it became apparent that to further advance in so stormy a sea would be likely to prove disastrous to both vessel and crew, and it was decided to make an anchorage at Richmond's Island until the gale abated. Day after day passed, and the wild sea kept the vessel at anchor. At length the storm of the night of the 22d inst. came on. The sea was very high and the wild blowing a living gale from the west-northwest. Captala Ingersoli gave up all hopes of the schooner weathering the storm. Four men on west. Captain Ingersoli gave up all hopes of the schooner weathering the storm. Four men on board had been disabled, At last the final moment arrived, the cargo became loose, and with every rock of the vessel shifted. There was a thick snow storm, and the men could hardly see a foot in front of them. On the island not a sirgle light could be seen. The schooner drifted until within 600 yards of the shore. Every part of the rigging was covered with ice. At last a strong undertow parted the cables and the schooner then drifted rapidly. Captain laggersoli ordered the beats to be lowered and with great difficulty the scamen manned them. They succeeded in reaching shore at last, and Captain lagersoli came to this city for relief. The schooner is now on the beach full of water. She was of eighty tons burden. Her crew halled from Eastport.

bella After Abandoning their Vessel.

FROM SENATE TO CABINET.

Garland, Bayard, Vilas and Whitney for Portfolios.

WASHINGTON, December 24.-When President Garfield's cabinet was announced Roscoe Conk-ling, then a senator from New York, observed that the new president had emptied three saddles in the Senate. He referred to the selection of Senator Blaine to be secretary of state, Senator Windom to be secretary of the treasury and Senator Kirkwood to be secretary of the interior. There is every indication that Presibers of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, and either Senators Lamar or Pendleton may and Garland to cabinet offices will be the reorganization of the Senate judiciary committee. The senators from Delaware and Arkansas are both members of this committee, and great interest is felt as to who their successors will be. In matters affecting Pacific railroad legislation, the power and authority of the judiciary committee has been supreme, and speculators and investors in land-grant railroad securities will regard changes in the personnel of this committee with the liveliest interest.

Washington, December 26.—Prominent Democrats who have visited and talked with Governor

house destroyed by fire at Green Bay. The Phœnix Insurance Company adjusted and paid the loss. It brought the present suit against the transportation company to recover the money, claiming that the fire was caused by sparks from the steamer Occuto. Some sixty buildings were destroyed by the same fire.

"BOURBONS TO THE REAR."

A Phrase That Crates on Loyal Southern Ears-Senators Butler, Jones and Lamar on the Feelings of Their People-The Country's Administration Their Administration.

WASHINGTON, December .25 .- Several of the leading Republican and mugwump newspapers of the North are trying to make trouble for the president-elect by agitating the question of what recognition shall be given the South by the new administration. On the one hand it is asserted that the Bourbons will be sent to the rear; on the other that they will be given undue prominence in the conduct of national affairs. The editors of newspapers which desire a continuance of sectional agitation aver that the South, under a Democratic administration, will resume her ancient supremacy in the control of the government. The contrary statement, that Bourbons are to be ignored by Governor Cleveland, is almost as harmful to a healthy public sentiment as the other.

Southern Democrats in Washington have for years looked forward to a change in the national administration. recognition shall be given the South by the new

Senator Bilaine to be secretary of state, Senator Windom to be secretary of the treasury and Senator Kirkwood to be secretary of the treasury and Senator Kirkwood to be secretary of the Interior. There is every indication that President Cleveland will empty two if not three senatorial saddles. Senators Bayard and Gariand are already considered future members of the committee of the senator of the content of Bayard and Gariand or cabinet offices will be the result by the power and cabinet of the senate judiciary committee, and gariant of the Senate judiciary committee, and an Gariand or cabinet offices will be the representation of the Senate judiciary committee, the power and authority of the judiciary committee in the power and authority of the judiciary committee and the power and authority of the judiciary committee in the power and authority of the judiciary committee in the power and authority of the judiciary committee in the power and the power

Cleveland. We do not ask nor expect, however, one whit more of consideration than would be given such a population or territory as ours situated in the North or West. The idea that the South will make demands is absurd. The presiden knows what is due the South, and if we do not ge them there will be not touche. Too he from the North and from the West are sometimes disap-pointed. They bear their burdens philosophically. If we are unfortunate we will be calm." Senator McPherson of New Jersey said that he

Senator McPherson of New Jersey said that he believed the South would be given fair recognition by the president-elect. If not, he was of the opinion that Governor Cleveland would soon have a hornets' nest about his ears. He had no information on the subject, but thought that the president-elect would give fair recognition to all sections of the country.

Senator Lamar of Mississippi would not think it an unbearable loss if no cabinet officer should be chosen from the South. He, in common with a majority of the Southern men, think it is of the first importance that they should have the selection to fill the Federal offices in their respective States.

States.

The temper of the Southern men here is fully innuoted. Nowhere is a grasping disposition mani-ested, but they have the utmost confidence that

Governor Cleveland will deal with them as he will leal with the people of any other portion of the

TO MARCH SOUTHWARD. New Orleans Calls for a Policy of Acquisi-

tion by the Government. NEW ORLEANS, December 26 .- Today's Picayune, in a double-leaded leader, speaking of an American policy and the Nicaraguan treaty, American policy and the Nicaraguan treaty, says: "The country is ripe for an entirely new departure, one that is worthy our great nation, and one that will stamp itself upon the whole history of North America. We must adopt a policy of acquisition, of territorial aggrandizement to the southward, it need not necessarily be accomplished by armed invasion or inaugurated in blood. The Nicaragua treaty is an opening wedge. Let us drive that home, and by investing \$100,000,000 in a ship canal there secure the country. American enterprise will soon annex the whole of Central America from that base line."

ea from that base line."
It concludes: "Sectional discord has happily seased, and the South is primarily and deeply interested in turning the tendency of enterprise and

the march of empire southward; and her states men, by at once championing a bold and brilliant dey in that direction, will open a new era for entire country, and map out a safe and short road to prospertly and continued national growth, insure tranquility at home and add to the glory of our great republic."

FROZEN AND STARVING

anined, and Smith's body was found hair covered with snow and frozen hard. In Forsyth's elenched hand was a scrap of paper on which he had written with his benumbed fingers a brief word to his wife as follows:

DEAR ADDIE—We cannot live another night. I waft you to have everything.

ELBRIDGE FORSYTH. He was carried to Willow Springs and cared for. His feet are badly frozen and he will be

NEW YORK INDEPENDENTS. They Will Not Effect a Permanent Organ-

100 of the Independent Republicans of Brooklyn met in that city last night to consider a plan of

COMFORT FOR COLORED MEN.

Reassuring Words from the Vice-President-Elect

On the Pelicy of the Incoming Administration on the Negro Question.

Absurdity of the Cry That Slavery is to be Restored.

INDIANAPOLIS, December 27 .- In answer to an inquiry from Edwin F. Horn, editor of the Colored World, as to what would be the probable policy of the incoming administration toward the colored

You ask what will be the probable policy of the incoming administration towards the colored people. The inquiry seems to be made that the answer may allay the fears of many who think "the colored man will be shern of many rights guaranteed to him in common with all citizens, and that he will gradually be subjected to a species of slavery." The convention that nominated the National Democratic candidates adopted a platform for the candidates to stand upon that so clearly and fully stated the principles and purposes of the party that no voter could be mistaken or misled in casting his ballot. It has never occurred to me to question that the success of the party would be followed by the adoption and maintenance of the principles and the purposes so declared. The following is a paragraph of the platform: "Asserting the equality of all men before the law, we hold that it is the duty of the government in its dealings with the people to mete out equal and exact justice to all citizens, of whatever nativity, race, color or persuasion—religious or political." Can I use language that will give You ask what will be the probable policy of the

Stronger Assurance to the Colored People that their rights, legal and constitutional, will be respected and upheld by the incoming administra respected and upheld by the incoming administration? This pledge was made by the greatest
political convention ever held in the country
—perhaps in the world. That convention represented more than half the people. But
stronger and firmer than the pledge of
any party are the constitutional provisions that
prohiot slavery, confer citizenship and guarantee
equality of civit and political rights. These provisions have become a part of the machinery of
organized society, and being in support of
natural rights, are practically irrevocable. Whatever any of us may have thought of the
propriety of the adoption of the later constitutional amendments at the time and under the circumstances of their adoption, they are now to be
regarded as a part of the fundamental law of the
liberty and citizenship of the colored man are
held by the same right and guarantee as
that of the white man, and can no
more be taken from him or impaired than they
can be taken from him or impaired than they
can be taken from the white man. I would not
concede that a part or whole of the people could,
by any action or any form of law, deprive me of
my liberty, except for crime committed, or strip
me of citizenship. So I regard the liberty and
citizenship of the colored man as inviolable. It
was

A Cruel Thing at the late election to play upon the credulity of

the colored people, and subject them to groundless fear of a return to slavery, and thus control their action as voters. I had occasion some years since to express my views upon the subject of "negro suffrage," and in that discussion I said: "I am not able to see why the subject of negro suffrage should be discussed. It must be known to all that the late amendments will not be, cannot be, repenied. There is but the duty upon all to make the political power now held by the enfranchised race, because of the least evil and of the greatest possible good to the country. The negro is now free, and is the equal of the white man in respect to his civil and political rights. He must now make his own contest for position and power. By his own conduct and success he will be judged. It will be unfortunate for him if he shall rely upon political sympathy for position rather than upon his duties well and intelligently discharged. Everywhere the white race should help him, but his reliance must mainly be upon finseif." less fear of a return to slavery, and thus control

I am, very respectfully yours, (Signed) T. A. HENDRICKS.

CLEVELAND AS A DEER-SLAYER. A Story About a Hunter Who Brought Down the Great Presidential Game.

[Seth Green to a Rochester Reporter.] One year ago last fall Governor Cleveland was spending his vacation in the North woods, at Woodhull lake, shooting and fishing. The dogs were put out and a deer started. The Governor was put on a favorite runaway, he heard the hounds, they were coming his way, my word for it. The thought of office seekers heard the hounds, they were coming his way, my word for it. The thought of office seekers and political enemies went out of his head and the blood went tingling through his veins; he did not think of any of his friends—not even Bill Bowman nor Bob Roosevelt or R. U. Sherman. He is said to have great affection for all his friends, but as the hounds neared him I knew it was the best music he had ever heard. I have been there, and my opinion is that the blood went surging in and out of his heart. It sounded as loud to him as a bass drum, and the only thought he had at the time was to see the deer and keep that heart still so that it would not scare him before he came in sight. Well, the deer came and stopped broadside within six rods of the Governor. He stopped for some cause.

I do not think it was the thumping of the Governor, heart that stopped the deer, but the Governor may have thought different. Well, the deer stepped. I don't think the Governor for his head, for ke had a gun, and he fred it off and the deer raised his flag and bounded off without a scratch. The flag looked as large to the governor as a good-sized sail and the deer went bounding off. If the Governor had had a little talk with me before he went he would not have missed the deer. I would have told him to not shoot at the whole deer, but to pick out a little spot just back of the shoulder and draw a bead on that spot. He would have killed him.

Soon after the Governor got the shot a friend of mine thought to screen him and wrote me from Woodhull that the Governor came very near get-

mine thought to screen him and wrote me from Woodhull that the Governor came very near get-ting a shot at a deer-there was only a little point of rocks that hid the deer when he passed, at a big buck standing not over six rods from me and I missed him." Now the man, and an ama-teur at that, who would not tell a lie under the

RANDALL IN KENTUCKY.

His Reception at Louisville-Dined at the Pendennis Club and Honored by the Public. LOUISVILLE, Kv., December 29 .- Mr. S. J.

Randall, Mrs. Randall and Congressman McAdoo arrived here last night. At several towns along the route crowds had gathered to see him, and he the route crowds had gathered to see him, and he made short speeches from the train. He is the guest here of Hon. Oscar Turner. At noon today he will visit 'Change to greet the merchants of the city, having been invited to do so by the directors of the Board of Trade. This afternoon he will be dined at the Pendennis Club, and in the evening will address a mass meeting at Liederkranz Hall. He leaves for Nashville in charge of a committee from that city.

Great Political Importance. CINCINNATI, O., December 29 .- Speaker Car-

isle, who is now at Covington passing the holidays speaking yesterday of Mr. Randall's visit to the more inportance has been attached to it by the press than is justified by anything that appears on the surface. Even it Mr. Randall goes for purely political purposes, it is no more than he has a perfect right to do. The advocates of tariff reform will welcome any opportunity that he or anybody else may give them to discuss the question before the people in any part of the country."

ountry."
In answer to a question regarding the cabinet, he said: "Every man who reads the newspapers knows as much about the cabinet as f do, and I think no one has any knowledge on the subject."

ST. Louis, December 23.—For several months past copies of a petition requesting Congress to place civil engineers and government engineers

the New Treaties.

The Deadlock Between the Two Houses

while there is good reason to believe that the Nicaraguan treaty will be ratified by the Senate even if no appropriation to begin work is made by the House, the administration will, in the event of total failure, feel highly gratified to have left such a legacy of political and commercial possibilities. President Arthur's friends feel that in thus inaugurating a policy of reciprocal trade with adjacent colonies and nations, and providing a means to secure practically the political control as well as commercial supremacy on the American continent for the United States, that his administration will be given a brilliant place in history.

McCULLOCH'S CHINESE DECISION.

passed in pursuance thereof, is revived by the recent decision of the Supreme Court and a still later ruling of Secretary McCulloch, conferring extraordinary powers upon the Chinese consuls in the United States.

The Supreme Court held that all Chinese who were in the United States at the ratification of the treaty, and prior to the enactment of the first suspension act, a period covering about eighteen months, could go from and return to the country at their pleasure, and that parole evidence only was necessary to establish the fact of such residence. Secretary McCulloch has now informed the collector of customs at San Francisco that the Chinese consul there may issue certificates to departing Chinamen, who, as merchants, desire to leave the United States and return.

Merchants are, as a class, given in the treaty the right of free travel. The word "Merchant' is, in Chinese estimation, an expansive term, which may apply alike to the man or woman engaged in bona fide increantile pursuits, or to a person who chooses, for the sake of obtaining a certificate, to peddie peanuts on the streets of San Francisco for a day.

Senator Miller of California, as soon as he heard

GENERAL HAWLEY'S OBJECT.

Exhibit to the London Fair. WASHINGTON, December 27 .- Senator Hawley is interested in securing an appropriation for the American exhibition to be held in London in May. 1886. A British Colonial exhibition will be held in London at the same time, and the principal object of the American exhibition is to call the

TO DROWN OR FREEZE

Fearful Sufferings.

During the great gale of Friday night last she

Sable Island, and a few minutes later the vessel dashed upon a sand bank. The crew had suffered

The First Dash Against the Sand Bar knocked the bottom out of the vessel and she soon became matchwood, and the beach was strewn

50 cents for six months.

and the snow storm was raging with great vio-lence and the snow was driven about with blind-ing force by the heavy winds. The prospects of our being saved were gloomy indeed. The steward became frenzied, and, preferred death to further suffering, gashed his throat from ear to ear with a razor and then jumped into the surf.

"After floating on the debris for an hour Captain Lemarchaud, a sailor and myself were washed ashore; but we had only escaped the horrors of the deep to face the terrors of the frost king. The thermometer was 10° below zero. Our clothes were wet through and frozen stiff, and our hands and feet were frostbitten. Aimost completely exhausted, in the darkness, in a heavy snowstorm, and every grain of sand dashing against our faces like pebbles, we were in despair. We could see

The Rays of the Lighthouse,

three miles distant, across the sand bar. The

three of us started on a dismal journey toward the

light, but after going one mile the captain and the

sailor lay down from exhaustion and despair and

were soon frozen to death.

I pressed on toward the light. God only knows

how I got over the sand. I cannot begin to de-scribe it to you. I shall never forset the horrors of that night. When within a quarter of a mile of the light I fell down exhausted, and, as I

expected, to die; but after a few minutes I aroused myself and made a final effort to save my life. I crawled the rest of the distance on my hands and knees, reaching the lighthouse at 2 o'clock in the morning, six hours after leaving the freeze holice of my garvature.

frozen bodies of my comrades. After a while I recovered from exhaustion sufficiently to tell the At daylight the officials started for the scene of

Fired by a Thunderbolt She Barns and

Sinks - Wonderful Escrpe of Captain,

Family and Crew from a Fearful Fate.

NEW YORK, December 27 .- A tall sailor man,

ashore at the barge office today from the transfer

steamer Laura M. Starm. They were Captain

Jerri Park and his wife and son, who arrived as passengers from Pernambuco via Para, Peru.,

and who had survived a terrible disaster and en-

dured great suffering at sea. Captain Park told

I sailed from this port in command of the American clipper ship Alert, on the 25th of October last, bound to Shangbai, China, with a cargo of 40,000 cases of oil. Including myself,

wife and boy there were twenty-one persons on

we had favoring winds and nothing happened of note up to November 14. Then we were in latitude 8° 40′ north and longitude 29° 10′ west. The trade winds failed us and rain and squalls made their appearance all around the horizon. Accompanying the foreness of rain were vivid flashes of lightning. During the forenoon of that day

A Heavy Bolt of Lightning

struck our foreroyalmast. The shock was so ter-

rible that men were stricken to the deck, but

from the crevices of the fors hatches, which were covered with tarpailines to protect the cargo from the heavy lains. On taking off the forward hatches a suffocating smoke arose, and I ordered water to be poured down the hatch, it being out of the question for any one to get below. Finding this means of extinguishing the fire impracticable, I ordered the hatches to be battened down, but shortly after they were blown off by a tremendous explosion. The flames rushed up as high as the royal yard, and the heat became intense.

Intense.

I ordered preparations for leaving the ship.
We were provided with three good boats, and
these were loaded with water and provisions,
allowing each person to take some clothing.

Just one hour from the time the fire was discovered we were afloat on the ocean in a chopping,
nasty sea, such as is common in those latitudes.
In the meantime

The Ship Was a Mass of Flames

and continued; to burn until far into the night,

when her hull went down. I caused the three

boats to be made fast to one another by their

painters, and in this position we awaited some passing vessel. My wife and boy showed as much bravery as any of us.

At 5 o'clock the next morning a steamer's light was seen bearing down upon us. The steamer proved to be the Comte d'Etu of Havre, Captain August Viel. He was bound to Pernambuco. We were soon taken on board and arrived at Pernambuco four days after. None of us could speak a word of French, but Captain Viel showed us, in a way that spoke louder than words, that

nothing forward seemed to be damaged. I was just congratulating myself on a narrow escape from fire when smoke was seen issuing from the crevices of the fore hatches, which were

We had favoring winds and nothing happened

his story to the reporter as follows:

WISCASSET, Me., December 24. - Captain Brad

BATTLING WITH THE WAVES. Terrible Experience of the Crew of the Isa-

Lewis, Bion Lewis and a sattor of Wiscasset, who were wrecked in the coasting schooner Isabella Sunday night off Richmond's Island, tell a woeful story about the danger and suffering they experienced while trying to make land. While seven miles out to sea, during the violent gale with debris.

Three of the crew were washed overboard when their sufferings by death. Four of us were left on deck rigging spars, etc., which were defining on surf breakers. We were in this position for nearly an hour. Darkness was setting in seven message and heavy snow storm which prevailed that night, the deck load, consisting of lumber, in some way forced the house away and started the stern, causing tremendous seas to break over the vessel and fill the hold. It was zero weather, and tee had formed so strong around the pumps that it was impossible to use them, and finally,

Two "Saddles" at Least to be Vacated.

The Consequent Changes in the Senate Judiciary Committee.

CLUBS!!! CLUBS! CLUBS!! ONLY 75 CENTS PER YEAR IN CLUBS OF FIFTY.

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FACING DEATH FOR HOURS.

The Crew of the St. Peter Finally Rescued

erew of the St. Peter arrived home last

night by the way of the schooner Clara B. Grimes. Captain Cantillion owned and com-manded the St. Peter, which was lost Sunday

by Their Fellow-Townsmen. GLOUCESTER, December 23 .- The shipwrecked

l-fated craft.

Address THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

templated cabinet, tonight said: "Cabinet making and conjecturing as to who will form Mr. Cleveiand's secretaries, until the arrival of March 4th next, is all leather and prunella. As to Bayard, his ambition for a place in the cabinet is not as strong as his desire for the presidency, and in my opinion he would show a great lack of discretion and prudence to let go the substance of a senatorship for a seat in the cabinet. Garland has no such ambition, and it is more than likely he will be the next attorney-general. McDonald has very high claims, which cannot well be ignored, and he would make a good secretary of the interior or postmaster-general. "The most difficult position to fill, I think, is that of secretary of state. This office requires a man of not only the highest ability as a states-

man of not only the highest ability as a states-man, but a man of fortune to entertain and main-tain the dignity of the position. George Pendle-ton has all these requirements. His term in the Senate expires on the 4th of March. He is very wealthy, and has one of the most magnificent dwellings in the city." McLEAN ON CLEVELAND.

Grimes. Captain Cantillion owned and commanded the St. Peter, which was lost Sunday morning, off Portsmouth, N. H. The crew were awakened from their slumber early in the morning, about 3 o'clock, when the St. Peter struck the rock back of Whale Back light, off Portsmouth. The skipper and watch were on deck. The bumping of the vessel brought all hands on deck in a hurry. The weather was rough and the snow flying fast. No landing could be made on the dangerous rocks, and the crew were in a most perilous situation. The St. Peter began to fill. For hours the men stood by the doomed vessel. The flag of distress was raised, and the brave fishermen awaited their fate with grim determination. It continued to storm hard, and the eight daring men suffered greatly from cold and exposure. The sea was rough, and the vessel threatened to go under. Sunday forenoon passed slowly away, and the water choppy and rough. As the tide turned the water filled the cabin, and the vessel gave a' jump or two, and the men, as a last resort, took to the duries just in season to get away far enough from danger, for the St. Peter gave another plunge and sank in four fathom's of water. In a short time the men were rescued by the crew of the Lizzie Ruby of Gloucester and taken to Portsmouth harbor, where they were generously cared for by their brother fishermen. Some 3000 pounds' weight of haddock were taken from the doomed vessel.

Monday the shipwrecked men were transferred

weight of haddock were taken from the doomed ressel.

Monday the shipwrecked men were transferred to the schooner Clara B. Grimes of Rockport, Mass. The schooner stopped at the wreck and took off some valuable gearing. The Clara B. Grimes arrived at Rockport last night. The crew of the St. Peter speak in high terms of their treatment by the captain of the Rockport schooner, and also of the Lizzie Ruby.

At the Rockport station the baggage-master would not check the baggage of the fishermen, and it remained out in the rain storm.

Captain Cantillion returned to Portsmouth this morning to the scene of the wreck. He owned the vessel and will lose some \$8000, as the insur-

ance of \$6000 only partly covered the loss of the vessel. The crew saved but little.

The wreck of the St. Peter is being cleared away from the channel to allow the passage of

A British Brig Burned at Sea-Heroism of the Captain's Wife. LEWES, Del., December 23 .- The British brig Belle, Captain French, sailed from Glace bay, C. B., November 27, with a cargo of coal for New

FIRE AND FLOOD.

B., November 27, with a cargo of coal for New York. The captain's wife accompanied him. The crew of five seamen all belonged to Newfoundland with one exception, a Philadelphian. A New York pilot, George B. Hanran, had boarded her, and she was slowly beating up the coast.

Early on Friday morning, the 19th list., sixty miles off the capes, fire was discovered in the hold. This increased so rapidly that it soon became apparent that the vessel was doomed, and probably all on board. A heavy gale was blowing from the northwest. It was intensely cold, and a fearful sea was running, in which no boat belonging to the brig could hope to live very long.

All the vessels in sight were at long range, and death by fire or water stared the crew in the face. Signals of distress were run up, and a boat was

death by fire or water stared the crew in the face. Signals of distress were run up, and a boat was prepared, with clothing and provisions, for the last resort. At about noon the schooner David Clarkson, from Bosion, discovered the signals and bore down to their assistance. A boat put off from the smoulderlug brig, and, fortunately, made the schooner in safety.

Part of the crew returned instantly for the captam and his wife, and at 1 o'clock p. m. all were safely on board the Clarkson, though badly incrusted with ice, and three of the men severely frosted. The captain's wife bore the trying experience herolcally. The schooner stood in for the breakwater at once, and both captains landed here Sunday. the breakwater at one, and the brig soon after the here Sunday.

The fire burst out on the brig soon after the captain left her. The captain of the Belle says he was blown across the gulf stream by the recent gales. Her cargo had been some time oir board, and was more than usually dry, and the great change of temperature doubtless brought on spontaneous combustion. speak a word of French, but Captain Viel showed us, in a way that spoke louder than words, that everything we saw was ours to use. When the steamer first saw us she was fifty miles off, and thought the light of the burning ship was from a whaling vessel, but he manfully decided to bear down and make sure. Thus he saved our lives. When our ship was burned we were 1000 miles from Uare St. Reque, which with were 1000 miles from Uare St. Reque, which with

being threatened with momentary death if they remained on board longer, the crew decided to abandon the vessel and make for land. After securing a small bag of belongings the crew launched a yawl and undertook the perilous task. The sea was terribly rough and the snow blinding, and the little party marrowly escaped capsizing several times, avoiding it only by meeting the larger billows stern first. It was a long night of hard work at the oars, but at length, benumbed with cold and badly frost bilter, Richmond's Island was neared and the boat borne in by the surf upon the rocky shores. The nearly exhausted men scaled the cliffs and found their way to the solitary house after a tedious tramp through snow drifts. There they were cared for until able to travel, Captain Lewis says that he never was out in such a stormy night during his long experience on Maine waters. The crew went home today. Nathan Lincoln of Wiscasset was principal owner of the fill-fated craft.

school here, in speaking of Mr. Cleveland's con-

What the Governor Does Not Say About His Cabinet - Whatever Happens the President-Elect is Likely to be President. WASHINGTON, December 28 .- Colonel John R. the city. He has been interviewed by a Capitol reporter regarding his. recent visit to Governor Cleveland at Albany. It has been charged that the gallant colonel was snubbed by the president-

cieveland at Albahy. It has been charged that the gallant colonel was snubbed by the president elect. Mr. McLean will not dignify this charge by a denial of it. He says: I called on Governor Cleveland last Sunday at Albahy, and spent about two hours with the gentleman at the executive mansion.* Nearly every topic of the day was talked about, and of course politics were not ignored. We discussed what the Democrats would do, their prospects and hopes.

"I want to tell you that Mr. Cleveland is thoroughly in line with his party, and, as far as I can find out, proposes to act with his party. He knows that he was elected by Democratic and Independent votes, and, I believe, thoroughly understands the disposition and feeling of the people of both parties. He will make a good president, and will be president under all circumstances. He will not teel the need of any one to lean on as president any more than while holding the office of governor of the State of New York.

"Mr. Cleveland was most distinct about one thing. He told me he had not said to any man that he should be in the cabluet or a member of his presidential family. He said he was glad to meet representative men of all shades of politics. He was glad to become acquainted with the leaders of the Democratic party, and he was glad to get

presidential family. He said he was glad to meet representative men of all shades of politics. He was glad to become acquainted with the leaders of the Democratic party, and he was glad to get information from any and all sources."

Mr. McLean positively avers that he would not accept a cabinet position if it were offered to him. Speaking of Mr. Cleveland as a man Colonel McLean says: "He seems to me to be a man of no reserve, accessible at all times and most agreeable. He understands that it was the intention of the Democrats who rallhed at Chicago and gave him the nomination that he should be the president, and he is going to be the president, and he is going to be the president, and not be greated for 1888. He says it will be his ambition to do the greatest good to the greatest number of people, which precindes the idea of individual advancement at his cost."

As regards Ohlo's chances for a cabinet office, Colonet McLean says: "If Mr. Cleveland is a shrewd man, as I give him credit for being, he will come very near to avoiding Ohio in making up his cabinet, because there is such an entanglement in the party there. And yet Ohio next to New York net, because there is such an entanglement in the party there. And yet Ohio, next to New York, cast more Democratic votes than any State in the Union." Mr. McLean added, as his private belief, that Mr. Garland. Mr. Bayard, Mr. Vilas of Wisconsin, and Mr. Whitney of New York, would all

THOUSANDS OF ACRES UNDER WATER Disastrous Floods in Illinois-Great Damage Done to Property.

be members of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet.

HILLSBORO, Ill., December 29 .- For several days past heavy rains have fallen in this section, melting the deep snow and causing disastrous floods. Thousands of acres of bottom lands are under water, and great damage has been done already. Fences and bridges and grain that was in the field have been swept away, and considerable live stock has perished. The rains have not ceased yet, and the water is still rising.

An Important Verdict. MILWAUKEE, December 27 .- This morning the jury rendered a verdict for the defendant in the ease of Crandall et al. vs. the Goodrich Transportation Company, which involved about \$200,030.
It was a test case, and had the verdict been for the plaintiffs a large number of suits would have been commenced againt the Goodrich company.
In 1880, Orandali, one of the plaintiffs, had a

Terrible Experience of Two Colorado Men -One Frozen to Death. DENVER, Col., December 29 .- A week ago last

Tuesday, N. R. Smith and Elbridge Forsyth started with two teams from Dotsero to load with wood at Coffee Pot Springs. That night a storm came on which raged with unabated fury for a week. On Sunday, as they had not returned, a relief party started out from Dotsero, and, after a struggle through the drifting snow and a furious gale of wind, they found Forsyth half dead from hunger and cold, and so weak that he was unable to move. When they asked for Smith, the famished man pointed to a bank of snow some distance away, and gasped: "He died snow some distance away, and gasped: "He died snow some distance away, and gasped: "He died yesterday morning," and, "Boys, you are too late for either of us." The white mound was ex-amined, and Smith's body was found half covered

ization at Present. NEW YORK, December 24 .- The committee of

CARLISLE ON RANDALL. He Regards His Visit to the South of no

met in that city last night to consider a plan of permanent organization recommended by a subcommittee. It was decided not to be advisable to form such a permanent organization, though the principles laid down by the sub-committee were approved. It was understood that the committee be called together whenever a political crissis should arise necessitating independent action.

A Croom of 4 and a Bride of 6.

Gordonsville, Va., December 28.—The local papers announce that cards are out for the marriage of two children—Master Willie Scott of Gordonsville, aged 4 years, and Miss Jenniz Perry of Charleston, W. Va., aged 6 years.

AROUND THE FARM

Edited by ANDREW H. WARD

ORCHARDS.

In selecting a site for an orchard, experience has taught cultivators that elevated, dry, firm and moderately rich soil, that will produce a firm, wellmatured growth, is the only safeguard against the destruction of theitrees in the winter. Soil.

A deep, dry, substantial soil, between sandy and a clayey loam, and possessing among its inorganic parts a considerable proportion of lime, is, according to all experience, the best. Springy or wet land is decidedly bad for an orchard, as too much moisture is injurious. Such soil as produces good crops of corn and potatoes will in general afford the requisite and best adapted nutriment to apple

The season before planting, the soilshould be at least twice ploughed with a common and subsoil

rlough, enriched with suitable composts, and drained if necessary. It should be eighteen inches to two feet deep and quite dry.

Selection of Varieties of Fruit.

This is a most important point. The selection of varieties must in all cases be made with refer. ence to the uses to which they are to be appropriated, and whether for home use or for the market. The market grower of the interior will find his most profitable culture to be principally autumn and winter apples, because these can be packed and transported to a great distance with safety, and the comparative cheapness of his land enables m to compete advantageously with those more favorably situated in regard to market. He can drying or preserving, or for the supply of a local demand. All orchard fruits intended for profitable orchard culture should be first, in regard to the trees, hardy, vigorous and productive. The fruits should be of good size, fair appearance, good keepers, and of good quality.

Planting Orchards. When the soil has been thoroughly prepared by subsoil ploughing and manuring the season previous, the planting is a simple matter; but if this considerable labor; for large holes three or four feet wide and two feet deep must be dug for the trees, and the requisite composts procured to be placed. Whatever manures be applied at this time should be perfectly decomposed, as, if fresh and warm, they will burn the roots. Trees are often killed in this way. The season of planting may be any time after the fail of the leaf by frost i autumn till its reappearance in the spring, provided the ground be not frozen. So important is the operation of planting, that it is better to have one tree well planted than three planted badly, and more fruit may be anticipated within the first ten years, if not forever, from the first one than from all the others. When the compost has been laid in the bottom of the hole, and a layer of fine surface soil spread over it, so as to be high est in the centre, the tree is set on it so that when two inches below the surface. The roots must be carefully adjusted so that each one is spread out in its natural position; the fine earth is then filled in amongst them, so that no vacancies will be left; the upper roots should be held back by the person who holds the tree until the lower ones are covered. When the filling in is half done it may be gently trodden down with the foot, so Mulching is an indispensable operation in all cases. It consists in laying on the surface of the ground, around the trees, to the distance of three feet or so, a covering of half decomposed manure, sawdust, spent tan-bark, etc., two or three inches deep. This prevents the moisture of the soil from evaporating, and maintains a uniformity of heat and moisture which is highly favorable to the formation of new roots. It also prevents the growth of weeds around the tree, and obviates the necessity of heeing, dressing or watering during the season. A deep mulching should always be given to fail-planted trees to prevent the frost om penetrating to the roots or drawing up the orchard should be thirty feet from tree to tree in all directions. In a very deep and strong il, where the trees attain the largest size, forty feet is not too much, especially after the first fif-teen or twenty years. There is a great difference between the size that different varieties attain and in their babits of growth. One will attain nearly double the size of another within ten years. Some are erect in their habits, others spreading; and it the trees of the same size and habit of growth be planted together. Varieties that ripen about the

maturity can be more easily watched and the fruit gathered with much less inconvenience. Cultivation

same time should also be planted together, as the

is very essential. A young orchard set in grass and left to take care of itself will make very slow growth, if, indeed, a large part of the trees do not fall to grow, and, after a few years, die, as is gen erally the case. When carefully ploughed and cultivated in hoed crops, orchards thrive most trees from damage either to the trunks or roots. All tearing of the roots is objectionable. The ground should be kept rich and open, so as to be pervious to the influence of rains, the sun and the atmosphere. Under these conditions the trees will thrive vigorously. All kinds of cereal grains are bad for orchards. If no root crops are cultivated, the ground should be kept clean and mel low with the one-borse plough and cultivator Every third or fourth year the trees should receive a dressing of manure adapted to the wants of the soil and the tree. If nitrogenous manures are used in excess, they will cause a quick and strong growth of wood at the expense of the fruiting; this growth is checked by root pruning; this is practised as wel to promote fruitfulness as to lessen the dimer sions of trees. A fruit tree has three kinds of roots, each with its own special functions.

1. A tap root, going down perpendicularly from the trunk to give a firm support to the tree. This stould not be meddled with.

2. Long roots, corresponding to the branches of

the tree, which supply the nutriment for woody

growth. These should be pruned to limit and reg ulate such growth. 3. Flower and fruit feeding roots, which are

small and thickly clustered around the trunk of ished, that they may supply the fruit-making materials. To restore a fruitless tree to its proper function, prune away surplus wood amon the branches, but leave enough for fruit. This may best be done in autumn.

In the spring apply phosphatic manures combined with potash, which promote the formation of fruit and restore the balance; or else dig a trench from four to six feet from the trunk of the tree, according to its size, and about a foot in depth, and cut off the spreading roots. If the tree be small this can be done with a sharp spade This will check the growth of wood and allow the life force of the tree to be chiefly expended upor its fruit at the expense of the growth of the tree; while, by the application of phosphate of potash to the starving fruit rootlets, trees that have not borne fruit for many years will be restored to vigorous bearing in a single season, and the wood rootlets of the tree saved to perform their fund tions, and growth of wood and fruit will both go

on together. This operation should commence at the planting of the tree, the top of which should always be in proportion to the size and number of the roots. If the top be high and spreading, shorten it so as to throw the lateral shoots into a graceful and branching form. The limbs may commence about six feet from the ground. The pruning should be done annually, as the labor is then trifling, and the expenditure of vital force in maturing wood which is afterward to be cut off is thus saved, and the branches to be removed being small, the wounds readily heal. In this case no covering is required for the wound, as one or two seasons' growth will heal it. The top should be sufficiently open to admit the sun and air. The best time for trimining is when the tree is in bloom, and the sap vigorously and have been long neglected, often require severe trimming, which should always be done in May or June, and when the wounds are large should be covered with grafting wax. If they are left exposed, and the growth of the tree be slow, decay will often take place before they

Propagation by Grafting. Grafting is the insertion of a scion of one species or variety on the stem or branch of another, which

Fruit trees which are grafted come into a bear-

ing state several years sooner than those produced from seed; besides, grafted trees invariably produce the same kind of fruit as the parent tree from which the scion or bud is taken, while that from seedling trees is liable to sport in endless varieties. In the choice of scions for grafting, the first essential requisite is that they are of the same genus and natural family with the stock which is to be-come their foster parent, and which is to afford them future nourishment and support. Scions from a winter apple tree should not be grafted on a summer apple stock, because the sap in the summer stock is liable to decline and diminish before the winter fruit has become fully ripe. It is next important that scions be taken from trees that have attained to the maturity of full bearing. Scions should be cut in March, before the buds begin to swell; and in order to preserve them in good condition for grafting they must be placed, with their lower ends in the ground, in some dry part of the cellar till wanted. But some experienced operators prefer cutting their scions as near the time they are to be employed as may be convenient. Scions should always be taken from the extremitles of the most thrifty and bestbearing trees, and of the last year's growth, except only just enough of the growth of the year before to fix in the earth, to preserve them moist until they are to be used. The most proper season for grafting in this climate is from about the 20th of March to the 20th of May, though the operation has succeeded well as late as the 10th of June, provided the scious have been properly preserved. Practical gardeners, it is said, concur n stating that the nature of the fruit is, to a certain extent, affected by the nature of the stock. Crab stocks, for example, cause apples to be firmer, to keep longer and to have a sharper flavor. It should be observed, as a rule, never to employ suckers from old trees as stocks for grafts erate'suckers, and thereby injure the growth of

The mode of performing this operation is varied

girls laden with large wooden down. Each of these bowls is filled with a thick white paste, made of parboiled malze, chestnuts and buck-wheat, most nourishing; and the mode of administering is for the girl to catch the goose by the neck, open his bill with a little squeeze, and then ram three or four balls of the paste down his throat with her middle fluger. The goose having been thus refreshed, resumes his slanting position and digests till the next time for feeding, which arrives in about two hours after, the meals being about six a day. But now we have done with the women, for a pensive man—a connoisseur of the obesity of geese—breaks in upon the scene, climbs upon the topmost tier of all, and proceeds to examine the birds who may be "ripe." He has an eye as judicious as that of a gardener inspecting melons; and his is the responsible task of pronouncing what bird would die a natural death within twenty-four hours if not despatched beforehand. If a goose dies a natural death, he is good for nothing. He must be unstraped and executed at the precise psychological moment when according to the size and situation of the stock to be employed. The small stocks in the nursery, if within twenty-four hours if not despatched beforehand. If a goose dies a natural death, he is good for nothing. He must be unstraped and executed at the precise psychological moment when nature is growing thred of supporting him, and the knack of detecting that moment can only come by long practice, and fetches the possessor wages as large as those of a diamond valuer. Our pensive functionary has not been a minute on the table before he certifies four geese ready for the slaughter. All four of them have stomachs of the size of pumpkins, and from what one can gather from their broken remarks it is a sincere relief of these when a couple of male acolyths climb up, loose their bonds and bear them out of the celiar to a pent-house across the yard tull of knives and chopping blocks. A click with the chopper on the neck of each, a rip with the knife, and in less than five minutes after their transfer the carcasses of the four victims are lying in a heap while their livers are being conveyed with all respect and care to the truffling house. The carcasses shriv-lled out of all knowledge are sold for about eightpence to peasants, who make soup of them. The livers are first cleaned, then but to scale, and our four geese are declared fine birds, all of them, for their livers weigh from two and a shalf to three pounds each. The next step is to take each liver and lard it with truffles, in the proportion of one-half pound of truffles to one pound of liver, and then to convey it to an ice-house, where it remains on a marble slab for a we k, that the truffle perfume may thoroughly permeate it. At the end of a week, each liver being removed, is cut into the size required for the pot which it is to fill, and intoduced into that pot between two thin layers of mincemeat made of the finest veal and bacon fat, both truffled like the liver itself; and one inch's depth of the whole, that none of the savor may escare in baking. The baking takes about five hours, and absorbs all the energies of four intelligent Frenchmen in white, who of such kind as produce an erect, strong stem, are usually grafted within or near the surface of the earth, in which case the mould is brought round them in the form of a little hillock, and nothing more is required. When the stock is naturally inclined to branch out horizontally, the preferable mode is to insert the graft or bud high enough o form a handsome head or top. In this mode of operating it is necessary to employ some kind of composition or covering in order to secure from injury by the weather, or influence of the sun. Grafting wax of the best kind is thus made: Take four parts of rosin, one of tallow and one of bees-wax; melt and stir them well together, then pour them into a pan of cold water. As soon as cool enough to be handled work it over and draw it out like sheemakers' wax until it is entirely pliable. It may then be used immediately, or laid up and kept for years. This should be applied closely round the cut parts; it may be put on with a brush while warm, but not too hot. There are several different methods of performing the operation of grafting, in all which it should be a general rule to adjust the inner bark of the stock and of the scion in close contact, and to confine them precisely in that situation. If this be accurately enected, all species of grafting will prove successful. In that method which is usually called whip-grafting, or tongue-grafting, the top of the stock and the extremity of the graft should be nearly of equal diameter. They are both to be sloped of a full inch or more, and then fied closely together. This method may be much improved by performing what gardeners call tonguing or lipping; that is, by making an incision in the bare part of the stock downwards, and a corresponding slit in the scion upwards; after which they are to be carefully joined together, so that the barks of both may meet in every when a bandage of basswood to be tled round the scion to prevent it from being displaced, and the whole is to be covered with the composition. When the stocks to be grafted upon are from one to two or more nches in diameter, as branches of trees, cleftgrafting is generally employed. The head of the direction, a perpendicular cleft or slit is to be made about two inches deep, with a knife or chisel, toward the back of the slope, into which a wedge is to be driven in order to keep it open or the admission of the scion. The latter must low be cut in a perpendicular direction, and in the form of a wedge, so as to fit the incision in the stock. As soon as it is prepared, it should be bark of both the stock and scion may meet exactly together. It is then tied with a ligature of bass and the composition put on, three or four eyes being left in the scion uncovered. It should care should be taken not to injure the pith, the cion being inserted in the sap wood of the stock, or branch. Old stocks may be grafted in the bark. called crown grafting, but this cannot be practiced successfully till the sap be in full motion, The head of the stock or thick branch is cut off horizontally; a perpendicular slit is made in the bark, as in budding; a narrow ivory folder is thrust down between the wood and the bark, in he place where the grafts are to be inserted. The graft is cut at the distance of an inch and a half from its extremity, circularly through the bark, not deeper than the bark on one side, but fully haif-way through or beyond the pith on the other. The grafts being pointed, and a shoulder left to rest on the back of the steck, they are inserted into the openings, and either three or four grafts are employed, according to the size of the crown. Side-grafting is sometimes employed for supplying vacancies on the lower parts of fullgrown fruit trees. The bark and a little of the wood are sloped off for the space of an inch and a half or two inches; a slit is then made downward and a graft is cut to fit the part, with a tongue for the slit; the parts, being properly joined, are tied close and composition put on. When stocks can-not readily be procured, root-grafting may be uccessfully employed. A piece of the root of a tree of the same genus, well furnished with fibres, s selected, and a graft placed on it, tied and com position applied in the ordinary way. Thus united ground, the joining being covered, but the top of he graft being left two inches above the ground In some cases, when grafting the scion has been inverted when placed in the stock they have borne seedless apples without cores, it would be interesting to have further trials made to see if the same results are produced. It is stated that there is in East Windsor a flourishing apple tree 60 apples. The seed cells are perfect, but the seed is caused by the tree in a way growing upside down, it having been started by bending the tip of a branch into the ground, and not cutting it from the parent tree until it had taken root.

the same principle as inverting the scion in graft-

Pate de Foie Cras.

habitants, a first-rate cathedral and that unique

When the Prussians annexed Strasbourg they

gained something more than a city of 80,000 in-

steeple clock where the cock crows over the heads

of twelve apostles, a skeleton and a pagan divin-

ity every day at noon. They acquired some 150,-

000 French geese, which every day waddled into the city through the seven castellated doors, and,

like patriotic fowls as they were, offered up their

livers on the altar of their country's greatness. It was no slicht present. These livers, cased with Perigord truffles inside block this or terra colta pots from Sarregue milres, were scattered over the wide world as pates de foie gras, causing the

name of France to be blessed by all natives and foreigners who had a taste for good things. Nor con it be contended that Strasbourg derived less than half her fame from the sale of these pies. The French, who deal with history as it suits them, contend that the pate de foie gras was well known to the Romans, for that those sacred grees who were nourished in the capitol, and who warned Manlius, were nothing but geese kept at high died, like those of Strasbourg, that their livers might be enlarged. Without disputing that statement, one may say that it is only in very recent times that the process of preparing geese for the pie market has been brought to perfection. If the Roman augurs deat in goose liver they must have had recourse to the barbarous iron coops wherein the bird was kept imprisoned, all but his head, which protraided through an aperture and could not be withdrawn. A lively fire was kept up in the heighborhgod of the coops, and the goose got on as he could with three meals a day till the time arrived for killing him. But this system was discarded some thirty years ago, because it was cruel—not to the goose, but to his owner, who generally saw four birds out of five die prematurely of exhaustion. Supposing we enter one of the most famous foie gras factories in a retired street of Strasbourg, we shall see how these worn-out methods have been superseded by modern improvements. A cool yard greets us, and a bland Frenchman, who has become Germanized, like his geese, by the force of circomstances, points to some hundred feathered

ome Germanized, like his geese, by the force of

circumstances, points to some hundred feathered bijeds huddled together in a corner and hissing a chorus with desparing energy. In former days they would have been singing "Duice et decorum est pro patria mori"; but now it is evident they

A. H. W.

ing.

While it is well known that the sandy soils of

New Jersey and other States are unfit for the growth of clover, the alfalfa generally thrives well,

and the wonder is that its culture in such soils

does not become more popular, as it would un-

ris laden with large wooden bowls. Each of hese bowls is filled with a thick white paste,

The philosophy of evolution and development appears to be supported by the history of our live stock. Those who have traced out the rise and progress have also had to record the decadence and the fall of races of cattle and sheep. The old longhorn, brought to perfection under the skilful management of Bakewell, waned and vanished under the superior qualities of the shorthern. It would, indeed, be touching upon delicate ground to bint that this pet of the great ones of the earth could be displaced from her temple. All things, however, must come to an end, and exorbitant sums of money given by individuals for no special excellence except what exists, or is supposed to exist, potentially in the mysterious virtues of pedi-gree, savors of that luxury which precedes decay

excellence except what exists, or is supposed to exist, potentially in the mysterious virtues of pedigree, savors of that luxury which precedes decay and dissolution.

The history of our chief breeds of sheep affords more than one instance of improvement and abandonment. Take, for examile, the Leicester. Firty years ago this breed might appropriately have been said to "rule the roost." Now, except in very few countries and among a small minority of farmers, the Leicester has been supplanted. The Cotswold sheep is said to be going out, even upon his own hills, and does not seem to be spreading rapidly in any other locality. The Southnown was to the short-woolled races as the Leicester was to the long-wools. Scarcely a breed was not improved by his touch, and for this reason alone the Southdown will always hold a high position in the history of British flocks. Still it must be confessed that the Southdown has ceased to be a rival for popularity with larger and more profitable, if less shapely, breeds of sheep.

One of the greatest adyances in sheep breeding was made by Mr. Druce of Eynsham, when he successfully crossed the Hampshire Down and Cotswold, and thereby produced the Oxford Down. The rise of this temarkable breed has been rapid, and it seems likely to extend further in its geographical distribution. An unfortunate predisposition to foot lameness is one of the weakest points in this favorite breed of the midlands, and a slowness in coming to maturity may possibly be also recorded as a frequent mark against him.

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points in this favorite breed of the midlands, and
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also recorded as a frequent mark against him.
The last breed we have to mention is one which
deserves very special mention. He has not
as yet attracted a large share of public
notice. Columns of show reports have been
lavished upon Leicesters and Southdowns, but
scant notes have been usually thought enough for
the Hampshires. They have not been pushed up
by the great. They have however, been long
carefully bred by a large number of first-class
tenant farmers a ound Salisbury, and tended
by a good and faithful race of shepherds. We
venture to assert that the Hampshire sheep is not
sufficiently known and appreciated. There is no
race in England, or in the world, which can vie
with it in the production of large sized lambs of
from six to eight months old. Shropshire lambs
are simply "nowhere" to them.

Let any unprejudiced person attend the ram
sales in July, near Salisbury, and if he has never
before seen a Hampshire lamb, he will be astonished. There he will see lambs which present you
with a pound weight-per quarter from the day
they were born. No one thinks of using shearing
rams, as they would be too heavy and unwieldy,
if not used as lambs. As yet the Hampshire breed
has been insufficiently represented by cur show
yards, but we expect soon to see a change in this
particular. Such a breed cannot be comparatively
hid from public notice, but must come out. His
hardihood, size and quality of mutton are unsurpassed. He thrives between hurdles, and never
assa for greater liberty. He is extraordinarily
doctle and intelligent, and can be brought into
such training that a word from the shepherd suffices to guide and control his novements.

In the district in which this splendid race of
sheep are found in greatest perfection, it is not
uncommon to realize as nuch as suxy shillings or uncommon to realize as much as sixty shillings or sixty-five shillings per head for lambs of from

the ewe lambs and ewes as winter stock. If, instead of selling the lambs at the autumn fairs, they were kept on through the winter and sold out, as is the case with most other breeds of sheep, at ten or thirteen months, old they would make prices which we are confident in maintaining that no other race of slieep could touch. These are strong points in favor of the Hampshire sheep, strong points in favor of the Hampshire sheep, ensuring him a brilliant future, and, in a certain sense, the title we have placed at the head of

An Estimate of Milk. A quart of milk weighs 2.14526 pounds, and 46.6143 quarts are equal to 100 pounds of milk. Four pounds of butter are reckoned as an average season's make from 100 pounds of milk, and ten

pounds of cheese are commonly so estimated. Cal-culated, therefore, upon this basis, the following table compiled by David W. Lewis, shows approx-nately the value of milk in 100 pounds and in quarts, and also in butter and cheese, and may be of interest for reference:

Swine Farming.

We are more and more impressed with the value of hogs on the farm. Many farmers make their cows the main feature; the buildings are constructed with reference to their management, and the rotation of crops is fixed to promote the same end. We also have farms devoted to horse breeding, and whole sections of country where sheep directing is the leading industry. To make these different branches of husbandry a specialty is the right course for success. In the great corn districts of the West, hors are raised by large numbers, but we are forced to say, from observation, that it is generally corn, more than care, which gives the business its degree of success. Often enough corn is wasted, if fed with care, to fatten the entire stock. The Western log does not fill the entire place for which he was designed. He is simply a condensed corn-crib, with a great many rat holes. This business basis may possibly answer where corn is cheap and land requires no fertilizer; but in the largest portion of this country corn is not so abundant that the farmer can afford to waste it, nor is land so rich but that it can become more productive. Hogs should be made a factor of improvement on every farm. We should have swine farms, the same as dairy, horse and sheep farms, with the fields and buildings adanted to them. Hogs should be fed in the fields, with a rotation in their feeding grounds, the same as in crops. In this way, in a few years, the whole farm can be gone over, and every field enriched. There is room here for solid missionary work, both in improving the condition of the pigs and of the people.

The notion that pigs are most profitable when fattened and sold at ten months is being generally adopted. Says the National Live Stock Journal: "When well-fed pigs may be brought to 300 pounds' weight at 300 days old, all that is put on beyond that is produced at a loss—that is, that pigs farrowed March 1 should be ready for sale January 1. This requires good feeding from the first day to the last. But this weight can be procows the main feature: the buildings are constructed with reference to their management, and

pigs larrowed March 1 should be ready for sale January 1. This requires good feeding from the first day to the last. But this weight can be produced upon pasture and eighteen busnels of corn, and when \$20 can be realized for the pig the transaction should be profitable. It would be better and often cheaper to feed some middlings with the corn. But if the pasture was good the corn would not injure the pigs, although the middlings or ships would be healthier as part of the food, especially when the pigs were very young or just weaned. If the best profit is to be realized the pigs must be pushed judiciously every day of their lives—and this grass diet will make it safe to do this."

The aim of pork-raisers should be to get rid of the poor hogs and keep none but the best sows for breeding. This is simply what the books cali "careful selection." If preferred, it may be called "judicious slaughtering." The first aim of the pig breeder should be to get healthy, vigorous pigs. Crossing common, vigorous and healthy sows with fine-boned, pure-bred boars, makes strong, healthy, vigorous pigs, very profitable for pork-making. Some pork-raisers contend that good, common, what we may call "native," animals are healthlet than pure-bred animals. We want the health, vigor, hardiness, and powerful dieestion of the native united with the quietness of disposition, fine bones, small offal, early maturity, and fattening qualities of the pure-bred. To a large degree this can be accomplished by selecting the best native or grade sows and breeding tem to the finest and best pure bred or rs.

Each of the improved breeds of swine has many points of excellence to recommend it, and each has a large class of admirers, who are satisfied that their favorite is a little the best. This is simply an honest difference of opinion, caused chiefly by the circumstances and the surroundings of the breeder. The farmer who has the range of a large wood lot or broad acres of pasture naturally prefers the large breeds; while the man whose acres are few and valuable justly believes The aim of pork-raisers should be to get rid of

a large wood not or broad acres of pastore naturally prefers the large breeds; while the may whose acres are few and valuable justly believes in the smaller varieties. A correspondent likes the Berkshire hog best. He says of it: "It grows fast, is strong, quiet, healthy, easily fattened, and brings the top price in market, either alive or as

doubted y prove of great value to the dairy stock and cattle generally wherever it may be grown. In the dry Western regions, where there is often no rain for months, the alialfa does remarkably well. Its roots run to such a depth that it is enabled to get moisture enough to sustain it, while all shallow-rooted plants fail. In the sauds referred to the subsoil is often very rich, while the surface soil is very poor, and such a deep-rooted plant as the alialfa would obtain the double advantage of moisture and richer food. In California, where the adialfa is one of the leading articles that makes agriculture so successful, it seems to make a good hay, and it sells at a fair price for cattle feed. Not only as a forage or hay plant is it useful in such soils, but for green manure it must be very valuable. In some parts of Europe the lupine is used for ploughing under, just as in our richer soils we plough under clover. The deep roots run down and bring up to the surface the richer elements of the subsoil, which, when rotted by ploughing under, becomes part of the surface earth. In New Jersey, lupine is a native, which might be used for the surpose; but we should suppose that the alafalfa which is a deeper-Mixed Farming. It is somewhat amusing to see the earnestness of writers who have struck a specialty, which has proved agreeable and profitable to them. arguing most persuasively that their specialty is the only one having a real margin of profit. But these arguments are made usually by those whose ex-perience is of recent date. A few years more and perience is of recent date. A few years more and their views will have become greatly modified. They will learn to doubt the safety of "carrying all their eggs in one busket." Various branches in the system of agriculture are complimentary to each other, and not independent. When all are conducted together they are harmonicus, and each assists in Increasing the profits of the rest. The late unfortunate M. L. Sullivan, who had great executive ability, and opened and ran a farm of some 25,000 acres in Champaigne county, Li., and afterwards another of 40,000 deres in Livingsione county, same State, is a most remarkable litustration of the danger of confining farming to a single speciaty. He had studied the corn crop and the labor required to produce it as, perhajs, no other man ever did, and he succeeded in raising this grain by the million bushels at a nominally less rate than any other man. But he persisted in devoting his great farm to the corn crop (the corn to be sold on the market), no animals being kept, except for draft. Suretly adhering taths specially rotted by ploughts, which is a native, surface earth. In New Jersey, hipine is a native, which might be used for this purpose; but we should suppose that the alfalfa, which is a deeper-rooting plant than the lupine, is as good at least for green manuring as the other. So far the alfalfa has been used only as an article for cutting green bearing to the stock as summer feed; but it

less rate than any other man. But he persisted in devoting his great farm to the corn crop (the corn to be sold on the market), no animals being kept, except for draft. Strictly adhering to this specialty, the immense amount of louder belonging to this crop, instead of being utilized for leeding, and thus paying a part of the expense of the crop, was wholly lost. When corn was cheap it could not be sent to market, except to a loss, and two or three such seatons occurring together, a fortune was sunk in losses. These losses soon absorbed his immense fortune and left him bankrupt.

Now, let us suppose Mr. Sullivan had adopted the system of corn and cattle, so successfully carried out by Mr. J. D. Gilliett of Illinois, as well as many others. During these very years of cheap corn that rumed Mr. Sullivan, a good profit was realized by Mr. Gillett. The transportation of cattle to market costs a mere fraction of the expense of transporting the corn, and the price of cattle does not flunctuate as widely as the price of corn. Strict economy requires that feeding crops should be fed upon the farm where raised, and those who have adopted this rule have saved much transportation, and have had employment for their farm hands the year round, which enables them to hire the most reliable class of laborers. There has always been a disposition to run agriculture in specialties in certain districts, but the the year round, which enables them to hire the most reliable class of laborers. There has always been a disposition to run agriculture in specialties in certain districts, but the result has never been favorable to average success in such districts. In a small way let us take the hop districts, where one fortunate crop often gives the whole district the hop fever. By the time the new men get their yards established a large yield sends the price too low for profit; and the new men have neglected their regular routine of farming, find their income so much curtailed as to make them very sick of the hop enterprise. Now, hop raising is all right as one element in mixed farming; it only becomes disastrous when made the principal business of agriculture.

An attempt to run farming on one specialty has proved disappointing in the end. The wheat crop has often absorbed the enterprise of quite large districts, and for a time wheat farmers may seem to be prosperous. But when the market encounters too large a surplus, those who have become most exclusively wheat culturists suffer severely, the profits of several years being cut down. In fact, those grain districts are uniformly most prosperous where grain and cattle go together. Cattle utilize much that is otherwise

most prosperous where grain and cattle go together. Cattle utilize much that is otherwise
wasted, besides returning to the soil a large part
of the plant food drawn from it by the grain crops.
There is a strong illustration of the ill effects,
both economically as to profit and prudentially as
to the future fertility of the soil, in the
cotton crop of the Southern States. Here to the future fertility of the soil, in the cotton crop of the Southern States. Here agriculture is run almost wholly upon a single crop, which is sometimes very profitable; but as the whole expense is thrown on the cotton crop, all the food for the laborers and much of that for the graught animals being purchased from other districts, it leaves very little surplus as clear profit to the planter, and soon much of the soil becomes barren unless kept up by artificial fertilizers. We are glad to know that the planters are, many of them, trying to introduce mixed farming with an increase of stock. If the planters wou died to cattle all the cotton-cake made it would do much more to preserve the fertil ty of their cotton much more to preserve the fertil ty of their cotton. with an increase of stock. If the platfers would defeed to cattle all the cotton-cake made it would do much more to preserve the fertil ty of their cotton fields than all the commercial fertilizers purchased, and they would be able to raise all their own supplies. Mixed farming is the only permanently prosperous farming.—[Live Stock Journal.

To Restore an Exhausted Farm.

To restore fertility to an exhausted soil requires time if done profitably. I will suppose the person attempting the undertaking is at least free of debt and has credit to borrow money with which to buy cattle; that he is a practical farmer, and with sufficient experience with cattle to be able to buy

at their market value. I will suppose the farm to consist of 100 acres, of which ten is waste and ninety tillable, and has twenty acres in hay and twenty more in pasture, balance stubble, and our supposed farmer commences operations in November. There are various methods proposed for the restoration of soils, green manures, artificial fertilizers and barn-yard manures each having their advocates. My heatideal is the manure pile from stables of fattening cattle, to be aided by mineral superphosphate, and until the farm comes under a regular system of crops some green manuring will have to be practised. My objection to green manuring is that it wastes a yearhusually. Under good farming there should be at least one good crop from each field every year. No summer fallows. The system I propose for the case I would not recommend every farmer to adopt, but for the purpose required we want a system that will extract the least possible amount from the soil and return the greatest amount to it.

amount from the soil and return the greatest amount to it.

In raising cattle, the frame of the animal being solids along with the fat, extracts from the soil. Cheese also comes from elements that are exhaustible on the soil, but the fat that is put upon the frames of animals is composed mainly of elements that are inexhaustible in the soil, hence for our purpose I would say, buy the frames and put on the fat. That portion of the feed given to cattle that are being fatted that is not turned into fat goes back upon the land if carefully managed, and is more than sufficient to raise another crop, hence if this system is followed up the farm increases in ferrillity. Such a farm, when in good tilth, should feed forty heavy eaters each winter, besides growing ten acres of wheat and keeping the necessary horses, chickens, pigs, etc., for home use and service and until the farm raised sufficient, enough additional should be purchased to feed that many.

many.

Ine farm in ninty-nine cases out of a hundred, should be underdrained and sub-soiled, hence I allow twenty acres each year for this purpose until coupleted, summer fallowing at the same time. If this is done thoroughly very likely fair crops will be raised until such times as manure can be applied, for it is evident that it will be some years until the whole can have a good dressing, and I find more profit in giving one field a heavy coat and doing the best I can with the balance than in scattering a little over many acres. The following diagram will show proposed course to follow, Field No. 1, being the model proposed for the whole as soon as manure can be spared for it:

First year—Field 1, all the manure roots; field 2, fallow underdrained subsoiled; field 3, oats; field 4, pease with superphosphate; field 5, hay; field 6, hay; field 7, fallow subsoil underdrain; field 8, superphosphate on oats; field 9, pease.

Second year—Field 1, fallow underdrain and sub oil; field 2, all the manure roots; field 3, fallow subsoil, underdrained; field 4, oats; field 3, fallow subsoil, underdrained; field 4, oats; field 3, fallow subsoil, ifield 5, roots; field 6, pease; field 9, wheat with superphosphate.

Third year—Field 1, rye; field 2, oats; field 3, all the manure roots; field 6, roots; field 6, pease; field 7, field 8, fallow subsoiled and underdrained; field 9, millet.

Fourth year—Field 1, clover; field 2 rye; field 5, oats; field 5, all the manure roots; field 5, fallow subsoiled and underdrained; field 5, fallow subsoiled and underdrained; field 5, field 6, millet. The farm in ninty-nine cases out of a hundred

field 9. millet.

Fourth year—Field 1, clover; field 2. rye; field 3, oats; field 4 all the manure roots; field 5, fallow underdrain subsoil; field 6, oats; field 7, pease; field 8, rye; field 9, fallow subsoil underdrain.

3, cats; field 4 all the manure roots; field 5, fallow underdrain subsoil; field 6, cats; field 7, pease; field 8, rye; field 9, fallow subsoil underdrain.

Fifth year—Field 1, corn; field 2, clover; field 3, rye; field 4, cats; field 5, all the manure roots; field 6, fallow subsoil and underdrain; field 7, rye ploughed under, sowed with rape and that ploughed under; field 8, clover; field 9, rye.

Sixth year—Field 1, cats; field 2, corn; field 3, clover; field 4, rye; field 5, oats; field 6, all the manure roots; field 7, pease; field 8, wheat with superphosphate; field 9, clover.

Seventh year—Field 1, days field 7, all the manure roots; field 6, oats; field 7, all the manure roots; field 8, pease; field 9, clover.

Efghth year—Field 1, clover; field 2, wheat with superphosphate; field 3, oats; field 4, corn; field 5, clover; field 6, rye; field 7, oats; field 8, pease.

Ninh year—Field 1, clover; field 2, wheat with superphosphate; field 3, oats; field 4, corn; field 5, clover; field 6, clover; field 7, oats; field 8, oats; field 9, pease.

Ninh year—Field 1, corn; field 2, clover; field 3, wheat with superphosphate; field 4, oats; field 5, corn; field 6, clover; field 7, rye; field 8, oats; field 9, all the manure roots.

Where corn cannot be grown satisfactorlly, pease can be substituted. Now for reasons for the above course. Roots require a great amount of labor more than any other crop, and as it requires the same labor to raise 100 bushels peracre as it does 1000, it is evident it will pay best to push this crop at any rate. Roots are harvested to late to be followed by wheat or rye, and, as corn and pease do best after clover, the most natural crop after roots is oats. These are harvested in time for wheat or rye, but the roots and oats have exhausted the soil pretty well so wheat will not succeed, but rye may, and is the very best crop to seed clover upon, this latter being sowed in spring early when the ground freezes nights and thaws out day times. A dressing of minorals superrhosphate gives the rye

The experiment of devoting a farm to the raising of fowls, as is often done in the case of horses, cattle, sheep and pigs, has rarely, if ever, been ried in this country. To render the keeping of fowls on a large scale profitable makes it necessary to fit up a farm with a distinct object in Large barns and stables are not required In their place a large number of small buildings as often as occasion requires. Experience has shown that it is best to move the houses every two or three weeks, and on this account they should be light. A change of location is desirable on many accounts. Fowls soon ear much of the grass near the buildings where they are kept. Their droppings render it dirty and unfit for food. By changing the location of the houses, fresh, clean grass is constantly within reach of the fowls, and they will eat it with relish. Their droppings will be distributed over a large space of ground, and will be of the greatest benefit to the soil. Buildings of light materials, sufficiently large to accommodate forty fowls, may be carried by four men. If made of tolerably heavy materials, they may be moved on rollers or drawn on runners. A foundation of brick or stone is desirable, in order to prevent the sills from rotting by coming in contact with the ground.

An effort should be made to raise on the farm the grain and vegetables the fowls will require for food. Corn, buckwheat and all the small grains are desirable. Fowls require a greater variety of food than animals do. They derive much benefit from sunflower seed. A variety of vegetables should be raised to supply green food during the winter. Not only beets, turnlps and carrots should be ralsed for the purpose, but onlons, cabbage and celery. The common garden pepper is of great value to fowls. A small silo will be found useful for preserving clover and other tender vegetables for food during the winter and early spring. In

value to towns. A small silo will be found useful for preserving clover and other tender vegetables for food during the winter and early spring. In many localities green food may be ensured during severalizmonths by sowing fall rye. By keeping the fowls from it after the grass starts in the spring, a good crop of grain may be raised, which will help keep the fowls during the next winter. Provision must be made for furnishing a constant supply of pure water. A running stream is of great advantage to a farm that is devoted to raising fowls. If no other arrangement can be made, water must be hauled and placed in troughs near the boultry house.

water must be made to the pointry house.

Fowls, to be profitable, require as careful attention as dairy cows. To protect them from wild animals it is necessary to close their houses every night. They must be opened early in the morning to give the birds an opportunity to get to their food almost as soon as it is light. They must be fed almost as soon as it is light. They must be fed regularly. All this work may be done by persons who cannot perform the hard labor required in raising and harvesting field crops. A boy can tend a thousand heus, and, with the occasional raising and harvesting field crops. A boy can tend a thousand hens, and, with the occasional assistance of a man and team to move the poultry houses, can do all the work required. It is a question whether the products of a farm cannot be utilized by feeding them to fowis better than in any other way. By keeping fowls instead of animals a constant revenue may be obtained. 'There will be eggs for sale every week. Early in the summer there will be a supply of spring chickens to dispose of. During the holiday season there will be a brisk demand for turkeys, ducks and geese. During the past few years fowls of all kinds have brought good prices ouring the entire season. If the fowls are dressed before they are sent to market a considerable sum may be realized from the sale of feathers. A Welsh farm r who has been keeping chickens on a farm of sixty acres, at the rate of forty to the acre, writes as follows in regard to his success:

"My farm is stocked with cows, breeding sows and poultry. I keep no regular special pourtry account, as the same people attend to all my stock. I have not, however, kept fowls by the thousand for sixteen years without knowing to a shilling what they cost to keep, and the average yield of eggs laid by the several breeds, and the estimated profit I gave in my last letter is founded on fact, and may be relied upon. I have constantly tested to a fraction the cost of feeding a given quantity of Jaying hens, and I have always found it to average from four shillings and suspence to five shillings per head in the year, and the vield of eggs 120 to 150, according to the breed, those varieties which lay the smaller-sized eggs producing the greater number. The cost of attendance is not a serious nem. A boy of 12 or 14 can easily attend 1000 head, and have some spare time for other work; but during the months of April, May and Jume he may require some he hip in the hateling out and rearing of the necessary broods of and June he may require some help in the hatching out and rearing of the necessary broods of

hatching out; but, for that matter, sow pigs are not always so perfect in their deportment on equally interesting occasions. The manure from a large number of fowls is a very considerable element in the return, and will go a very long way toward the cost of attendance; it is exceedingly valuable mather for all kinds of crops; it is surprising how the quality of the herbage of grass land is improved by running poultry upon it. The houses to hold forty head are quite small and nexpensive in construction. They rest on the The houses to hold forty head are quite small and mexpensive in construction. They rest on the ground on one row of bricks laid flat, to keep the wood sound. Such houses can be removed, if desired, once or twice a year by two men. Fowls on a grass run cannot, of course, get their own hiving, but must be fed morulag and evening on grain or meal. This they will supplement with a considerable quantity of grass, worms and insects.—[Chicago Times.

Testimony grows plenty that alfalfa is a superior feed for hogs. They will thirve on that alone, without el, her grain or swill, and the pork, while perhaps not equal to corn fed, is of excellent quality. The latest to testify in this matter is

Hon. George W. Buell, of Greeley, who writes the Stirling News as follows:

Much has been written about the superior qualities of alfalfa for almost all kinds of stock, with an occasional reference to it as a forage crop for hogs, in former years I have cut it with a soythe and fed the same as we often did weeds "back in the States," and was pleased to see how greedy closely confined hogs were to get hold of something fresh and green. But a correct estimate of the worth of afalfa as a forage crop for hogs cannot be ascertained in this way any more than it greedy closely confined nogs were to get hold of something fresh and green. But a correct estimate of the worth of afalfa as a forage crop for hogs cannot be ascertained in this way any more than it can of any other crop. A hog, to thrive on grass, must be turned out to grass in Colorado as elsewhere. So last spring I concluded to have a hog pasture. I enclosed a piece of alfalfa with what I thought would be a hog fence. The posts were set fifty feet apart and double-barbed wire used, futting the first whre hear the ground, the second four inches above the first, the third five inches above the second, the fourth six inches above the third, the fifth eight mehes above the fourth. These five wires make a complete fence for the purpose named. Another, fifteen to eighteen inches ligher, serves to confine horses or cattle, as my experience this summer has proven. I have not even found it necessary to put stays between the posts. I do not claim this to be a "pig fence," for a pig will go through a crack or a hole wherever found, and the pricking of a barbed wire will only cause them to try the harder to effect an escape. Hence for pigs I would say, put a board at the bottom by all means. I have been thus explicit about this fence, for the reason that if there is anything more annoying on the farm than to have your own or your neighbors' hogs running at large, I do not know what it is. When the alfalfa was about ten inches high I put rings into the hogs' noses and turned them bot this pasture, and trouble with them for the season was at an end. No other feed was given them, because I desired to test the worth of alfalfa alone as a forage crop for hogs. I never had hogs do better. They remained healthy and kept in a thriving condition, still I would advise leeding a little grain, especially to young hogs, for the reason that the growth would be better and the pork firmer. I am of the opinion that one acre of well-stacked alfalfa will keep twenty hogs through the season. Would not confine too closely, give good range a

Lambs for Market.

William C. Whitman of South Turner, Me., gave the Mirror and Farmer correspondent some facts in regard to raising lambs which may be of use to others. He buys sheep in August or September, and selects those of 4 or 5 years of age, as they will bear heavy feed better than younger ones. He puts the buck with them so as to have the lambs puts the buck with them so as to have the lambs come in February. As soon as the feed begins to fail in the fail he feeds them a little grain, beginning with a gill of oats a day. After they come to hay, the grain is generally increased, and about two quarts of roots fed to each sheep, and by the time they get to giving milk, they eat one pint of oats, one pint of barley, one pint of middings and one pint of cotton-seed each ber day, making two quarts of grain with two of beets or turnips for a sheep. The lambs will eat shorts and cotton-seed at three weeks old, but they need watching, or some will eat too much. The lambs are sold in May, and the sheep are fat for mution at the same time. at the same time.

Last spring Mr. Whitman sold seventeen lambs

Last spring Mr. Whitman sold seventeen lambs from seventeen sheep. The lambs averaged \$6.26 after all expenses of marketing were paid. One sheep which cost him \$3.50 in August, raised a lamb which sold for \$10, and the sheep sold for \$7, besides the pelt. He had one lamb which dressed thirty-seven and one-half pounds at two months and seven days old. He finds it very important to supply the sheep with pure water while giving milk. They want about half a paliful each per day. He has fed sheep nearly a quart of cotton-seed meal per day, but thought it was more than they needed. He prefers the grade Southdown to any other breed for lambs and mutton.

Things Worth Knowing.

Diversification in tillage and crops is the keystone to success in agriculture. Restriction to one method leads to poverty of land. Use the hilly lands for grazing, the slopes for fruits, bottom lands for corn or grains, without restricting large areas to one crop. And this is what the West is beginning to learn.

The wheat crop of this country thirty years ago averaged only nine bushels per acre. Lately it

averaged only nine bushels per acre. Lately it has increased to twelve or thirteen, but it is still much below the crop of England, which for many

has increased to twelve or timiteen, but it is stin much below the crop of England, which for many years has averaged twenty-nine bushels per acre. It was low prices of wheat that compelled English farmers to adopt better methods in growing this crop. If the same cause produce like effects here, the agricultural depression will have compensating advantages.

Experiments at the Maine State College farm have satisfied the officers, says the Maine Farmer, that the best results, taking all things into account, have been obtained when milch cows are given a ration of twenty pounds of bay, three pounds each of bran, cotton-seed and Indian meal per day. With hay figured at \$10 per ton, butter can be made at a cost of fifteen cents per pound. The butter could be made a little cheaper upon other grains, or rather, the same grains in other proportions, but it would be at the expense of the condition of the animal. With these figures as a guide, how can farmers in the northern ter or New England States afford to sell ther hay at the usual market prices in those localities? Far better to feed it out sell butter at high years of the property of the party of the period of the property of the sell there hay at the least of the first party of the period of the period of the party of the period of the period of the period of the party of the period of the

or New England States afford to sell the hay at the usual market prices in those localities? Far better to feed it out, sell butter at thirty cents, or \$20 per ton for the hay, and then have the manure left that is made from both hay and meal.

The crop of flaxseed of this season is said to be the largest ever produced in this country. Flax is now generally sown on new breaking in most of the Western States and Territories.

The October bulletin of the Connecticut Agricultural Experimental Station, of which Prof. S. W. Johnson is director, shows that many of the fertilizers tested were worth considerably less cultural Experimental Station, of which Prof. S. W. Johnson is director, shows that many of the fertilizer's tested were worth considerably less than the price asked by the manufacturer. Thus Davidge's fish and potash, costs the purchaser \$40 per ton. It is valued by the station analyzer to be worth but \$27.89. Here is a list of other fertilizers of this class:

Cost. Valuedat.

Cost. Valuedat. Davidge's special favorite..... Bowker's forage crop manura

precisely the same.

The surplus apples in seasons of plenty are now much more generally preserved for future use than formerly. This equalizes the price in the odd and off years, except that when apples are in oversupply, as they are in many cases this year, the evaporating establishments cannot take the crop as fast as it is offered. But the driers who buy fruit early at the lowest prices are so certain to make well by it that they push the business to the

make well by it that they push the business to the utmost limit.

It requires just so much grain and hay to maintain the animal's life, and a very small quantity over that amount wilkeep up the ficw of milk, so that in fact the feed it can be made to eat over what is necessary to keep up the animal's life and health, if of the right kind, is turned into milk, and consequently is clear gain. With this fact before us we should give the cows a liberal allowance of the milk-producing foods, such as carrots, beets, turnius, bran, etc.

Grain is low and meat is high, therefore convert the former into the latter.

Oats are not only the most natural food for horses, but are dedidedly the most nutritious. When properly cured they are the safest feed of any kind of grain, and horses fed on them will stand more faitigue than upon any other food.

Carrots are recommended as feed for farm

stand more fatigue than upon any other food.
Carrots are recommended as feed for farm horses, as they save corn and give a fine gloss to the skin, besides promoting a healthrii condition of the system. From fourteen to twenty-one pounds is a liberal allowance, anything over that being apt to affect the kidneys.
There are only 300 or 400 sugar manufacturers in the South. Nearly all the bandsome white sugar that you see sold in little square lumps—cubes, as it ought to be said—is beet sugar. They are making it so cheap in France and Germany that they sell it on the market in London at three cents a pound,

In some places winter wheat has obtained so

large a growth that it is being pastured down by she'p and calves. If not overdone this is a benefit of the crop, provided stock is kept off the lam when it is full of water, and will be badly poacher by being trodden.
Farmers in Nebraska are many of them claiming that tame-grass pasture for meat production pays better per acre than wheat at fifteen bushels

er acre.
The oilcake product of the linseed-oil mill at St.

Paul is disposed of entirely to the dairymen west of Chicago.

Thirty-five hundred pounds to the acre is the average yield in the majority of the hop yards in Washington Territory.

By a test of the closest average work it requires four bushels and forty-seven and one-half pounds of wheat to make a barrel of fiour.

Mr. Waldo F. Brown cut wheat when quite green. And, despite the prediction of a neighbor that he had runned the crop, the yield was thirty bushels per acre, and the milier called it the best grain he ground that year.

Among farmers there is a tendency to do entirely without any definite and systematic accounts of their bushness from which to make any accurate calculation of the costs and profits arising from the different kinds of stock and different crops. This lack of business system no other business could stand, and not be so mixed up that human power could not straighten it out again. Farmers will gain by learning to keep accurate accounts of all their transactions, so as to have some data on which to base their operations in the future.

The four leading essentials in wintering farm stock are an abundance of wholesome food, plenty of pure water, warm, dry quarters and sufficient reals in cold weather without giving them good.

stock are an abundance of wholesome food, plenty of pure water, warm, dry quarters and sufficient fresh air.

It is a waste of feed to attempt to fatten animals in cold weather without giving them good, clean, comfortable quarters.

Sheep will more quickly destroy a pasture than any other stock, as they gnaw down to the root, finding the blanched portion at or below the surface sweeter and richer than the top. Horses are also very mueven grazers. Cattle will eat the top and cannot gnaw down if they wished; but even cows, if kept in too small numbers, will allow much of the cearser grass to grow up and go to waste. The better way in pasturing is to feed closely, and then keep stock out long enough to allow the herbage to grow arain.

A great mistake in poultry-keeping is running them on the same ground year after year.

Sheep are the most profitable of all stock on the farm when too many are not kept, and when they are properly taken care of.

The greater the variety of grasses in the pasture the better beef and milk the cartle will make. The practice of feeding unground wheat to other stock than poultry is a wasteful one. Wheat is very strong feed, but it passes through horses, cows or pigs without being properly digested. If not ground the wheat should at least be boiled to make it more easily digestible, and then mixed with chaff to give it bulk and prevent the meal or grain from compacting in the stomach.

Itching in a colvis tail or mane can be cured by the regular daily use of a stiff or hard brush to the roots of the half the curry-comp should never come there), and the subsequent moistening with diluted vinegar.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dear street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge.

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THE WEEKLY CLOBE,

JOHN JAY'S JOURNEY

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

[Copyrighted by the Author-all Rights Reserved.] Shall I begin by painting John Jay's portrait? I am sure that no one else ever painted it. The royal academicians did not know him, nor was he handsome or distinguished enough to be a tempta-tion to their brushes. He had not even made mark enough on his time to get himself caricatured in the penny newspapers. He had no money to waste on photographs, so not even the sun had made a picture of him. Yet John Jay was far

from a bad-looking fellow.

He was about five feet ten inches in beight, with a well-knit figure. The one beauty of his face was his eyes—great, brown, faithful eyes, with some-thing such a look in them as you have seen in those of a high-bred, honorable dog, quite above the small deceits and subterfuges of the average human being. He had brown hair, straight and smooth, and a brown mustache. His features were tolerably regular, but in no wise striking, except in their expression. He wore the look of an habitual dreamer. His world was not at all the world of the people he lived among. Other suns shone on it and other moons, and the dreams he dreamed and the hopes he hoped were all his

he dreamed and the hopes he hoped were all his own.

Nature had done her best to make him a poet, but hispiecessities had made him a journalist. He was a hard-working, poorly-paid literary hack, living in a hand-to-mouth fashion that promised little security for his future, and gave him no time to do the work which would really have expressed his soul. His voice was singularly musical, but low, and his ulterance was singularly hestating, as if he came out of a dream to speak to you.

And now I have painted his portrait 's you might have seen him the day before Christmas in 1879, could you have looked in at a second-s'ory front window in a queer old house on the Euston road in busy London. I said a queer old house, but the house was not so queer as its inmales. People came and went at all hours of the day and night in this dingy house. The landlady was a mystery. She had corkscrew eurls on each side of her sallow face, framing it in an ebon frame—she wore skimpy black gowns. Her voice was that of a querulous woman, but her upper lip bore a mustache many a young Oxonian might have coveted, and her stride as she marched down the Euston road was that of a grenadier. Looking at her seemtimes John Jay used to quote, in that low, gentle voice of his:

They are neither man nor woman, They are neither ghost nor human.

They are neither ghost nor human,
They are ghouls, ghouls, ghouls.

And a ghoul Mrs. Langley might have been for any interest she showed as to the welfare of her lodgers. They paid their money; she opened her doors—there the compact ended.

It was a good-sized house, and as no one had more than a single room and on the upper stories several people huddled into the same room, it had many occupants, who came in, some of them, at unholy hours, and took other people's day for their night. There were only two of them all with whom John Jay had any acquaintance. One was a little dressmaker, Miss Renfew by name—a slight, busy little person, who occupied the first story front, just under John Jay's room, and whose open door our journalist used to pass so often that he had got to feel acquainted with her, and frequently would stop to bid her good-day. She was what they call an "art dressmaker," though the dingy old house in Euston road was the last place you would have thought in which an "art dressmaker" would have been likely to find herself or be found by others.

John Jay's second acquaintance was a less rep-

maker" would have been likely to find herself or be found by others.

John Jay's second acquaintance was a less reputable one. His name was "Dan"—the only name any one knew him by--and he was a cobbler, and a drunken cobbler at that. Unlike Mr. Jay and Miss Renfew, he seemed fitly to belong to the inodorous old house, with its smell of mold blent with bad tobacco, its walls which seemed always perspiring an unhealthy dampness, and its uncertain floors, on which you stepped cautiously, with an uneasy doubt as to how long they would hold together.

together.

Tap, tap, tap, went Dan's bus; hammer all day

Tap, tap, tap, hand, but with the nightfall Tap, tap, tap, went Dan's busy hammer all day long over John Jay's head, but with the nightfail Cobbier Dan, like other creatures of the night, used to steal out of doors and prowir round, heaven knows where. Often enough John Jay, working late over some article, would hear him stumbing up stairs, and, though he had a hearty contempt for the drunken little man, he was yet kindhearted chough to listen to see if the cobbier got safely to his own door. Now and then, when the toper had taken a little more than usual, and Jay heard him fall on the stairs, he would go out and pick him up and see him into his room. Drunken Dan had alively sense of gratitude for these favors, and on the strength of his emotion considered himself a firend of John Jay's.

If forgot the children. They belonged in some way to the house, though nobody ever quite knew who owned them; but they were always there. They were three in number—two boys and a little girl, who seemed to have stopped growing when she was not more than a baby, and yet to be preferenturally old and wise. It spoke well for John Jay's heart that he was always good to these children, and when he had hardly money enough to keep his scanty fire alight would bring them home, now some apples, now a bag of taffy, or a paper with pictures in it; and they were gratified, too, so that after all John Jay was not quite friendless on the day before Christmas, 1879, though he said to nimself that he had not a friend in the world.

It takes a holiday—Christmas, New Year's, a late the standard of the high the said to nimself that he had not a friend in the world.

It takes a holiday—Christmas, New Year's, a late of the high the said to himself that he had not a friend in the world.

birthday—to emphasize a man's loneliness. On ordinary days John Jay worked so busily that he hardly had time to pity hunself, but just of late he had had very little to do, and his purse was almost

hardly had time to pity himself, but just of late he had had very little to do, and his purse was almost empty, save one ten-pound note, with which he never parted; and the fire on his hearth was low. The afternoon was dark with fog, and it seemed to him that the ghosts jeered at him. We all have our ghosts—all of us who are past our youth—and at Christmas time, above all, they will have speech with us. They used to keep merry Xmases with us, in the old days when Xmas was merry, and now they come back and we share our Christmas dainties with them against our will.

Only John Jay had no Christmas dainties to share. He sat there in the foggy afternoon and watched the fleckering firelight—and the ghosts came—father, mother, sister, brother—all of them dear once—all of them dead now. And then in the firelight he saw another vision—the thirest face, as he thought, in the whole round world. There was no place which the real Miss Florence Seyton would be less likely to enter than this second-story room in the dingy old house in the Euston road, yet his fancy summoned her, and the firelight shimmered on her perfect form, clad in lustrous silk, on her golden hair and the girlish beauty of her face, at once so proud and so tender.

golden hair and the girlish beauty of her face, at once so proud and so tender.

There was a curious feeling in John Jay's head, as if some cord there had snapped, and a kind of vagueness possessed his thoughts, so that what was dream and what was reality he hardly knew. He had eaten very little of late because of that emptiness of his purse of which I have spoken, and this may have had something to do with the uncertainty that pervaded his ideas. He saw Florence Seyton as plainly as he saw the flickering fire near which she stood.

"Florence," he said suddenly. He had never called her thus by her name in reality, and even the vision seemed to resent it, for suddenly it faded and he was alone in the damp old room, with the smoky fire and the tireless mouse gnawing at the wainscot.

at the wainscot.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He got up and looked down into the crowded, noisy street. Everybody was so heartlessly alive down there. Schoolboys were coming home for the holidays. Carts piled with Christmas hampers from country cousins were tearing along on their way from the Euston station. Bustling people on foot hurried by, their arms full of Christmas purchases.

"How happy they all look," he said to himself. "I'll go out and hurry along with the rest."

He changed his coat. The frock coat he put on

"Pil go out and hurry along with the rest."

He changed his coat. The frock coat he put on was threadbare, but it offered a certain tribute to the proprieties of life, and John Jay was by no means an ill-looking man as he went down the stair and passed the open door of Miss Reniew. He had taken his purse, with all the money he had left in it, and he was bent on making a purchase or two.

or two.

The night had darkened while he made his preparations to go out. The street lamps whiked in the fog. The wind drove the cold sleet in his face, and the noises of the crowded street seemed to deafen him. He pressed on to the Gower street station and took a ticket to South Kensington.

South Kensington station. When he reached his old haunts on the Euston road he made his

south Rensington station. When he reached his oid haunts on the Euston road he made his purchases.

"I will dine tonight," he said to himself, "though I sup among the shades," and he bought at an eating-house a paper of cold meat. Then he visited a toy shop, and there he saw in a window a bunch of violets, and went in for it. Thus laden he made his way home. The little dressmaker's door was open as usual, and he paused in front of it. Her fire was bright, and she kneit before it toasting a muffin. For the first time he noticed that she had golden hair of just the same shade as that which crowned the proud little head of Florence Seyton. She, too, was very preity in her way, though he had scarcely noticed that either in the busy days gone by, when his heart and his hands had both been so full.

"It's very good of you," he said, "to keep your door open. You and your fire make the house cheerful."

"I'm afraid I don't do it from any such motive," the answered beging my fam her toastling with

"I'm airaid I don't do it from any such motive," she answered, looking up from her toasting with a smile. "The chimney smokes borribly the mo-ment the door is shut, so that I keep it open in

self-detence."
"All the same you do make it pleasanter for the rest of us, and I brought you these violets by way of saying thank you."
Miss Renfew sprang up eagerly. She loved flowers with all her heart, and, above all flowers, violets.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried, "and f do hope ou'll have a merry Christmas. Shall you stay

"A long way?"
"Yes, a good distance."

"To a pleasant place?"
"I hope so. I have never been there. I believe

"To a pleasant place?"

"I hope so. I have never been there. I believe it is very quiet."

"And you go in the morning?"

"No, tonight. I have my preparations to make, so good-night, and merry Xmas!"

"Tonight! I hope you will have a pleasant journey, but I wish it were a better night."

"I shall not mind the night once that I am on the road. "Good-by."

And John Jay went on up stairs, and the little dressmaker sighed as she turned back to her toasting. She would fain have asked him to share her muffins, but she feared he had a soul above them and her.

The journalist went into his room, where the fire he had left burned ill-naturedly, and he closed and locked the door behind him. He had eaten nothing since morning, and he made way with his cold meat, washing it down with a bottle of thin ale. Then he broceeded to inspect his other purchases. He cut the string of his brown paper parcel and produced, first of all, a wooden box, from which he extracted a toy village. There were the farm-house, the trees, the smaller houses, the sheep with their stiff tails and the sheep-dog to keep them in order, and there were the farmer and the farmer's wife, fressed just as they had been in his own boyhood.

Next he drew forth a box of tip soldiers, fragile but flerce, and with the smell of fresh paint that seemed to come to him all the way down from the far-off years when he and his dead brother and sister played together. Poor, pretty little Min! How green the grass was on her grave when he saw it last! He had bought, for the mummy of a girl down stairs, just such a doll as Min used to play with, and this doll was the last thing he took from the brown-paper parcel. How carefully he set all these things out, arranging them to the best advantage, and, meanwhile, awakening in his heart all sorts of hap-hazard old menories, as a musician, striking chords at random, awakens echoes of old songs.

When he had finished the arrangement of the toys he went to a little box, which he unlocked, and drew therefrom three letters and afaded

The next was a shade warmer in style:

MY DEAR MR. JAY-How good you were to re-member I wanted to see those books, and take so much trouble just to please me. Thank you nuch. Your cordial friend. FLORENCE SEYTON. And the third was such a note as ja real friend

And the third was such that the third was such that write:

MY DEAR MR. JAY-We are going out of town. Come and say good by on Saturday afternoon, and promise to miss us when we are far away.

FLORENCE. And that was all. For a red rose and three letters he had thrown his life away. He went to say good-by that Saturday in the late August, and after all he had scarcely been able to speak at all to Miss Seyton, so surrounded had she been by others. And he had never heard from her since. She had returned from out of town and made him no sign, and all he had seen of her was her shadow on the blind in the sleety Christmas eve. He kissed the letters one by one with a kiss as passionate, as despairing as one presses on the lips of the dying, and then threw them into the fire. Then he took the red rose and pressed that to his lips in its turn, but that he did not burn. He laid that upon his heart.

He took his ten pounds from his otherwise empty purse and put it into an envelope, and on the envelope he wrote:

"The money is for my funeral. The toys are for the children."

with the day's work, who waits for sleep. And lying there in his damp clothes strange visions kept him company. First it was Min and Nedhis sister and brother of long ago—who came out of their graves to pass with him this Christmas eve; and Min said: "See, he's asleep," and Ned answered, "No, he's only shamming." But Min still thought he slept, and very softly she sang a lullaby to her doil.

Then it was his mother, with her sad, tender gray eyes, who came in and said, gently: "Ah, poor fellow, he's asleep," and bent over him, in mother fashion, and kissed his forchead, and then went out of the room noiselessiy as a shadow.

And then, oh joy of joys, she came—the lady of his love—even she, who held his thoughts waking and his dreams sleeping, and from whom his soul and his dreams sleeping, and from whom his soul was never parted—she was there in his lonely, barren room. He heard the sweep of her dress across the uncertain floor and the tread of her beloved feet.

barren room. He heard the sweep of her dress across the uncertain floor and the tread of her beloved feet.

"I have come," she said, bending over him gently and giving him her hands to hold. "I have come to comfort you. I must not love you. I did not mean to make you love me. Oh, my dear, my dear! I am so sorry for you, so sorry."

And she kneit beside him in this waking vision and lifted his head, which throbbed so strangely, to her breast, and the glory of her golden hair caught the firelight, and he felt her heart beat beneath his head, and then—was it her tears that fell on his face, a genile rain?

It was almost midnight when Dan, the cobbler, came stumbling home, less unsteadily than usual, however, for two bottles of whiskey came with him. One was his Christmas treat to himself and the other he designed as a Christmas gift to John Jay. What could he give better than what he himself liked best in the world? And he could not let Christmas go by without making some sign of gratitude for the quiet kindness that had watched over his uncertain steps so many midnights. He had even kept himself very reasonably sober that he might be in good form for the presentation ceremony.

As he went by the little dressmaker's goom he

he might be in good form for the presentation ceremony.

As he went by the little dressmaker's room he noticed that she was still up and sitting before her fire, though it was long past the hour at which she was accustomed to put out her light. Cobbler Dan glanced in at the lonely little figure as he went by, but he did not speak. He went on up to his own room, left there one bottle of whiskey and his battered hat, and came down again to bring his offering to John Jay. He knocked on the door, but there was no answer. He shook it violently—still no response. Then down stairs he went and stood in Miss Renfew's still open door. "If your door's been open all along perhaps you know whether Mr. Jay is gone out?"

The little dressmaker did not think it necessary to confess that she had kept her door open on purpose to see John Jay when he went out, and have one more good-by before he started on his long journey. She only sald that she was quite sure he had not gone out. for he had looked in on his way up stairs and told her that he was going off that night on a long journey, and she had been sitting ever since where she must have seen him if he had

night on a long journey, and she had been sitting ever since where she must have seen him if he had

passed by. "Then he can't have gone to sleep," cried Cob-

or two.

The night had darkened while he made his proparations to go out. The street langs winked has proparations to go out. The street langs winked has proparation to go out. The street langs winked has proparation to deaden him. He pressed on to the Gower street station and took a tested to South Kending.

"Where are you going, my man?" he cald to himself, but all the same he knew very well where he was going. He got out of the train at the South has a summary lights. It was the Seyton mansion, in a familiar square—a large, stately house, glowing with many lights. It was the Seyton mansion, the ooly ground house in Loudou to winch he had direct the articles he had written for an influential fournal on a matter which the Hon, Rey Seyton had much at heart, Mr. Seyton having read and liked the articles, sought on the Hon, Rey Seyton had much at heart, Mr. Seyton having read and liked the articles, sought on the author an asked method had much at heart, Mr. Seyton having read and liked the articles, sought on the author an asked miles and the same had been still be a summary as a sun of the decident of the large same and the same had been still and the same he well as a summary lights, the law of the Saman had been still many lights, the law of the Saman had been still make the article she had written for an influential fournal on a matter which the Hon. Rey Seyton had much at heart, Mr. Seyton having read and like at heart the same had made him a madman, as a sum of the same had been still be a strength of the law of this State Sarah and had been still be a strength of the law of this State Sarah and had been still be a strength of the law of this State Sarah and had been still be a strength of the law of this State Sarah and had been still be a strength of the law of this State Sarah and had been still be a strength of the law of this State Sarah and had been still be a strength of the law of this State Sarah and had been still be a strength of the law of the State Sarah and had been still be a strength of the

love him very dearly in these long days when it seemed to her that his very life hung on the frailest thread. "He loves me, too," she would say to herself, "now that he is mad. Will he love me when he is ane again?" sane again?"

That time came at last. It was on one of those suspiciously mild days in February when winter masquerades as spring that John Jay came back to the consciousness of his own existence. He looked with a sort of pathetic surprise at his thin bands.

hands.

"Bird's claws, aren't they!" he said, holding them up to the light. "How long have I been ill, Miss Renfew."

"Six weeks—ever since Christmas eve."
The hot blood rushed to John Jay's pale face. Suddenly he remembered the last act of his Christmas eve—the long journey he had meant to take. He put out a thin hand, and Florence Renfew took it in both her own.

"You saved me," he said. "I know it was you."

"No, it was not I. It was Dan. He came to bring you a bottle of whiskey. He bounded on your door, and when he could not make you hear, he broke it in, and then I came, and then you had brain fever."

"And you nursed me?"

brain fever."

"And you nursed me?"

"And you nursed me?"

"Dan and I. He took the nights and I took the days, and he has kept as sober as a judge."

"God in heaven bless you both," John Jay said, solemnly; and then he turned his face to the wall, and who knows what he said or to whom he cried?

Two days afterward he begged to see all the letters that had accumulated during his absence. They were not numerous; a few requests for copy, a tailor's circular, a column of proof of the last work he did before his ilmess, and a large envelope which proved to contain an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Rex Seyton to the wedding of their daughter Florence. Over this last he lingered a little grimly; then he put it into Miss Renfew's hands.

"She was all of it," he said, with a smile that

hands.

"She was all of it," he said, with a smile that curved his lips but did not get as far as his eyes.

"All of what?"

"Charcoal, brain fever—all of it. She was as far out of my reach as the full moon from the child that cries for it, and yet floved her—desperately. Do you know I've thought you were she all these weeks past? Haven't I called you Florence?"

Florence?"
"Yes," said the little dressmaker, and she

thought you had found it out somehow."

Two weeks after that John Jay had got down stairs, and—he was sitting by Miss Renfew's fire, and she was tossing muffins, just as she had been on Christmas eve, only this time the muffins were for John, and he professed himself as hungry as a hunter.

tor John, and he professed himself as hungry as a hunter.

When he had eaten his fill she still sat on the low stool before the fender and the firelight glowed on her gleaming, golden hair. John Jay put out his hand and touched it.

"It is pretty hair, Florence, as pretty as hers was—and the same wild roses come and go in your cheeks. And your voice is as soft as hers. And your heart—ah! I think your heart has a place for me in it and her's never had. I believe it was you whom I loved all the time and I thought it was she, because I did not know. Will you be content with my poor man's lot and love back my love, you best, last Florence?"

The gentle eyes that looked up to him in the firelight's glow filled with tears and the low voice said:

"Do you want me, really? I have loved you The you want me, really? I have a mistake. For pity's sake, do not give me your life because you think I have saved it."

Two firm hands clasped hers then, and John Jay's honest, dog-like eyes looked into hers steedily.

Jay's honest, dog-like eyes looked and steadily.

"No," he said, "I think my fever burned that old, foolish, unreturned love to white ashes. I am all and always yours if you will have me."

And, after all, John Jay made a long journey, for he brought his wife across the seas to America, and there was room for them here, and today John Jay is managing editor of a certain today John Jay is managing editor of a certain New York daily newspaper. Can you guess

SENATOR SHARON BEATEN.

End of a Most Curious Divorce Sult, Wherin Tragedy, Comedy, Absurdity, Perjury and Superstition Were Seen in

Turn. SAN FRANCISCO, December 24.-The curtain fell this afternoon on one of the closing scenes in the drama that has been enacting here for many months past. Today the divorce suit of Saran Althea Hill against ex-Senator Sharon was given to the jury, who decided in favor of the plaintiff, Miss Hill. The Hill-Sharon suit has been one of those remarkable cases which seem to be indigenous to California soil and which could scarcely have existed in a less highly rarified ateducated, and beautiful woman seeking a divorce from a man to whom she was never formally marfrom a man to whom she was never formally married, and whom her family mentally rejected as their daughter's inferior in intellect and social position, is in itself a most unusual phenomenon. But to the primary absurdity of Miss Hill's position many new absurdities were added as the case progressed. It was shown that in her endeavors to revive the flagging devotion of Sharon, Miss Hill secretly plied him with harmless draughts for which she paid ridiculous prices to professional compounders of so-called love potions. She wore next to her heart one of the exsenator's stockings which had been baptized in whiskey, and over which the mystic words of a sooth-sayer had been spoken. Parts of Sharon's wearing apparel were purloined from his room at the Palace Hotel, and in a lonely cemetery, at sooth-sayer had been spoken. Parts of Sharon's wearing apparel were purionned from his room at the Palace Hotel, and in a lonely cemetery, at midnight, they were placed beneath a coffin in a new-made grave, the theory being that by devices such as this the delinquent love might be regained. Persons were promised large sums of money to swear to the existence of a marriage contract, gave their testimony, repented, confessed themselves as perjurers and denounced the nuptial contract as a forgery. Miss Brackett, the young woman who accompanied Miss Hill on her weird visit to the cemetery, and who was to be the plaintiff's chief witness, disappeared in the midst of the trial, and the element of tragedy was not lacking; for one of the woman witnesses, whose early life was too closely inquired into, swooned away, her son pulled a derringer on the offending counsef, revolvers were whipped out by nine-tenths of the spectators, and a scene of bloodshied was narrowly averted.

Tried on this remote coast, the case has attracted comparatively little attention in the East, considering the elements of superstition, perjury and smouldering tragedy which have marked its progress. Had the proceedings taken place in New York, Boston, Chicago or any of the European capitals the Hill-Sharon suit would have commanded a degree of attention surpassing that attracted by any trial of modern times.

The reading of the decision by Judge Sullivan consumed two and a half hours. The court reviewed the marriage contract and the circumstances under which it was alleged to have been written. In his opinion the contract was genuine and written as Mrs. Sharon averred, He believed her story in every particular. Thefact that a date and "Nevaca" appeared under the signature was, in his mind believed her story in every par-ir. The fact that a date and "Nevada" ap-

written. In his opinion the contract was genuine and written as Mrs. Sharon averred. He believed her story in every particular. The fact that a date and "Nevaca" appeared under the signature was, in his mind, proof that it was written and signed by Sharon as alleged. The charges that the contract was crowded propressively, was written over folds and that a secret clause was appended to the letter, he put no reliance in, other than as indications that the contract was written from dictation in the awkward manner described by Mrs. Sharon. He doubted the evidence of the experts as to the writing over the folds, and looked upon the errors and crasures in the contract as proof of its genuineness. The court then scathingly denounged the perjury committed by several withesses for the prosecution. In the matter of the alleged introduction of Mrs. Reigart and others as his wife, the court believed her testimony winfully false, but after scoring her for her false testimony, and her attorneys for using false testimony wifully false, but after scoring her for her false testimony, and her attorneys for using false testimony in the plea he just in other respects. The decision concluded as follows: "I have endeavored to trace the lives of the plaintiff and defendant from the time of their first meeting to the present. I have examined the law bearing on their relations as opened to my investigation and research, and as a result have reached the conclusion that Willian Sharon, defendant, by virtue of a secret contract of marriage, or written consent thereto, and of sufficient assumption

THE WOMAN'S HOUR

"Do." A Short Essay After the Fashion of "Don't."

The Work-Table-Knitting and Crochet Patterns-A Book on Fancy Work.

Bits of Fashion-What Mme. La Mode is Doing and Saying.

The girls who have poured over the pages of the little book called "Don't" are now invited by an exchange to accept advice in regard to things that they should do. Do be natural; a poor diamond is better than a

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex; the incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard rgument against the equality of the sexes. Do be exact in money matters; every debt you

less able than you to bear it. Do answer your letters soon after they are re ceived, and do try to reply to them with some relation to their contents; a rambling, lif-considered

letter is a satire upon your education.

Do, when you talk, keep your hands still. Do observe; the faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women. Do attach as much importance to your mind as

to your body.

Do try to remember where you put your gloves and card case; keep the former mended and the

Do recollect that your health is more important than your amusement; you can live without one, but you'll die early without the other. Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign superiority to talk like a fool.

Do put your hairpins in so that they will stay: it ooks slovenly, to say the least, to see them half Do be ready in time for church; if you do not re-

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect vourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do get up in time for breakfast,
Do avoid causes of irritation in your family elirele; do reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife.

Do be contented; "martyrs" are detegrable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can earry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere; do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemmed; there is no excuse for either one of them; if you have anything to say, say it, if you have not, hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

say it, it you have not, hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile say a mile, not a inile and a half; it you mean one say one, and not a dozen.

Do, sometimes at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

Do sign your full name to your letters.

THE WORK TABLE.

Crochet Work-Definitions, an Edging, Baby's Boot and Knitted Hood for a Lady.

DEFINITION. - Single crochet (sc.) is to insert the needle in a loop of the preceding row, then draw the thread through both the loop and Double crochet (dc.) is to draw the thread

through a loop in the lower row, then draw it through the other two stitches. Treble Crochet (tc.) is to put the thread over the needle, insert the latter in the loop, and draw the thread first through the loop, then through two stitches, then through the last two

In tricot you make a chain of any required length, then pick up each stitch in single crochet; pull the thread through one stitch, then through two, then through next two, and so on.

CROTCHETED FRENCH EDGE.—This edge is worked cross-wise. Make a chain of 13 stitches. Work a shell of 3 dc., 1 chain, 3 dc., in the tenth stitch (counting from right to left); then 3 ch., and 1 dc. in the end stitch of the chain; turn, 7 ch., place another shell in the fourth stitch of the adjoining loop; turn 7 ch., 1 shell of 7 stitches, 3 ch., and 8 dc. with 2 ch. between in the loop; turn, 2 sc., 5 chain live times, inserting the needle in each dc. of the preceding round, 2 sc.; turn, 3 ch., 1 shell, 3 ch., 1 dc. inserted in fourth stitch of the loop. Continue as above. On the second and each succeeding scaled the former scaliop.

give the hem of your garment a pull, look imploringly into your face, and repeat his little piece. He was not shabbily decised; on the centrary, he had on a comfortable looking coat and a cap that protected his ears. In a box under his arm he kept his goods, changing to a this little piece. He was not shabbily decised; on the centrary, he had on a comfortable looking coat and a cap that protected his ears. In a box under his arm he kept his goods, changing to a time the store you wand then to give one hand an opportunity for warmth in his pocket. The snow accumulating on his cap obliged him at times to remove the latter and give it a vigorous shake. This he did to the discomflure of pedestrians, who received portions of the snow in the face.

"I wish folks would be more careful," exclaimed a lady me a legant seal-skin.

The match boy heard the remark, and felt somewhat ashamed as he watched her till she entered the store. The latter was crowded with people, and through the windows he saw the lady with the handsome garment buy a pair of pretty gloves, presumably for a child. The little walf looked on envisory.

BABY'S CROCHETED BOOT.—Bone hook No. 11,

BABY'S CROCHETED BOOT.—Bone hook No. 11, half-ounce white Shetland wool. Make a chain of 8 stitches, turn and work into the first from the hook. Dothle erochet into every loop, and in the middle stitch always increase by working three into one. Crochet into the back part of the loops in the second row across sc as to make the work run in even ridges. When 10 ridges are done begin the side by working the first 11 stitches backwards and forwards for 28 rows or 14 ridges. Now fasten this on to the front.

For the sole—make a chain 22 stitches and work in tricot. Increase at the beginning and end of every row for 6 rows; work 3 rows without increase, then decrease 6 rows. Sew the sole to the boot. Take up 40 stitches in white for the leg, first doubling back the three-cornered flap and tacking it down. Do three rounds in double crochet. For the fourth round—* dc, 2 chain, miss 1 loop, work into the next loop. Repeat from star; then work 9 more rounds in double crochet. Work a scallop for the edge thus: 1 single crochet, treble crochet, 1 chain, 1 treble crochet into next loop, not missing any loop. Repeat. Now run in a ribbon and fasten a bow on the lappet.

LADY'S KNITTED HOOD.—Use half a skein each of white and colored Snetland wool and two large, wooden needles about two-thirds of an Inch in circumference.

With the white cast on sixty-four stitches and make forty-five ridges (or knit ninety times across.)

With the white cast on sixty-four stitches and make forty-five ridges (or knit innerty times across.) Then divide and put thirty-two stitches on a thread; knit the other 128 rows long and bind off, then knit the other half. Knit of the colored wool a pleee exactly like the white, and baste the two pleces together. The white is for the outside, the colored for the lining. Crochet an edge of white and sew it all around the edge, sewing the colored and white pieces together at the same time. Or, better, crochet the edge on the nood, uniting the two pieces at the same time. The end where the stitches were cast on is now drawn up with a cord, and a bow the color of the lining is sewed on.

The above directions, which we give in response to requests from correspondents, are taken from Mrs. Eva Marie Niles' new book, "Fancy Work Recreations." This is a large and handsome vol-Recreations." This is a large and handsome volume devoted to knitting, crochet and home adornment, an invaluable thing for those who do anything in these lines. It is sold by subscription, and will be sent by mall to purchasers by the publishers, "Buckeye Publishing Company," Minneapolis, Minn., if there is no agent in the vicinity, the price being \$2 for cloth binding with plain edges, and \$2.50 with gilt edge. One lady says of it, "I have studied all the books, English and American, that treat of fancy work, and not one contains such a variety of lovely things as this, and I would prefer it to all the books on fancy work I ever saw."

Things Noted and Quoted from the Doings and Sayings of Madame La Mode's Votaries.

Terry velvets, plain and shot, are fashionable for bodices and jackets.

Flowers for ball dresses come in sets of skirt garlands and corsage bouquets.

Whatever the cut of a walking-cress, one thing is imperative, and that is simplicity. The severer a dress, the more stylish. Buttons, when used at all, are small in size, simple in design, and so closely put together that the dress has frequently to be closed by aid of a button-

Vests are fashionable on every sort of a tollet.
Charming affairs are of white lace and fastened up the front with tiny pearl or Rhine-stone but-

tons.

A novelty for ballrooms, interior promenades and the like comes in the form of shoulder scarfs made of netted chenille. The shades are blue, pink, scarlet and creamy white.

Handsome gloves for evening wear are of undressed kid; black or pale tan, with an open-work, lace-like top, reaching to the elbow. Black ones in this style are embroidered in gold.

in this style are embroidered in gold.

Little Brooklyn malds amuse themselves in school hours by embroidering a single tiny flower on the edge of their gloves, each young girl selecting her favorite flower, and wearing that only. The fashionable worsted laces from France come mall the cloth shades, and are made in the patterns of the escurial. Spanish and torchom laces. That used for floundes, fourteen inches wide, can be bought for \$4\$ a yard. That used for nounces, fourteen inches wide, can be bought for \$4 a yard.

Ruby velvet jackets over cream lace skirts trimmed with loops and ends of yelvet ribbon to correspond make a charming dinner or evening toilet, the lace ruffles being mounted on either a ruby or cream slik foundation.

Everybody knows how elbow sleeves wrinkle, draw up, or pull out at the elbow, as ordinarily constructed. Those on a Worth's dress seen recently were cut in V-shape at the bottom, the

point on the inside, thus saving all the above worries. Velvet ribbon run on the plain skirts of walking dresses is a favorite form of trimming. Even this flat ribbon can be arranged in many wavs to give an original effect, and then it is by no means a

A graceful compromise with the warm but clumsy fur cape is the velvet fielu, edged with wolverine. The velvet always matches the color of the dress, and with it is carried a tiny must also made of velvet and the fur.

made of velvet and the fur.

A novelty is a leather bodiee stamped out so that the silk lining shows beneath, all the holes or designs being bordered with gold thread in tambour stitch. It is said to be made after one of the corsages worn by an old-time Venetian dame.

The newest idea in the department of fancy wraps is the Manore cape, just brought from Paris. The model is merely a cape with a Capuchin hood. The cape is made of the same material as the dress, and the hood of some brilliant silken texture.

texture.

Many of Worth's new dresses are made with polonaise. One of the newest is a dark red cloth, the centre of the back arranged in small perpendicular plaits carried down the skirk, the same being repeated in front. The skirt worn beneath is somewhat heavy, but novel in proportion. Round the hem is a ruch of pink cut cloth headed by three narrow pinked flounces, and above these a series of tucks which here and there are made to turn upward, thus throwing a curious effect of light and shade and color over the skirt. light and shade and color over the skirt.



THE COMING ROYAL VISITOR.

Prince Albert Victor, Eldest Son of the Prince of Wales, Soon to Visit America. Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of vales, will be 21 years of age on January 8 next. His attainment of his majority will be celebrated, acquaint himself in some measure with the United States and Canada.
Albert Victor has been carefully educated and

given considerable experience in the navy. He is a quiet'and studious young fellow with a strong bias towards the cultivation of learning. After his holiday on this side of the Atlantic Prince Victor will study law at the Middle Temple, Lon-

don.

The executive committee of the winter carnival. Montreal, have taken advantage of his intended visit to invite him to attend that coming celebra-tion. He will, of course, see the exposition at New Orleans.

THE MATCH-BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

Undaunted by Wind or Snow He Peddles His Goods Until a Kindness Secures for Him the Longed for Jack-in-the-Box.

'Matches, three boxes fur five cents, sir; wind can't blow 'em out; wun't yer bay some, sir? The appeal came from a little lad not over 9 years old, who early and late accosted the passersby on Washington street last night. It was difficult not to notice him; for if you passed him without a word he would follow close at your heels, give the hem of your garment a pull, look

what ashamed as he watched her this he entered the store. The latter was crowded with people, and through the windows he saw the lady with the handsome garment buy a pair of pretty gloves, presumably for a child. The little walf looked on enviously. His eyes enlarged with wonderment as he caught sight of a jack-in-the-box which a clerk was showing to a customer. His heart was set on securing one. To do this he must sell more matches. The wind now began to grow colder, and he had to kick his heels together in order to keen his feet warm.

"If I kin sell this lot," he said to himself, "I'll "If I kin sell this lot," he said to himself, "I'll buy that jumper in the box."

Trade for him, however, seemed dull. The crowds on the sidewalk rushed along as if moving to a fire, and forgot the little pedler. Yet despite all this, he continued to announce the superiority of his goods. Several elder hads who had no particular business to be out at that hour made sport of this each way.

of his goods. Several eider inds who had no particular business to be out at that hour made sport of him as they passed.

"Five a bag—red ones ten," they shouted; "crack 'em, try 'em before you buy 'em."

"You've set the town after," cried one, as an alarm from Box 17 was rung in.

To all these taunts he paid not one whit of attention, but bravely tried to sell his matches. Then a man carrying two turkeys pushed against him. He moved further up the street and paused in front of a jewelry store. He manifested little interest in the gold watches and chains that were suspended in the window, but thought rather of the toy shops, and soon retraced his steps. It was only an hour from midnight, and the place would be closed in a few minutes. He had only three boxes left.

"Only three boxes left," he began to shout: "wind nor snow can't blow 'em out; only five cents. Please, mister, buy'em," said he to a stout gentleman who had just come out of a saloon.

"Buy what, sonny?"

"Matches, sir; I want ter buy me a presint; th'y're only five cents.

"Matches, sir; I want ter buy me a presint; th'y're only five cents.

"Here, I don't want yer matches," said the other, tossing a fifty-cent piece to the match boy. The latter grabbed it quickly and ran for the toy store. He passed his benefactor a few minutes later with the present in his hand, and gave a grateful look.

"They say charity begins at home," mused the donor as he watched the little fellow disappear; "what's the matter with my buying something for my own?"

Straightway he proceeded to the toy shop. When he came out he had a large bundle. The fifty cents he had given to the match boy had remifieded him of his own and showed him how easy it was to make happiness.

minded him of his own at it was to make happiness.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING. [H. C. Dodge.]

(H. C. Dodge.]

"Dear Santa Claus," wrote little Will, in letters truly shocking, "I'se been a good boy, s" please fill a heapen up this stocking. I want a drum to make pa sick and drive my mamma crazy. I want a doggie I can kick so he will not get lazy. I want a powder gun to shoot right at my sister Annie and a big trumpet I can toot just awful loud at granny. I awful loud at granny. I
want a dreffle big false
face to scare in fits our baby. I want a pony I can
race around the parlor,
maybe. I want a little
hatchet, roc, so I can do
some chopping upon our hatchet, too, so I can do some chopping upon our grand plano new when mamma goes ashopping I want a nice hard rubber bail to smash all into flinders the great ble mirror in the hall an' lots an' lots of win der s. An' candy that'il make me sick so ma all night will all night will
hold me an'
make pa get the
doctor quick an' never try to scoid me. An'
Santa Claus. if pa says I
am naughty it's a story.
Jus' say if he whios me
Ill die and go to kingdom glory.''

Every Day'll Be Sunday By and By. (Philadelphia Call.)
Cincinnati Mother—Well, my daughter, you were very good in church. Now, you shall have lots of nice Christmas presents if you can tell me what the sermon was about.
Little Cincinnati maiden—Oh, yes, of tourse. It was about heaven. Won't it be nice? Nothing but music gardens and races and base ball games and theatres.

but music gardens and races and base ban games and theatres.
"Mercy on us, child! Where did you get that idea?"
"From the preacher, of tourse, mamma."
"The preacher! Why, what did he say?"
"He said that it would be Sunday all the time."

A DAY IN THE SLUMS.

Scenes in Tenements Teeming With the Poor.

How the Ignorant and Lazy Balk the Eudeavors of the Board of Health.

The Sad Sight of a Lonely Old Woman Begging To Be Let Alone.

"The fact is, I am sick and tired of the stories

which have been published in regard to the Board of Health," said Commissioner Taylor to a re-porter at the office-of the Board of Health the other day, "and I want you to go around with me n my carriage today to see what we have to do, what we have done, and then let the public see whether or not they can have confidence in us." At this announcement one of the eight inspectors employed by the board came up to make his daily report. "Now here are two cases," he sald, mentioning the places where the persons referred to live. "One is in a tenament house that we have ordered vacated and I have been down to see about it. The man is sick abed and has been for some time, as his wife assures me. They have been ordered out on account of the condition of the premises, but they have no place to go and the man is unable to be moved. His wife says she has tried for a week to get some other place and can't do it, and I believe she is telling me the truth. The other case is about the same. The woman we have ordered out lies sick in bed and

several that the inspector reported. "Now, what is to be done in cases like these?" asked the commissioner, turning to the writer. "You see, we can't turn these people out on the streets, and still it is against our laws for them to remain. This is only one of the obstacles we have to encounter in carrying out our duty. Sometimes we have them taken to the City Hospital, but very often, while many of them are really sick, others eign sickness in order to keep a roof over their

These two were only specimen cases from

The carriage having arrived, the writer and the commissioner started on their trip through the slums of the city. The weather was drizzly, the streets were muddy, and the rain and snow of the past few days made the day anything but favorable for an unbiased inspection of the miserable tenements, courts and aliqys which were soon to make a picture never to be forgotten upon the minds of those who saw it; but simple water and, perhaps mud do not necessarily mean personal uncleanliness, and this fact was borne in mind throughout the visit.

"What I want you to see," said the commissioner as the carriage splashed through Tremont row and down Hanover street, "are

The Slums, the Pest Holes, as they are called, in the city of Boston. They are in the North End, the West End, in Ward 12 and in South Boston, and although I can't show you all, I can give you a pretty good idea of the bad places which the Board of Health keeps constantly under its eye. The trouble is chiefly with the tenants themselves. I have to ask them, beg them and fight with them to make them

them and fight with them to make them keep their dwellings in order, and then as soon as our backs are turned they are just as bad as ever. The first place I want to show you is Mechanic's court," he continued, as he turned the carriage to the sidewalk and alighted at an alleyway leading in from 221 Hanover street. "There are thirty-five Italian families living in here, and I want you to see what you think of it."

Entering the alley a distance of perhaps fifty feet a large court was first seen on the left, encompassed with the high brick walls of the tenement houses surrounding it, while from the windows with which they were dotted frowsy, swarthy heads, both young and old, peered inquisitively at the visitors.

"Look in," said the commissioner, rapping at or energetically opening each door he came to, and greeting each limited with a cordial "good morning," which, the moment his familiar face was recognized, was always as courteously returned. The brick paving of the court-yard was swept as clean as a Dutch floor, and the hallways and staircases all, except such as were slightly soiled with the necessary litter of morning work, bore evidence of the broom and the mop. In the different rooms the men were 'oxing about, the women were seated at different household employments, and chubby-limbed bables were sprawling about on the beds, vainly trying to twine their little toes about their ears, and looking as if this entire world were one humorous puzzle to their laby minds. Some of the rooms looked cleaner entire world were one humorous puzzle to their baby minds. Some of the rooms looked cleaner than others, of course, and in a few were disthan others, of course, and in a few were displayed some struggling potted plants in the windows, but none were in anything like an unfit condition for habitation. In the centre of the court-yard was a separate shed from which all the ashes that accumulated were taken away, and in the rear of the shed were the closets and vaults, each closed by a padlock, the keys of which were held by the tenants. At the tenement house directly opposite things were a bit different. The house was occupied by I hish tenants, and although the rooms were in passable condition, at the right of the house and outside a stable door was a heap of reeking manure, its plenteous steam

Pouring Directly Into the Windows

Pouring Directly Into the Windows of the house above. This caught the commissioner's eye in a moment.
"How long has this been here?" he asked sternly

of an old Irish woman, who was evidently some friend or retative of the proprietor of the fragrant

friend or retative of the proprietor of the fragrant mass.

"Only since Sathurday, sor; a man was comin' to take it away, sor, but divil a thing have we seen av him yit."

"Well, you tell Mr. — that I will send a man down here tomorrow, and if that stuff isn't carted off then the owner will be prosecuted."

"That is one great obstacle in our path," he continued to the writer. "We have these places all cleaned up, and if we are not right at the heels of the tenants all the time everything is as bad as ever in a day or two. I can't emphasize this point too much."

After carefully inspecting Board alley, another tenement court next to Mechanic's court, and finding things there in a proper condition, the commissioner again took his carriage and, driving rapidly down Hanover street a few blocks then turned to the right, where he stopped the carriage and said:
"Now we are in what is called one of the worst."

and said:
"Now we are in what is called one of the worst

"Now we are in what is called one of the worst localities in Boston. I don't want you to go altogether on what I say, but just go over and ask that policeman what he considers the worst places around here and we will visit it, any and all of them."

Without explaining his reason, the writer asked the policeman indicated what, from a sanitary point of view, he considered the worst place. "There are none now and have not been for some time any that are out of condition," he answered. "I have reported all in my district to the Board of Health, and they have fixed things up so that now this part of the city is very clean."

"But some tenements must be worse than others?"

"But some tenements must be worse than others?"

"Well, I suppose Fleet street and what is called the 'Black Seas' are as bad as anything around here," and then, learning the object of the Inquiries, he readily volunteered to assist in a tour of inspection through the premises referred to. The 'Black Seas,' it may be said for the benefit of the Beacon street readers, is the region in and about Fleet, North and Richmond streets, and the first place visited was North Brimmer place, a sort of court leading from North street. Up stairs, down stairs,

Surprising Burly Negresses,

in buttoning up their shoes, smelling all sort of culinary odors from fried eggs to soup, and the

gilt buttons of the policeman giving the as ionished negroes the impression that he was Lunt-

gitt buttons of the policeman giving the as ionished negroes the impression that he was funting down a fugitive. Commissioner, officer and reporter tramped through all the specimen low tenement houses in this strange part of the city of which the world outside knows so little. The commissioner, whom everyone seemed to know, often gave words of encounagement, advice or censure to the inmates. The general appearance of every house, yard and alley was about the same. The houses in all this region were inhabited by the poorest and oftentimes the lowest classes, of course, but in each could plainly be seen the hand of the Board of Health. The yards, plank or brick, as the case might be, were neat and in good condition, and the houses, though frequently in a state that would shock the ideas of the typical New England housekeeper, were kept in a manner that would give the authorities no possible reason for saying aught against them, as far as the matter of actual health was concerned. Not that everything was lovely, however. From the conversation between the tenants and the commissioner all along the routle it was very evident that the orders of the board and their constant supervision of the premises were clearly understood by the tenants, and still the pretexts under which the tenants would balk the best efforts of the board and their constant supervision of the premises were clearly understood by the tenants, and still the pretexts under which the tenants would balk the best efforts of the board and allow their premises to go dirty were many and must have been a source of constant aggravation to not only the inspectors, but the board itself. In Powers' court, for instance, a little place leading from No. 378 North street, the commissioner rapped at one door which was opened by a young woman of about 28 or 30 years of age, disclosing the plainly furnished kitchen, in the centre of which stood a man dressed in the familiar plue jean suit of a laborer, his arm in a sling, wife a round him were little children playing,

as he glanced about the room. "What is the

as he glanced about the foom. "What is the matter now, my man?"
"I have broken my arm, sir," answered the man respectfully.
"Have you been working 'long shore?"
"Yes sir."
"How much do you pay for this room?"
"One dollar and fifty cents a week, sir."
But business was business, and as

The Back Yard Was Badly Littered with papers, swill and other "truck," that should

with papers, swill and other "truck," that should have been placed in their proper barrels, the commissioner said: "How is it about this back yard? I see it isn't as clean as it ought to be. Don't you have some arrangement for cleaning it up?"

"Yes, sir," answered the woman, "we take turns at it, but the others haven't done anything, and I don't intend to do their work for them. I have cleaned it up once a week," she added, almost resentfully, "and that is enough."

"But for the sake of your little children you ought to keep this place in good order," said Mr. Taylor. The woman said nothing, but her air left an unmistakable impression that when she had done "her share," she cared but little who suffered from the neglect of others.

"Don't this place look nice?" said one old woman a little further up the court.

"You are doing well, my good woman," said the commissioner, "and I am glad to see it. But keep at it, keep at it. Do you see thit?" he said as he pointed to some accumulations in the plankway.

"Hut it rained this morning, sir."

"Yes, but it doesn't rain now. Don't let these things heap up and then you can't be dirty. Put in lots of soap and labor."

One place in this locality was of especial interest, the Italian quarters. Walking up the long lane called Barber's alley, also off North street, the always-curlous appearance of the dark Italian faces hanging from the windows above was the first thing to attract attention. At the right were the closets, each with its lock and key, and the barrels which were placed at intervals for the reception of ashes. The alley was clear, considering the miserable weather, and evidently the city teams had been around emptying the ash barrels.

A Scene of Peculiar Interest.

From four to eight Italians were in each room, every one of them busily engaged in sorting over large bags of some kind of stuff that had just been brought in. In one part of the room was a pile of paper, in another rags, and in others piles of coal, in and similar articles gathered from the streets. It was not only their workroom but their sleeping

the and similar articles gathered from the streets. It was not only their workroom but their sleeping room also.

"That is not right," said the commissioner. "We have to take these people as we find them, and keep them clean. We can't prevent the owners from letting the buildings for these purposes, but some arrangement should be made so that those rags might be sorted in some big house devoted especially to the business."

In one second story room in Powers court the commissioner entered, and as he stepped inside a voice almost wild with passionate energy exclaimed: "For God's sake, uan, you are the frealth commissioner, ain't you? Do you see this?" Two children, unkempt and barefooted, of, perhaps 6 and 8 years of age were moving about the room, and the voice, which came from a woman lying upon a bed just behind the open door, called attention to a pool of water an inch deep standing in the middle of the room.

"Isn't this a fine place for a sick woman!" she exclaimed hercely. "My husband has left me, and here I am on this bed with lung fever and inflammation, and the water pouring luto this room for the last three days;" and here she broke into a passionate story of sorrow and suffering that would have melted a stone. After a few brief questions in regard to the ownership of the property, and a few muttered words that hadea dangerously business-like ring to them, the commissioner started to see the person in charge of the property. He was found in a store near by, a fine-looking man, with the stately suavity of a courtier.

"Do yet own this property, sir?"

Do you own this property, sir?"

"Yes, Sir."
"What do you think of that sick woman lying

The Water Pouring into the Room?" "If she doesn't like it she can get out. By the way, who are you, please? You speak like one in authority.'

authority."

"No matter who I am. I am from the Board of Health."

"Oh! well, but I am going to have a carpenter go to that place today after dinner, and fix it up." A long talk nere followed, and all the improvements insisted upon by the commissioner were agreed to. It was not an isolated case.

From here a careful trip was made along Commercial street, down through the alieys and byways of Endeout street and that vicinity, through the worst parts of Barton and Brighton streets—especial notice being taken of the notorious No. 76 Brighton street, where extensive improvements have been made—through Charles street tenement.

street, and all the worst "holes" In Wards 8 and 9. In all these places the results of the vigilance of the Board of Health and their assistants were unmistakable. The outside premises were in good condition, the rooms were neat enough for health, if not for the taste of the reflued, and the power and person of Commissioner Taylor were known and respected.

A visit to the famous "Crystal Palace," on Lincoin street, in Ward 12, was made later in the day, and the premises were thoroughly inspected. The yard, house and balls were as neat as its class of occupants, with the fear of the law before their eyes, could keep thom, and the inbuilt defects of this, the greatest nuisance with which the Board

eyes, could keep tham, and the inbuilt defects of this, the greatest nuisance with which the Board of Health has to deal, are remedled as far as the power of the board extends. "It has been an eyesore to us for years, and really we don't know what to do with it. The owner, a Newton gentieman, will, I believe, give a free ten years' lease of it to the person who will refit it and make it habitable at his or her own expense. Some such plan is being discussed now."

A sad seene was that in Sands court, in the rear of No. 487 Harrison avenue. It was at dusk, and as the reporter and his escort, accompanied by the local inspector, whom they happened to meet,

Stumbled Down the Dark Driveway which led to what seemed a row of carpenter shops, it was impossible not to wonder if in such a place as this human beings could live. Commissioner Taylor rapped upon a door, which was immediately opened, revealing a family of several persons sitting in the twildight, among them one old woman.
"Where are you going tomorrow?" asked the commissioner; "you must get out of here, you

'We are going to Dover place," answered some one. "That's all right; I'm glad you've got a place,"

one.

"That's all right; I'm glad you've got a place," said Mr. Taylor, cheerfully.

"The old lady is in her second childhood," whispered some one. When the door had closed and shut from view the dim outlines of her figure, surrounded by relatives and friends and cared for, even if in poverty, a scene as sad as death itself took place. The local had knocked upon the door at the left, and though all was silent for a minute, a faint response was heard from up stairs, and there was sound of uncertain footsteps descending. As the door opened an old woman emerged, tottering, trembling and grasping the casings for support.

"How is Mrs. Murphy this evening?" said Mr. Taylor, kindly, as the old woman looked eagerly forward and scanned the faces of her visitors.

"Oh! For God's sake, sir, I beg of you, don't put me on the streets tomorrow," she begged. "I have no friends and nowhere to go, and I don't know where to go! Oh, don't, don't!"

"She will be 100 years old her next birthday," whispered a bystander, "and she has no friends or relations in the world. She is all alone."

"I had one son who was killed in the army," she continued, catching part of the sentence, "but Thever have got anything from it. Don't turn me out! Don't turn me out! Don't turn me out!

"Oh, do sir! Don't turn me out for God's sake." And with this piteous cry ringing in their ears the visitors turned away.

This, people of Boston, within a stone's throw

And with this pitcous cry ringing in their ears the visitors turned away.

This, people of Boston, within a stone's throw of the great highway of the city!

"What can 1 do with a case like that?" said the commissioner afterward. I haven't the heart to turn that woman out, and still the papers talk about doing our duty. It is only one of many such case."

CANNED TOMATOES.

Figures About This Year's Pack-The Industry Spreading in Massachusetts.

Tomato canning has become a great industry in this country. The average annual "pack," as it is called in the trade, has been for the last four years 2,250,000 cases. Last year, according to the American Grocer, various causes combined to the American Grocer, various causes combined to reduce the pack as compared with that of 1883 nearly one million cases. The acreage was heavily decreased in Maryland, Delaware and Ohio, slightly in New Jersey and New York. West of the Mississippi the crop was larger than usual, of fine quality and the season very favorable for the majority of packers. In Massachusetts more was packed than in any previous year. At one time Boston packers had more stock than they could take care of, and at prices ranging from eight to twenty-five cents per bushel. The local pack was distributed at home and considerable of it in bulk at very satisfactory figures. The total pack last year, 2,021,177 cases of two dozen cans each, represents 48-508,248 cans of tomatoes, or less than one can per capita per annum of the population. The industry has widened its area, and, notwithstanding the check it has received this year, it promises to spread in years to come. The greater part of old stock, so long a hindrance to improvement, is cut of the way. The average price is below cost of production, and this should increase the consumptive demand. On the other hand large packers are averse to an advance, hoping by keeping prices low to kill the farmer packers. Acontinued depression in trade and a year's supply above the average yearly requirements (allowing for old stock carried over) are reasons why a marked increase in price, if any, is improbable reduce the pack as compared with that of 1883

The Oldest Daily Congratulates Itself.

(Philadelphia North American.)
We are happy to be able to number the clerk of the weather among our subscribers. It was only yesterday morning that we called upon Father Christmas to get some snow in his beard, and behold! the thing was done. It is pleasant to see how the influence of the popular newspaper is extending.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30, 1884.

OUR PROSPECTUS

DURING 1885.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE will be the New England supporter of President Cleveland's administration. Whatever is said or done in Washington or elsewhere of interest to Democrats will be faithfully reported.

EDITORIALLY,

THE GLOBE will do its level best to strengthen President Cleveland and to permanently establish the glorious Democratic principles which he so nobly represents.

But THE GLOBE will have other features which will make it welcome in every home of the land. Among them are:

ORIGINAL STORIES.

It will give during 1885 twelve original novels, written expressly for it by its corps of story writers.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

It will give every week a Ladies' Department better than that of any of the Magazines, and Necessary to

ACRICULTURAL DEP'TM'T.

It will give every week an Agricultural Department at one-half the price that so valuable and practical information can be obtained elsewhere. Letters received every day say: "The Agricultural Page is worth much more than the price of The Globe, and is the best."

ALL THE NEWS.

The Globe, in the size of its corps of Editors, Reporters and Correspondents, and in the completeness of its telegraph and telephone facilities, is not surpassed by any Newspaper in the United States. It finds all the news and prints it at the earliest possible moment. Whatever the expense, the freshest and most important news is always given to its readers.

Read The Weekly Globe during 1885. You cannot afford to do without it. Address-

THE WEEKLY CLOBE, Boston, Mass.

During 1885 this feature, which has made THE FLORE an authority in the past, will be greatly strengthened. Several experienced cultivators will contribute weekly papers on topics of general interest and value, and no effort will be spared to

make THE GLOBE necessary to every farmer.

Letters from readers, with questions to be

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

answered, or giving the results of experience in cultivation, are respectfully solicited.

ANOTHER NEW STORY.

In the next or the following number of THE GLOBE a new novel, with American characters and scenes, and of great popular interest, will present its opening chapters. It will run through three issues, and be succeeded by a detective

HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is sent everywhere in the United States and Canadas, one year. free of postage, for only \$1; six copies for only \$5.

registered letter, or draft on New York or Boston, though, if more convenient for the sender, postage stamps will be accepted. When stamps are sent they should be of the denomination of one, two or three

all letters should be addressed to "THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass."

Every letter and postal card should bear the full name of the writer, his post office, county and State. Every notice of change of residence should give former as well as present address, and both in full. Every notice to discontinue should give the town, county and State to which the paper is being sent.

All copies lost in the mails will be duplicated free of expense. When postage stamps are sent they should not be

addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass." Sample copies are free.

A long-bored public would clap its hands with loy if it should only hear that a pedestal had been dropped into the capacious stocking of Liberty Enlightening the World.

It is suggested that Hon. THOMAS P. OCHILTREE of Texas place a lock of his hair in the uplifted hand of BARTHGLDI'S statue. There is nothing incandescent about that hair, but it would beat a

Sore-headed pew-holders in Plymouth Church will find Mr. BEECHER a hard man to buildoze. HENRY WARD BEECHER would be great without Plymouth Church, and Plymouth Church would be nothing without HENRY WARD BEECHER.

With this issue, Mr. Andrew H. Ward closes his soungetion with the GLOBE as editor of its gricultural department. His contributions, esinto a "deep sleep." like that which ADAM had at sectally those on plant analysis and fertilization of the soil, have been thoroughly scientific and practical, and have been received with favor.

The paper-makers and rag importers object to Secretary McCulloch's circular just issued that it makes no discrimination between rags imported from countries that are intected and those that are entirely free from infection. The secretary certainly cannot be accused of not having taken all due caution, to say the very least.

jumps. It would be difficult to imagine greater newspaper success than that gained by the World since the present management took charge. But every particle of this success has been earned. There has been no chance about it, no luck. In-

telligent, earnest, persistent, faithful work in finding out and giving to the people just what they wanted has met its just reward, that is all.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

With this issue THE GLOBE closes its work for 1884, and adds another year to its history; and it would that, likewise, all who opened its pages twelve months ago, might have added another year to their lives. But the saddest lines on the record of 1884 are those which tell that many of our happy company of last January have left us. Thus reads the record of every year that has gone, and thus it will continue to read until we also have departed into the shadow; and thus it will read forever. Then, first, to the memory of the dead. They were so tender and loving, and so great a part of our very selves, that we would gladly have taken their places, that they might live. But, in His wisdom, the good God, the father of us all, has gathered them in their ripeness. Then to the memory of the dead. We shall always love and miss them, but they are purer and happier, and we shall soon be with and

But there are those who were hale and strong a while ago, but who now feel the dread presence watching near their door. To the health of the sick and the suffering. May they come to their manly and womanly beauty and power, and to the knowledge of self-sacrifice and faith.

"The poor ye have always with you." To the health of the poor, the outcast and the downtrodden. May they receive help out of the rich largess of the plentiful year, according to what is meet, and may they understand that the language

of their cross is faith and hope. "Faith, hope and charity-these three; but the greatest of these is charity," are words that, through one trial or another, will come to all in this sacred season. If they are rightly felt, then, whatever the loss, ill or wrong we have borne, it will have been a stepping-stone to nobler things.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE wishes one and all "A Happy New Year." May life, health, comfort and faith, hope and charity follow in the footsteps of each and every one.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky. The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out wild belis and let him die. Ring out the old, ring in the new.

Ring, happy bells, across the snow, The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true. Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here wetsee no more;

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,

. Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindler hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Ring in redress to all mankind.

GO SOUTH, YOUNG MAN!

Ask the average New Englander where "the wild West" is, and he will answer "on the slopes of the Rocky Mountain and Sierra Nevada ranges." He thinks that all the States east of and along the Mississippi are thoroughly cleared and settled except in the mountain districts, and such a State as Louisiana he looks on as thorughly conquered by civilization. It will surprise him to read the figures about one of Louisiana's parishes (what we call counties) given to the United States commissioner at the exposition. Webster parish, the report says, contains 483,480 acres of territory; 96,000 acres have been cleared, of which 47,000 is in pasture and aban doned portions of farms. There are 390,000 cres of woodland, nearly all of which is heavily timbered and supplies nearly all the varieties of timber useful to man. Iron covers about 160,000 acres of the parish, coal about 60,000, sait about 1300, and other valuable minerals cover 45,000, making over half the parish mineral land.

This does not seem to be an exceptional parish. With the whole South offering such inducements to immigration and the investment of capital as this, it cannot be long before the vast stream of men and money now deluging the bleak Northwest will turn to the most delightful region of the land, its semi-tropical latitudes.

ETHER OUTDONE.

If science makes such advances in the next half century as it has in the one just gone there is no telling what it may be capable of doing. It has led the arts into a thousand new fields and enabled us to tell the chemical composition of stars too far away to be visible to the naked eye; manufactories, commerce, every comfort of life are dependent upon it for their present standing; but among all these obligations the healing art owes it the greatest debt. October 16, 1846, Dr. MORTON first adminis-

tered ether to produce unconsciousness during a surgical operation that was performed at the Massachusetts General Hospital. There were no ringing of bells, nor booming cannon, the city government didn't even turn out in force to witness the deed. A few grave surgeons, almost frightened at the audacity of the scheme, stood around a timid patient and watched the administration of the gas that lulled to forgetfulness. The hands crept up the dial of the clock, the operation was performed, the wound dressed and the patient, all unconscious of pain, revived to such as occur by hundreds every week now, and yet of all the grand events in Boston's history this was the proudest. Paul Revere's gallant ride. that grand old party that made a tea pot of Boston harbor, the patriotism of Hancock, the eloquence of Phillips, all else in which our city takes pride, were tame and commonplace when compared with this act. It was the first step in a revolution that has robbed pain of its terrors, and restored millions of doomed men to health and happiness. Less than forty years ago a patient who was to

be operated upon was strapped to a table like a

witness before the inquisition, and now he falls

the forming of Eve, and wakes unconscious of

But science does not stop here. To the restless American mind, the idea of having to lie still while a leg was cut off seemed to be a needless waste of valuable time. Some method must be discovered by which a man can take his diseased body to a doctor for repairs, like a coat to a tailor. and the owner allowed to attend to business while the alterations are going on. And now this wild scheme seems likely to be realized. A new anæsthetic, bearing the modest name of hydrochlorate of eccaine, has been discovered, which, it is asserted, will produce entire insensi-

while the rest of the body remains in a normal

for it. Over 100 difficult operations on the eye have been performed upon patients to which this anæsthetic has been applied, and they have talked with the surgeons who did the cutting, and had no knowledge of any pain inflicted. Such eminent surgeons as Drs. F. MOORE and D. B. St. John Roosa speak of it in the highest terms. In the course of his remarks on its uses the latter gentleman said: "How pleasant it is to the physician now, while he is wsing the knife, forceps and hook, to converse pleasantly with a patient upon some interesting topic! What a grand advance in surgery! I have performed over forty operations with cocaine, and they have all been attended with grand success."

If things go on at this rate, in a few years a man who has a granulated liver can take that organ to a foundry and have a new one cast, and continue to eat hot mince pies to the crack of doom with-

One suggestion occurs just here. In casting new livers, wouldn't it be a good plan to have some of the gall omitted?

ENGLAND'S ANXIETY FOR INTER-MATIONAL TRADE.

Commenting upon the Nicaraguan treaty and the proposition for an inter-oceanic canal across that country under the control of the United States, the London Times is good enough to concede that the treaty should be judged in America without reference to English interests. Still with that overweening desire which Mr. Bull is apt to evince to put his finger into every political pie, it declares that it is England's duty to preserve the freedom of international trade.

This is all y well so far as the average man would understand the meaning of that term: but it is quite a matter of doubt if England's understanding of it would be the same as that of a people less ambitious of aggrandizement.

England's desire to control the waterways of the world has always been intense, and that the Suez canal should be controlled by that power has always been considered by other nations as of doubtful expediency. Doubtless the anxiety of the Times for the preservation of the freedom of international trade would be less serious were the projected canal across Nicaragua to be built by English capital, or even were it possible to obtain control of it when completed. The United States will, however, see to it that no European power will hold the key to so important a highway as the proposed canal will mevitably be, and its efforts to preserve the freedom of international trade will not wear the air of hypocrisy which, unconsciously, perhaps, protrudes from the opinion of the Times.

A WELL OF CASTOR OIL.

What there is just inside the little earthy crust of this old globe of ours will probably never be known. In the old-fashioned theologies it was considered a prison or hospital for all the small gods that the big gods knocked out but couldn't quite kill. After the heathen delties ceased to be looked up to by anybody but poets and artists our religious ancestors fixed up the interior of the earth and converted it into a residence for Satan. And now this idea is nearly exploded, and men don't know much more about the place than they an earthquake will shake up something new, and it up to light at the risk of having it taken to some learned professor, who will eall it such a hard name that nobody will ever try to pronounce it.

Byron, dug a well on his premises this fall, and was as good as could be bought at the drug stores said to have caught the craze and gone to digging

It is proposed to start a stock company for the purpose of booming the business. Agents will be sent out to instruct and initiate our citizens into the charms of easter oil and molasses, and this healthful old beverage is expected to take the place of ice-cream and confectionery at all social gatherings. The new treaty with Spain is alding the enterprise, because it admits molasses free of

When the practice of eating the mixture becomes popular, the managers of the enterprise say that by procuring castor oil from wells and molasses at what it costs in Cuba a man will be able to get out of a church sociable without spending over \$100.

WHAT THE SUGAR REFINERS SAY. The newspapers throughout the country have been almost unanimous in declaring that the sugar refiners of the United States would object strenureciprocity treaties. With a view to ascertaining what the exact facts are, five questions have been propounded to the leading refiners in Boston, most of whom were found so indifferent to the matter as to decline to talk about it.

The first question was: "How will the Cuban treaty affect refiners?" One of them answered: "I don't think it will affect them one way or the other." Another made the general reply, "It is

The second question was: "Do you fear com petition with Cuban refiners?" One refiner thought "that might be the result eventually," which is certainly a very equivocal way of putting it. The next is more to the point: "Under the treaty no refined sugar will come in?" A third refiner says: "Yes, generally."

"What sort of sugar comes above No. 16 Dutch standard, the grade limit in the treaty?" was the next question. From the answers it appears tabt all refined sugars are above this standard and some extends only to those below this grade, it the treaty at the expense of the refiners here. One refiner said he would prefer No. 13 as the limit, which shows that he fears even partial re-

This idea is borne out by an answer to the fourth question, which was: "Why do you dread free admission of sugars below that grade (16)?" The frank answer was: "We want the privilege

The last question was: "How would total free trade in sugar hurt you?" The representative of perhaps the leading refinery in Boston answered: be a good thing for refiners as increasing concondition. It is of very recent introduction, but sumption." The representative of the Revere

has more than maintained the reputation claimed | Sugar Company said: "That would help the | long years. This is also the week to pay bills and people." The representative of the Boston Sugar Refining Company said: "I should not wish free trade in sugar and not in other business as well. Give us protection until everything is free trade,

> whereby we can get cheaper labor, etc. BUT ONE OTHER CASE LIKE IT.

A case of great interest to the medical profession is reported by the New York Sun. Dr. GEORGE H. ATKINSON, one of the leading physicians of Brooklyn, while performing a surgical operation last August upon a patient suffering from an infectious disease, was slightly scratched on a knuckle of the right hand by the patient, the scratch being sufficient to draw blood.

For some days no trouble resulted, but at length the wound became swollen and painful. Careful nursing caused it to heal. The poison was surposed to have been eradicated. Late in November, however. Dr. ATKINSON began to suffer with racking pains in the left side of his head; then the injured hand and arm became paralyzed. The right leg and side followed, and, in a few hours, the left side and the tongue. He still retained slight control over the left hand and the eyeballs, and with these, during the moments in which his mind was not wandering, he contrived to make signals to his wife and attendants. Half a dozen of the most skilful physicians in New York and Brooklyn were constantly at his bedside, but could

The remarkable feature about the case is the rapidity with which the poison reached the brain. Less than four months after the wound had been inflicted the brain was attacked, whereas that result would not be expected to occur under a year. But one case of a similar kind is mentioned in the

THE OFFICIAL FIGURES.

In replying to a correspondent, who asks whether BUTLER or ST. JOHN got more votes in all the States, the Transcript says that complete returns have not been made, but that the latest figures give BUTLER 131,721, and St. John 131,151.

This is a strange error. Two weeks ago the complete official returns, as recorded by the sec retaries of state of the various States, were published by THE GLOBE, and these returns showed that ST. JOHN received exactly 148,698 votes.

BUTLER's vote in all the States, except Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and West Virginia, was 174,-998. In these four States there were fusion tickets, the scheme of making up which was such that it was impossible to apportion the votes exactly among the parties voting them.

On the assumption, however, that the BUTLER vote in these four States bore the same relative proportion to the third party vote in the country four years ago that the BUTLER vote in the States where there was a separate ticket this year bore to the 1880 third party vote, BUTLER's vote in the entire country was 234,848.

Thus it will be seen that the Transcript, in answering its correspondent, gives neither St. John nor BUTLER as many votes as the official and complete returns show that they received.

The increase in the Republican vote in West Virgina from 1830 to 1884 was 21,397, that of the Democratic was 10,131. The Democratic plurality in November was 4870,-|Journal.] That's pretty good ciphering, and not much of an Ell Perkins year either. But we can go it one better. The increase of the Democratic vote in the Republicans was 7479. The Republican Mr. WILLIAM GUTCHESS, a farmer of Port | minority in November was 17.611. It is true that when he got to where the water was due he struck | sion, but what is the use of juggling with figures oil. And it wasn't kerosene, either, but real good, if they can't be made to show any result desired? sweet castor oil, such as his mother used to give | Ask the Journal. The real facts are that in order bottle of it to his neighbors, and they all said it the BUTLER vote as Democratic in Michigan the Republicans would be no where as compared with for \$1 a pint. The whole country around there is four years ago. But the campaign is over, and the Journal should bear in mind that on and after January 1 the privilege of gulling the public with misleading figures of the November election expires by the statute of limitations.

The progress of civilization since the Pilgrims landed has been truly marvellous. Just contrast the simple meals of parched corn and stewed rabbits, which our forefathers had during the early years of their visit, with a club dinner of their descendants as given 264 years later. What dreary, cold, formal feasts those old fellows must have had, with no cigars and no stories to provoke good cheer and aid digestion. Even the reporters who call around to glean the concentrated wisdom of these modern dinners are invited to sit down with he representatives of patriarchs, while several other more aristocratic clubs kindly allow them to stand in the corridors and sniff the cooking during the time they transcribe the names of the illustrious guests. There can be no doubt that civilization

The earthquake which shook up southern Spain so thoroughly last Wednesday night calls to mind the famous earthquake which visited Lisbon in Portugal with such disastrous effect 129 years ago. At that time it is believed that 60,000 persons perished in six minutes. Part of the city was sunk 600 feet beneath the bay. In 1783 probably 100,000 persons perished by an earthquake in southern Italy. The most disastrous earthquake on record is that which killed 250,000 persons at Antioch in the year 526 A. D. A curious earthquake was that of 1692, by which Port Royal, the capital of Jamaica, was in less than three minutes sunk beneath the sea. The fissures produced in the earth opened and closed so rapidly that in some cases, it is said, the lower parts of the bodies of persons were buried while the upper portions

a revival in New York. At thirteen out of sixtynine wholesale candy manufactories inspected there, candles were found colored with chromate of lead: in four others. Prussian blue, burnt umber, vermilion, red lead and chrome green were used, and at one place poisonous aulline was discovered. Two tons of poisonous candy was confiscated. It would not do any burt to analyze a little Boston candy.

having gobbled Washington. All along the line they seem determined to edge themselves back into the Union and take a slice of the glory of Americans. They persist, however, in picking away at the old scre by perpetuating the embargo on pie, and refusing to renounce pudding.

Some way or other we cannot understand why

diaries, and farewell to bad habits. Only four days are left for the maiden to pop the question to her dilatory lover. It is her last chance for three

take account of stock. Probably that is the reason why the next is the week of prayer.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Vanderbilt is said to be failing in health. His sons are disappointing him, it being necessary for him to aid them financially. An ordinary clerk is ant to have as happy a Christmas as Vanderbilt if all the stories about him contain even a few grains of truth.

Picavune: The innocent stranger who makes a tour of the New Orleans dives and succeeds in being robbed generally locates his robbery in some respectable place for the benefit of the report that will be sent to his family. The great herds of buffalo are disappearing from

our Western prairies. In 1881 St. Paul fur-dealers received 100,000 buffalo skins; last year, 10,000, and thus far this year only four. England contributed \$5 towards the Garfield monument fund and France \$1149. How Eng-

land will suffer this winter because of her gener-It is stated that the United States has more physicians in proportion to population than any other nation in the world. Do they know a prompt

eure for the cholera? Courier-Journal: The Chinese Emperor drinks very little tea. This need not create surprise. A native Kentuckian sometimes drinks very little

A Texas judge, who is the perfection of dignity on the bench, swore in as a witness a rather frivplous looking young female. "What is your name?" asked the judge. "Dolly Dimple." "Where do you reside?" The witness giggled, and replied: "What's the use of me telling you where I live? You wouldn't call on me anyhow, would you, judge?"

Rochester Democrat: "Do you think you will see Smith down town today?" asked Jones of a friend. "Yes." "Will you give him this note for me?" "Yes." "You are quite sure that you will see him?" "Oh, I haven't the slightest doubt in the world that I will see him somewhere. I owe

Flirts are like fiddlers-no good without their beaux.-[Waterloo Observer.] Yes, and they are also like fiddlers because they always have their

According to a late decision of a Columbia (S. C.) court, a puppy remains a puppy until it is a year old, and then it becomes a dog. In New York a puppy remains a puppy until some foolish woman marries him, and then he becomes a hubby. Women are the hardest conundrums ever given to man, and yet man never seems to be willing to

Our old cold weather friend, "Holocaust," has started on his regular annual journey. He will oon be joined by his whilom chums, "Railroad Horror" and "Shipwreck." The trio will make it interesting for travellers, hotel guests and orphan

A writer on coffee says: "As a matter of fact we get some of our best coffee from Brazil." We never knew before where the best coffee came from; but we always had a faint suspicion that it never came from the boarding houses.

An Italian count has offered to marry an Onio girl if her father will give her \$50,000. Great Does it cost that much for a hand-organ? New York World: We think we observe upon the part of certain narrow gauge Republican newspapers a disposition to assist the New Orleans Exposition to a failure. This is not patriotic. It is not fraternal. It is not even "business," and it certainly isn't good "politics."

Austin (Tex.) Statesman: "The reason the rebel yell' annoys the radical politicians so much is they are not used to it. If they had heard it a few times during the war, instead of running off to Europe, it wouldn't go so hard with them

The total production of eigars in this country, as estimated by one of the largest manufacturers, is about 3,000,000,000 a year.

Several cities have a locality called "hell's halfacre," but usually there is fust as much deviltry carried on in the half acre adjoining it. .Buffalo Express: "Corsed be the gold that

gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool," wrote the poet laureate when he was younger and less tolerant of conventionalities. Latter day investigations leave the impression that dollars and sense very often go together. One of the essentials of good health and long life a public man is in keeping public affairs out of the domestic circle. Of the wisdom of this

course, Mr. Gladstone is a conspicuous example. "I never allow business of any kind to enter my litical life i have never been kept awake five minutes by my debate in Parliament." You and I have about the same income and

the same sized families, yet you folks always seem to have more to show for your money than we have. Minks-My wife always reads the advertisements. A number of the heavy new owners in Plymonth Church don't like Mr. Beecher since the election, and propose to freeze him out by not renewing

subscriptions for Lews. Mr. Beecher would serve

them right if he accepted a call and left them. Such men haven't as much Christianity in their composition as the heathen. A confiding Indiana citizen, having heard on the stump that, in case of Democratic success, there was surplus enough to give every person in the country \$800, writes to Secretary McCulloch for the share for himself and five members of his fam-

An Arizonia lawyer who has been travelling dishkes the delays in Eastern law suits. "Our courts," he says, "move quick. I remember last spring the judge came to our place to hold court. There was a jail full of fellows there, in for murder and horse stealing. The judge was in a hurry, and said that the docket must be cleared within twenty-four hours. Well, it was." "How in the world did he do it?" He didn't do it. That night the boys organized a little committee, took the prisoners out of jail, hanged the horse thieves and told the murderers to get out of the Territory. Next morning the judge signed the docket and cost bills and went on his way rejoicing.

Mr. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, says that this Congress reads more than any of its predecessors for twenty-three years, and that a great many members are now reading everything they can get hold of pertaining to treaties and our commercial relations with foreign countries.

It is stated the Washington monument has cost \$1,187,710, of which \$887,710 was appropriated by Congress. A pretty Baltimore girl who advertised for some

one who would be kind to her received forty offers the first day. rado Methodist bishop, has given \$100,000 towards the endowment of Denver University.

The Vanderbilt millions are shrinking. The

ublic as well as William H. can stand it. Exchange: "Do you think his disease incurable, "He is a poor man, isu't he?" "Hasn't doctor?" got a dollar." "Yes; medicine won't do him any good now." "Be has a rich uncle who has agreed to pay all expen" - "Excuse me, if you please," interrupted the physician, waving his hand; "never mind about the rich uncle. As I was saying when you interrupted me, I don't think medicine will do him any good; but I never give up a patient until

It is related that Blaine and Logan met on Pennsylvania avenue in Washington a day or two ago. Blaine was riding in a carriage and Logan was returning from the Senate on foot. They sighted each other fully a block away, and when the carriage was about passing Blaine raised his hat in a most dignified manner. Logan cleared his throat and shouted: "How are you, Burchard?" Blaine's face flushed for an instant, and he looked embarrassed. Then he smiled, and Logan went into the street and both men shook hands heartily.

A New York girl has just paid \$500 for a pair of shoes. The belles of Gotham have long since given up the attempt to rival the Boston girls in the beauty of their faces, and now it seems they are going to try the other end. A writer in Peck's Sun, who has had all the ex-

perience he wants in trying to reform the drunk-

BEECHER TO HIS PEOPLE.

Defending Himself for His Course in the Campaign.

His Ideas of Liberty, Courage and the Purity of the Household.

The Preacher Thinks He Can Always Earn a Living.

BROOKLYN, December 28 .- Mr. Beecher had a very large audience this morning, notwithstanding the bad weather. In announcing the annual collection for the American Missionary Association he spoke of the good work done by this ociety among the Indians and Chinese, and especially among the Southern negroes. The instruction they had received largely initiated and carried on by this mission. "And I am glad to believe," he added, "that now in most sincere earnest the best people of the South are in sympathy with everything that shall make the colored people intelligent voters, and intelligent and virtuous citi-

Mr. Beecher's text was the passage contained in the thiry-seventh Psalm, third to eighth verse, inclusive: "Trust in the Lord and do good. So shait thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt

'That is good sound advice," said Mr. Beecher, "if it did come down to us from thousands of years ago. It fits us as if we were measured for

There are two capital elements for consideration-trust and activity. What do we mean by trust when times are distempered and the earth seems moved out of her place? It is such faith in God's interest in this world and in His care of men that you may rest in Him. And when you have seen as far as you can and done what you can, that you may lie back in the bosom of God's providence and say, "Let him do what he pleases, it is well."

The Anxiety of a Little Child

in its cradle, what it shall do for its shoes, its dress and its food, is such folly that we hardly even think of it. But it is wisdom itself compared their condition here and under Divine Providence, for what parent ever loved their babes as God loves us. We trust, however, when everything

goes well, and doubt when we have nothing but lath left. The moment things don't go according to our planning we are at sea and storm. We do not live by faith, but by sight.

Trust in the Lord and do good. Mark the conditions. Do not sit down in despair. You may be old or verging toward old age, and suddenly the ground may be taken from under you, and all the machinery of life which you have so carefully organized may break down. And being so, old men machinery of life which you have so carefully organized may break down. And being so, old men may say it is too late to build again, and may be filled with despair. No, brother; no. For while age brings with it stiffening limbs and dimmed eye, and a less vigorous hopefulness and springhess, it brings also experience, and wisdom and patience, and when men are in old age suddenly overthrown outwardly they ought to build themselves up inwardly. All their past life has been as it were encyclopædic, and a man ought to be more a man when all operations fall awy through the imfirmity of his hand or some sweeping disaster. His manhood stands achieved, and that is the best use to which all prosperity can come, namely, to make o which all prosperity can come, namely, to make a man more a man and more manly. But although he may or may not in old age go

on on the same scale that he has, let every man stand when God has put him on the verge of poverty-accept the position and make the most of it. Bring to it the courage, the faith, the trust n God. It is not necessary that you should have to large a scope. The mischlef of your very busi-less is often that the scope is too great. It is not necessary that all the great ends of life should have large properties.

There are Very Many Mercies connected with that, but there is a great deal of life outside of that. Indeed the majority of men are obliged to find all their happiness without the mediation of large properties or ambitious chemes, and it is infidelity indeed when a man says that any outward condition of things is necessary to his happiness. He has the hope of immortality and the presence of God and the min-istration of the spirit, and the confidence that he is nursed on the farm of God and in His providence. Do not mourn then or complain, or pity yourself, which is the most contemptible of all inflictions, I think. One of the most disagreeable things connected with siekness in weak folks is talking about their sickstokness in weak loads is taking about their steepens and their symptoms. The world derides the seeking of admiration or compassion by exhibiting bodily infirmities, but it is a great deal worse when one pleads for themselves: "I was not always obliged to work; I have seen better days." Folks will know that if your better days did you any good.

Folks will know that if your better days did you any good.

A man that is pitying himself needs pride, wholesome pride, the pride of con-celence. Trust in the Lord if you are poor. He has got so used to taking care of the poor that He can take care even of you. And since the ages the race has been obliged to look to God for comfort under just such circumstances. And if you had been up and had a prospect from the top of the mountain, and have to go down into the valley again, remember what you have seen and thank God there is a valley where you can be slie, lered from rude winds. Then be bold and manly in accepting the inevitable. It is not dissheatered from rude winds. Then be bold and manly in accepting the inevitable. It is not dis-graceful, having had wealth that you should have ceased to have it. But to keep up appearances, in any such way as shall sacrifice the truth or violate in you confidence in God, all that is up-

I think some of the noblest examples of woman-

God Sets His Noblest Into Trouble and poverty to teach the world by their example what true faith in God is, and how lovely one can I don't despise garden flowers, the product of skill and art, but now and then when I spy in some plain garden a gracious blossom, the seed of which perhaps a bird brought, or it was blown from its parent, in all the garden there is not a more beautiful flower, and the homeliness of its surroundings surprises and delights us. So I have seen in the most unfavorable circumstances a radiance of fath and a vision of the future and of hope that maketh not ashamed. Then when trouble comes accept God's decree and circumscape, your walls. ribe your wants. It is amazing on

the your wants. It is aman may live when it is amazing on how little a man may live when sets about it. But do not as many do, begin to rench on charity, on books, on newspapers, deving you self and children of wholesome knowlede and mind food. Do not draw back from edge and mind food. Do not draw back from moral activity. Did you ever try that golden remedy, whenever your mind is disturbed, if you can throw light upon the disturbed mind of some other one, you lose your own trouble as well as help him. Everybody is glad to see the face of one who has a genuine sympathy for them. Take your staff and hat and visht the sick, and you will come back a great deal better. Don't say I could once have done a good deal. Now is the time to show what was artificial it, you. It is a sorry criticism for a man to make on himself that he cannot engage in good works because he has lost his money. No man should make such a criticism on himself.

on himself.

Remember, too, that in every trouble, while the outward man is perishing the inward man ought to be renewed day by day. Life is vanishing, we are rapidly consuming our days. The eternal is hanging over us. We are not what we appear to be here and now. The Eternal God, your Father, heaven your home, immortality your genlus; as you come to yourselves—why should you complain or faint? Standan your place and smile. Let the light of God's fove shine into your face and let it's reflection be in your heart.

This is my sermon; now I am going to make

Some Persoal Remarks to You. I have been the only pastor of this church which I founded in connection with other brethren

for now nearly forty years-more strictly speaking thirty-eight next October. It has been a mild ing thirty-eight next October. It has been a mild pride, which I have vaunted in the presence of multitudes, that this church and society, made up of strong men and women, representing almost every Christian denomination on the globe, has for nearly forty years dwelt together in such a unity that it was never, in peace or in war, in controversy or in any other disturbance necessary for me to ask counsel of deacon or trustee as to what should be done. We have gone through this long journey together without enough disturbance even to be thought of. But at last the lot of many has come to us, and there is so much trouble in the church that I think it meet today to talk to you with all the frankness of a true brotherhood, and to say what I want to say about myself, and to you, and about the future. to you; and about the future.
I don't know how extensive the trouble is, ex-

cept from the newspapers, and I don't think they know much about it either. Certain it is, I have never gone out to ask. I have never searched out never gone out to ask. I have never searched out who the people were that were discontented. It is only accidentally that two, three, six, eight, perhaps, names have been mentioned; and if there be thirty, forty, fifty pew-hoiders or eminent members, I don't know who they are. I don't eare to know who they are. That has not been my business. But so much has been said that I feel bound now to say, and through the gentlemen present, reporters, to say to the public, that there has been very serious disquirt created in regard to me, not in regard to my ministration either on the Sabbath day or in the week day meeting. No man has whispered, nor thought.

that I have introduced into my services anything whatever pertaining to political questions. When the question of slavery was up, I feet it right and prudent to discuss that whenever I thought it necessary. But that was a permanent thing then, with a long lease of life, and in its train it carried

The Necessity of Education; and therefore I discussed it in the pulpit. But the circle of trouble just now is very small and will of itself pass away inevitably in a short time; and therefore I held it to be not fair nor prudent to vex you, differing from me, with any allusion to it

or discussion of it in the pulpit.

So far, so good. But I did have this view of my duty to the public. If felt that that great party which will go down to history crowned with honor for its work of educating the conscience of this nation for liberty, for its great work in conducting the war to maintain the sanctive of the mice.

for its work of educating the conscience of this nation for liberty, for its great work in conducting the war to maintain the sanctity of the union of the nation, that had concluded the resettlement of affairs and had brought the currency into proper condition and channels—my hope was that God would give it also the last blussoming honor, and as it had politically and financially reunited the land so it would have wisdom ministered to it to bring in a unity of sentiment and of love, which was the only last thing to be done.

And this, I hoped, would have been done, and I was disappointed—bitterly—when it was not thought of; when an entirely different series of influences had control. And I felt as though again it had come to pass, as it was in the days of Israel, where that man that had led them out of Egypt and through the widerness, and had come within sight of the promised land, was not permitted to go over. He died in the mountain, only looking upon the promised land. And, as God is my witness, I would have shed tears of joy, I would have had in its platform such a welcome to the South, and have given emment sanction to the South, and have given emment sanction to the South, and have given emment sanction to the Conditity, by making one of the two great candidates a Southern man to complete the whole unity. I could have laid down my life joyfully, for then I should not have said, "They planted, they watered, they nourished, and then were not wise enough to pluck the blossoming fruit." Joseph only went over with the people; Moses died in the mountain. And so it seemed to me it came to pass. But with that feeling, and from couviction as deep as any I ever had in my life, yet after long consultation and some uncertainty, but finally deep, impelling conviction,

I Went Into the Canvass.

"Brethren," continued Mr. Beecher, advancing to the front of the platform and putting his foot down emphatically, "brethren, when I go into any halves. (Applanse.) God made me, and He made me what I am. I put whatever I had in me into the canvass. I was in earnest, I was in dead earnest. I threw my health, my reputation and earnest. I threw my health, my reputation and my influence to the winds — what did I care for them, if only the country night live again in absolute harmony. That under such circumstances I did everything wisely I don't say. That I made no speeches that I would now regret, that I made no statement that I would now make in a better line, I don't undertake to say. There are two things to be confessed—one on your part and one on mine. After I had been with you for forty years nearly, you ought to have had confidence enough in me, to take an impetuous speech, and making a special plea on it draw it out into every possible application. It was a shame for you to have done Great applause.) And now for myself. It was shame for me to have sald anything that sho lead men as good as you are and women as wise as you are into such a mistake as that you ough to be ashamed of your part. I am ashamed of my of a shalled of your part. I am assumed of inpart in so far as it misled you.

"On no other point am I so sensitive as that i should be supposed that I in any way undervalue the sanctity of chastity and the purity of house hold life. On that subject

I Will Not be Mistaken.

Time will do me justice-you ought to have done it before there was any suspicion or trouble in the matter. I had a right to expect a different treat ment from you in that matter. And let me say to you here, distinctly, in so far as my political judg ment was concerned, and my endeavors, I look ment was concerned, and my endeavors, I look back upon them with unfeigned approbation. In so far as the execution of the work is concerned I see that there were mistakes, and that there were errors. I am sorry for them and apologize for them. So much for that,

Now, then, as to the future. Everything has been said about it. The best men are going to leave. If anybody feels that they can be no longer eatified by my ministration, don't let them sneak

edified by my ministration, don't let them sneak away. Let them come with an open face and say the truth, and they shall go with my blessing, and my heart and prayer will follow them. Go where the Lord will give you best revelations. If any per my heart and prayer will follow them. Go where the Lord will give you best revelations. If any person stay, stay in the true spirit of hrotherwood. I don't care, so far as pew-renting it concerned, that (snapping his fingers) in and of itself. I care that the church should have funds for the ininistrations that it is maintaining everywhere, but it has been said widely that I am to be recursed by the diminuation of the funds. You can't rebuke me that way. (Applause.) Let me say honestly to you. I should be very glad to have the funds from renting as large as they were last year, or larger, for the work's sake and for the church's sake but if you cut them down one-half I shall say to the trustees, cut me down, too, and cut down everybody in this church. (Applause.) I came to the pastorate of this church on \$1500. I came to the pastorate of this church on \$1500. I came to the pastorate of this church to pay that I will support myself and take care of the funds myself. (Applause.)

But while I say these things I don't say them in any spirit that need make me fear that I shall have to take this back. (Laughter.) I say simply this. Let the pew-renting take its own natural course. Then we will cut our coat according to the cloth we find we have when the trustees

samply this. Let the pew-renting take its own natural course. Then we will cut our coat according to the cloth we find we have when the trustees shall meet, and they shall not find me a stumbling block in their way—not at all. If I supposed, however, that there was a majority of the members of this church and society, if there was an important minority, that feit that they could no longer derive sustenance and benefit from my preaching, and yet did not wish to go away. I would relieve them, not in irritation, but in the truest Christian manhood. I will go and will study the peace of the church is every way I can when I am not the pastor of it. But, on the other hand, if the great majority of the church wish me to stay, I will do that, and

Nothing Shall Drive Me Away from you. I came when young, and I am yet young-old, and I will stay; and the mere question of discordant views shall not make a defect in me as toward you. And my support-don't rouble yourself about that. I can live on a great deal less than I do now, and I don't know but my sxample of coming down to a more reasonable way of living would be a gospel to many of you.

But let us be manly and have a fair understanding

But let us be manly and have a fair understanding with each other. If you want me you can have me, but you have got to receive me not on a pitchfork, but in the palm of your hands. I have loved you, and I have always worked from and by love here. I nave worked by love here. I never laid a pipe in my life, and never will. I have never gone about to consult how to fix this, that or the other. I have left you to the most absolute freedom, and I have had the most absolute frankness and truth with you, and that shall last as long as I live and am among you.

And now in regard to all these difficulties. Everything that has hurr you or grieved you I am sorry for it, if it was my fault, and for you if it was your fault. And whatever is my fault I may not agree exactly as to particulars, but I am conscious of my imperfections, and should be a very conceited man if I should say that I wen through this campaign without making any mis through this campaign without making any mis take. But from my standpoint things look one take. But from my standpoint things look on way; from yours they look another way entirely I was for votes; and a man that is seaker and is acquainted with human nature knows that it is a great deal different when a lawyer addresses the bench and when haddresses the jury. If I had been making speech to you, I should have made it with Attapurity. I should have endeavored to square everything, but when I went out to counteract Ben Butler (laughter) I made the speech that I thought the common people would understand and that would win them to the cause of truth and righteousness. You must not, therefore, pulyour Attic scale of measurement upon my speeches too severely. I am quite

Willing to be Sandpapered a Good Beal; I am quite willing to be cut down a good deal in matters, but this I say-my general course approves my judgment today, and I don't believe I made half as many mistakes as you think I did. But for all the mistakes I made I am serry, and for everybody that has suffered by them I ask his pardon. Is that enough? At any rate there is no

m'sunderst, uding I take it.

And now, one word more, in a little different strain. I am your servant for Christ's sake. Servant in the original is slave. I understand, and I am pervaded with the consclousness that no man goes up so fast as the man that humbles himself for Christ's sake and for love's sake. For that I am willing to be or to do almost anything. But for any other reason than because I love you, I won't do a thing, not a thing, I stand in that gospel and in that truth. I have done it. I have said just as imprucent things and done just as many of them in the old anti-slavery days, but you didn't care then—oh, no. Now it is different. But it makes no difference. Brethren, hire me with your tongues, but love me. Rebuke me, but love me. Differ infinitely, but love me and help me, and I will love you and will trust you as I have in the days gone by. And when you and I have finished our short warfare—for I am admoutshed ou

for God's sike, for christ's sake, for the sake of men perishing in ignorance, for my sake, if may plead the least of motives, let us hold on ou way all the purer and the stronger and the better for the slight misunderstanding which has come over us. I need to be humbled—1 am humbled you need to be humbled—1 trust you also are numbled. Let us pray."

GRETCHEN BACKS BISMARCK.

The German Women Sustain the Chancellor.

An Extraordinary Manifesto Signed by Half a Million of Them.

Over 600 Deaths from an Earthquake in Spain.

LONDON, December 27 .- The insult offered to Bismarck by the Liberal majority in the Reichstag on December 15 bids fair to prove fatal to the party which offered the affront. Prince Bismarck had two requets before the Reichstag. The first was for an increase in the salaries of two officials in the Imperial chancellery. This was the creation of the office of a second difairs, with a salary of 20,000 marks, or about \$5000 per annum. It was over the creation of this second directorship that the wrangle occurred. Prince Bismark said he could not continue to be responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs unless he had the additional assistance requested and he gave his official assurance that he needed

This request was refused by a vote of 141 to 119, and Socialist Deputy Herr Vollmar, wno led the opposition, sneered at the value of official assurances. Bismarck's reply was:

gurances. Bigmarck's reply was:

"If I do not reply in the way the occasion demands, it is on account or my training and education. The appropriate words tremble on my lips."

The great anomaly in the situation is the attitude of the German women. They have seldon asserted themselves in the affairs of the empire. At present they all seem to be up in arms. They have organized clubs in every district in the large eithes and in almost every hamiet of the Kaiser's cities and in almost every hamiet of the Kaiser's dominions, for the purpose of "rebuking the majority in the Reichstag and making plain to the emperor and the chancellor the sentiments of the

emperor and the chancellor the sentiments of the people."

These clubs, through their central organization in Berlin, have issued a manifesto calling upon all the women of the empire to devote their energies to procuring signatures to a memorial which is being circulated by properly accredited agents, and which is to be presented to the chancellor when all the names obtainable are returned to the central organization. The signers place opposite their unnes the sums they pledge themselves to contribute to a colossal fund which the women propose to present to Bismarck, in the shape of an investment capable of yielding interest sufficient to defray all the expenses he may need in enlarging the sphere of the German foreign affairs department.

ment.
This manifesto of the German women is a remarkable document and contains an extraordinary tribute to the chancellor. It has been placarded in every town, village and hamlet and along every highway. Some of its sentences are

these;
The women of Germany take this means to declare of the world that they denounce the conduct of the telebstaz. The Reichstag has insuited the man who with our husbands, fourtien years ago, daily exposed us life in the country of Germany's enemy to protect ur fatheriand; and who since, by his wise and energic national policy, has prevented other wars, there y saving the lives of our sons.
The Reichstag has disregarded the sacred virtue of ratifuce toward one of Germany's greatest and oblest usen.

moblest men. Women of Germany, let us collect in our own country the money required. Let us prove to the world that the women and mothers of Germany still possess that virtue of gratitude which the Reichstag has shamefully neglected, and so restore our country's honor and prevent foreigners from despising us. The women have already obtained over 500,-000 signatures to their memorial.

Bismarck is said to be profoundly touched by this and other overwhelming evidences of the love the people of Germany have for him.

UNHAPPY SPAIN. Forty Towns and Villages Share the Alarm -Bands of Workmen Search in Abject

Terror for the Bodies of the Slain. MADRID, December 27 .- The details of the disastrous earthquake throughout Spain are arriving slowly, and are being gradually published by order of the government. As the accounts, which are being received continually, Increase, the number of fatalities and the damages incurred by the seismic shock are augmented. The excitement in this city over news from the south of Spain is intense, as the latest report from Andalusia gives harrowing details of suffering and death in that division of Spain. No less than forty towns and villages in Andalusta were violently shaken and badly damaged by the prolonged shock, which lasted fifty seconds. The town of Velez-Maiaga, with a population of about 15,000, was half destroyed, and many of the linabitants killed. The work of recovering the bodies proceeds slowly on account of the scare produced by shight shocks which occurred at intervals being received continually, increase, the numceeds slowly on account of the scare produced by signt shocks which occurred at intervals yesterday, and which caused the workmen to move slowly in their undertaking. The village

The number of killed is as yet unknown, but forty bodies have since been recovered from the rulns. Zafarranja was completely wreeked, and but a few of the villagers escaped unhurt. Aiready the

tew of the villagers escaped undurt. Already the bodies of tweive men have been recovered from the ruins.

The town of Canillas was also destroyed, and the number of persons killed is as yet unknown, but is supposed to be large. Several bodies have been taken from the ruins.

The town of Eslepona also suffered severely. The desnatches from there mention the fact that the handsome church and municipal and other buildings have been destroyed, but says that the number of deaths cannot as yet be ascertained, but it is feared will be heavy, as many persons are missing. Eight bodies have been recovered from the ruins. The telegraph service was continually interrupt d. Thursday, on account of renewed slight shocks of earthquake. Despatches from the different towns state that the rescuing parties are very timid, and each slight shock yesterday caused them to desist from their work and seek open places, hence the work of recovering the budies proceed showly. The neonle all over terday caused them to desist from their work and seek open places, hence the work of recovering the bodies proceeds slowly. The people all over

the bodies proceeds slowly. The people all over Andalusia are terribly a armed, and are afraid to return to the houses left standing, preferring to camp out in the fields and open squares.

Reports from nearly all the places sustaining injury state that the earthquake was accompanied by violent wind and rain storms, which in several localities inflicted quite as much damage as the earthquake its-II. In the yillage of Alfarnetejo, in the province of Malaga, 200 buildings were destroyed. In the province of Malaga, 200 buildings were destroyed. Benajorza, also in the province of Malaga, was almost entirely destroyed, and at Nerja the damage was enormous.

MADRID, December 28.—There have been 526 deaths reported on account of the earthquake in Granada, and 100 in Malaga. Complete returns are yet wanting.

LONDON, December 24 .- The Paris correspondent of the Times devotes considerable space today to some account of the present state of Russia. He says: Count Tolstoi, the Russian minister of the interior, is chiefly engaged in the discovery and prosecution of Nihillists. No sooner has one society of Nihillists been suppressed than another springs up. Whenever Count Tolstoi stres out it costs 500 roubles for exfra police protection. persecution of the Jews is as heree as it was a few years ago, when the European press boiled with Indignation at the anti-Semilic outrages which disgraced Russia. The protection system which the Moscow manufacturers obtained against Silesian competition has caused the Silesians to establish hundreds of factories in Russian Poland. In these factories German operatives are employed and the Silesians are thereby enabled to supply the Moscow market with goods at prices from 5 to 10 per cent. under the prices demanded by the Moscow manufactories for precisely similar articles. Despots in is increasing and the press is coeroed into silence. Russia is more and more ignoring liberal ideas, and is paving the way to a tremendous explosion."

The Damaged Diadem of a Damaged Empress.

London, December 28.-A scandalous dissovery has been made regarding the spiendid liadem of diamonds and emeralds which the Empress Eugenie used to wear. The diadem was exhibited among the crown jewels at the government sale in Paris. The discovery has been made that while the diamonds were genuine the emeralds were bogus. The emeralds were purchased by an English nobleman for £40,000, and this money was paid over to Eugenie. The money, however, was returned when it was found put that the emeralds were only imitation jewels. The Figare of Paris asserts that the Empress was tware that the diadem was partly filled with false

CAIRO, December 21.—A messenger has arrived at Dengola who left Khartoum two weeks ago. He states that many of the rebels have come in to Khartoum and submitted to General Gordon. The keneral was in good health.

A Church Mobbed in Sicily. ROME, December 27 .- At Cortale, a town in

and continued the work of destruction upon the furniture and interior decorations. Troops were summoned, and they, with the police, succeeded in ejecting the rioters from the church after a fight of two hours' duration. Several policemen and many of the mob were wounded with swords and revolvers, which weapons were freely used on both sides. A large number of arrests were

The Spanish Municipal Reform Bill. MADRID. December 27 .- The provincial munic ipal reform bill, introduced by the government, ties, and saves an annual expenditure of 50,000,000 pesetas (\$10,000,000).

Gladstone Seventy-five Years Old. LONDON, December 29.—Today is the 75th anniversary of Gladstone's birth. Preparations have been made by his friends for a suitable recogni-

A Socialist Deputy Expelled from Vienna VIENNA, December 28 .- Herr Liebknecht, the Socialist member of the German Reichstag, has been expelled from this city for making inflam-

The Benjamer Tribe Really Massacred. CAIRO, December 28 .- The report of the massacre of a Beniamer tribe in their effort to capture Kassala is confirmed. The rebels have burned Roweyah, ninety miles north of Suakin. The situation in the southern Soudan is considered to be critical.

Two Brothers, Austrian Corn Merchants, Fail and Commit Suicide.

VIENNA, December 27 .- The brothers Wollitz, large corn merchants here, failed today and subsequently committed suicide by shooting them-selves with revolvers. \$5,000,000 COES BECCING.

The Immense Fortune Left by an American Who Died in Spain-Seeking for Heirs in

Pennsglvania. HUNTINGDON, Penn., December 27,-Inquiries have been received from Spain in regard to a family named Cliggan, supposed to be heirs of an American who died recently in Madrid, leaving an estate valued at \$5,000,000, and

who was formerly a resident of this county, The name of the decedent has not county. The name of the decedent has not been learned here, but it is reported that he was brought up near Mount Union by a man named Hanawalt. From Mount Union he went to Lewistown, where he learned the trade of a jeweller. About fifty years ago he went to Philad-lphia, where he remained a short time, then bought a sugar plantation in Cuba and lived on that shand. Through his business as planter he became interested in commerce between Spain and Cuba, went to the former country and acquired an ownership in a line of steamers plying between the two and subsequently burchased an interest whilese running to other parts of the world. He left neither will, heirs nor relatives in Spain or Cuba. Papers found among his effects give the few facts known as to his early history, and show that he had relatives whose name is given as Cliggan. The only name recollected by people here skindar to only name recollected by people here skullar to that is Clingan or Clingman, a family that lived in the county at or subsequently to the time when their supposed relative is said to have left.

MURDER OF A SOUTHERN BELLE. The Final Outcome of a Lovers' Quarrel and

Two Hasty Marriages. NEW YORK, December 26 .- A Charelston, S.C., special to the Journal says: "At a Christmas eve jollity in Summerville, this State, Mrs. Francis David, a prominent church woman, killed Mrs. Lizzie Way, a young wife and the acknowledged belle of the town, with a pair of scissors.

It has been town talk for several months that Mr. David, the wealthiest man in that region, has passed too many pleasant evenings with Mrs. Way, whose husband is a drummer for a Baltimore candy house.

According to the village gossips, Mr. David was the acknowledged betrothed of Miss Kenion before she marrie! Mr. Way. In a lover's quarrel they broke the engagement, and each married from spite. After marriage they found that they were mismated, and naturally gravitated together again. As Mr. Way was seldom at home, he was not aware of his wife's attachment, but Mrs. David soon saw that her husband's heart

was not in her possession.

At the festival the two ladies, with others, were At the restival the two ladies, with others, were engaged in trimming the church chapel for Christmas services. Presently the rivals had occasion to face each other in trimming the pulpit.

Mrs. David could not hold her temper further, and in loud tones upbraided her for breaking up

and in loud tones upbraided her for breaking up two homes.

Mrs. Way retorted in angry tones. The decoration of the chapel was suspended, and the frightened listeners tried to part them. Suddenly Mrs. David unised a long, sharp pair of shears she had used in cutting evergreens and plunged them with all the might of tury into the heaving bosom of Mrs. Way. The stricken woman fell to the floor with the scissors in the wound. After striking the fatal blow, Mrs. David became faint and fell into a chair beside her victim. Then she went into hysterics and begged her friends to kill her. She tore at herself and would have thrown herself from a window had not the spectators recovered their senses and tried to be of service. She was led away. Mrs. Way died within five minutes

led away. Mrs. Way died within five minutes after she was struck.

The murderess was arrested shortly afterward and taken to the county jall. Mr. David was overcome at the fatal outcome of his indiscretion. He repeated again and again that his wife had no cause for jealousy, but he declared his intention of standing by her in her trouble. This sentiment undoubtedly saved Mr. David from a suit of tar and feathers.

Caused by Over-Production. NEW YORK, December 27 .- Forrest H. Parker, president of the Produce Exchange Bank, says that he attributes the present depression in the produce trade more to over-production than anything else. "As the manufacturers have over-estimated the demands of the people, so have the farmers mistaken the needs of those who purchase the products of their soil. Then, too, labors ving machinery has enabled farmers to raise very much larger crops. The foreign markets are using their own crops. As a natural consequence we are not called upon to furnish as great a quantity of grain as usual to foreign countries. Neither the foreign nor the domestic demand is quite as large as heretofore. The amount raised is much larger than previously, and that is what frigitens the people. They cannot be blamed for having the bites, I suppose, when such a condition of things exists. Still I am not a pessimist. I believe in looking forward to brighter days, and not back upon those that are past. I believe that very soon our export trade will show a vast increase. I should not be at all surprised if within the next sixty or ninety days a general advance in prices should take place, based upon the export demand. Foreign countries have been consuming their own productions very freely. They must sooner or later exhaust their stores. Then they will be forced to call upon us to replenish their market." that he attributes the present depression in the

Wonderful Endurance of a French-Cana-

dian.
PORTLAND, Me., December 24,-"Jack" Plucard, a French-Canadian, was here last night. He was at work in the woods in Canada, and was injured by a falling tree, his right arm being crushed. He walked twenty-five miles to the nearest physician, who was obliged to remove the arm just below the shoulder. The wounded man left the next day for the States. He has a sister in Providence, and is on his way to her.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., December 24.—Richard Coyle, a fresco painter, died at his residence in this city Monday, aged 43 years. He had been sick two years with a peculiar disease. His bones what they regarded as high-handed conduct on the part of the priests of the parish, attacked the thurch with sticks, stones, scylles and there with sticks, stones, scylles and there with a they then entered the edince sick two years with a peculiar disease. His bines had apparently turned to chalk during the past year, and he was barely able to move in bed for fear of breaking them. His arm has been broken several times recently by merely raising it from the bed. He leaves a large family in destitute circumstances. THE MILLENNIUM.

"Focal Point of Long Lines of Exhausted Prophecy."

A Western Man Who Proclaims January 5 as the Date of the Lord's Coming.

Position of the Advent Church-"In Such an Hour as Ye Know Not."

Within the last two or three months the attention of religious people has been forced upon the prophecy or declaration of a Chicago man named A. J. Rawson, to the effect that the second coming of Christ would take place on January 5, 1885. Acting upon the assumption that the Advent church was the best means of disseminating his lief, he first communicated it to the elergy and officers of that denomination; but while they look for the immediate approach of the millenniumwhen Christ shall come in person to reign a thousand years—they do not accept his statement or declaration as true; or at least they do not believe it is proven, and therefore they have declined to proclaim it. Mr. Rawson, however, was so imbued with the truth of his discovery that he had recourse to the newspaper press, and in a recent circular, which has been widely distributed, he says that he has announced the date of the Lord's coming in some 1400 different newspapers, which have a circulation of from 300 to 3000 each. These are published in various sections of the country, and, of course, reach readers of all classes. The matter has been commented upon a little by the secular press, but the religious newspapers have not discussed it to any considerable extent, with the exception of publications devoted to the interests and teachings of the Advent church, and these only to such extent as to disclaim respon-sibility, and to explain certain errors which it is claimed Rawson has fallen into.

Mr. Rawson's Circular. Apparently, Mr. Rawson, does not claim to have had any special or direct revelation. His discovery, if it may be so termed, is based upon mathe matical deductions worked out from his reading of the great prophecies of the Old Testament, and he finds corroboration in the events of modern times, which he regards as the fulfilment of the

times, which he regards as the fulfilment of the amouncements of the Saviour, and the reveiations of St. John's Apocacypse. The circular alluded to opens as follows:

"The Advent people looked for the coming of the Lord on the tenth day of the seventh month, 1844, but the measuring line was laid upon Jerusalem; and it was the work of man. See Zech. il., 1. From that time till now, every time movement has been measured from Jerusalem or the court, which God positively says must not be measured, for it is given unto the Genthies. See Rev. il., 11. God says in Rev. il., 1, 'Rise and measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein.' The seventy weeks (490 years) is the line that measures the temple, altar and worshippers. Haggai in it, 18, tells us to put the measuring line on the foundation of the temple, when was laid on the 24th day of the pint altar and worshippers. Haggal In ii., 18, tells us to but the measuring line on the foundation of the temple, when was laid on the 24th day of the hinth month, 'according to the commandment of the God of Israel, and according to the commandment of Cyrus and Darlus and Artaxerxes, king of Persia'; (Ezra, vi., 14) and in just 2300 years from that day the God of Heaven will shake the heavens and the earth, and will overthrow the kingdoms. See Haggal, ii. 21, 22; also Hebrews, xii., 25-29. Now, what next shall we measure? The altar. Where was the sacrifice taken off from the altar? In the middle of the last week of the seventy. When was that done? July 5, '71. What is to be measured next? The worshippers. How far do they go beyond where the sacrifice was taken away? Three and one-half years. Where out that end? January 5, '75. How many years were determined or cut off upon

One of the remarkable claims of Mr. Rawson is one of the remarkable claims of Mr. Rawson is that prophecy is furfilled in his proclaiming the date which he has fixed through the press. He refers to Zechariah, v. 7, 3, and in reference to the "talent of lead" remarks: "Editors understand how the lead is cast in the mouth of the matrix, among wicked or unreligious advertise-ments." This circular he styles the "Last Mes-sage to the House of Israel (or Advent Church)."

What is Said of the Prophet.

But little can be learned in Boston concerning Mr. Rawson. One gentleman, a clergyman of the Advent faith, who not long ago held a pastorate The murderress was arrested shortly afterward and tagen to the county jall. Mr. David was overcome at the fatal outcome of his hediscretion. He repeated acain and again that his will be added to the fatal outcome of his hediscretion. He repeated acain and again that his will be added his in the fatal outcome of his hediscretion of the following saved Mr. David from a suit of tar and feathers.

DIED IN HIS MOUNTAIN HOME.

Eccentric Life of William Snow, the Arkansas at Rinnter and Fishermen.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark, December 26.—Intelligence was received today of the death at his mountain home in Searcy county, northwestern Afkansas, of William Snow. He was an eccentric character in private life, and his career show him as a hero of two wars—the Mexican and the late civil war. He was 70 years of age. Hews born in De Kalb county, Tenn. For a quarter of a century he has resided at the place of his death, a lonely and isolated spot at the foot of the Boston mountains, his only companion bence of ground, following the occupation of a hunter and fisherman. Though leading a small piece of first him, a lonely and isolated spot at the foot of the Boston mountains, his only companion bence his will have been cultivating a small piece of first head of the properties, and the great hour of the morning. The immates, Mr. Dufresne, his wife, three daughters and bis son, were assep at the time, and the whole family son ward of the Lord; the country and the properties of the poor, released by fire this morning. The immates, Mr. Dufresne, his wife, three daughters and his son were assep at the time, and the whole family son and para nowned by a man named Benjamin business perished: Mrs. Dufresne, and the destroyed by fire this morning. The humates of the control of the world of the contr been connected with the Advent church this pas-

"It pains me to learn that, with more zeal than wis, om, certain Wessern friends have rashly set January 4, 1885, as the day for Christ to come, and have not only scattered sneets to this effect among our friends, but have also largely advertised it through the secular papers. If the day were to be known at all, their argument is at fault, for it affirms that it will be on 'the twenty-fourth day of the ninth month,' which in this Jewish year falls on December 11, instead of January 4, and is already in the past. The blunder is made in supposing that as the tenth day of the seventh month came in October in 1844 that it must have come at the same time this year, which is not true; and hence, the error in trying to find the twenty-fourth day of the ninth month."

SILVER MINE IN GEORGIA. A Bed of Rich Ore Discovered in Fort Mountain.

NEW YORK, December 27 .- A special to the Tribune from Spring Place, Ga., says: The discovery of huge veins of gold on Fort mountain has now been supplemented by the discovery of silver in wonderful yield. The most valuable deposit yet known is on the land of Mr. Tyler, seven miles from this place, and eighteen from seven miles from this place, and eighteen from Dalton, which is the nearest point to the railroad. A shaft 6 feet deep, 4 wide and 20 long has been sunk under the superintendence of an old miner. The "lead" is at least 1500 feet wide, 300 feet deep and 28 miles long, being the same that is now worked at Ducktown, Tenn. Here ore was found at five feet from the surface as rich as that obtained at 200 feet in the famous Comstock of Nevada, assaying from \$50 to \$2000 per ton. It is said that ore assaying only \$4 per ton could be worked with larver profit than \$10 ore in the West. Several large companies have sent their agents to see this mine, and only a few days ago a Pennsylvania company offered Messrs, Tyler, Gilbert & Rose, the present owners of the mine, \$28,000 for it, which offer was refused.

A Wonderful Christmas Tree. NEW YORK, December 27 .- President E. A. Johnson of the Edison Electric Lighting Company asked a large party of children and adults to his residence, last evening, to view a wonderful Christmas tree. The tree was lighted by electricity, and children never beheld a brighter tree or one more highly colored than the children of Mr. Johnson when the current was turned and the tree began to revolve. There were 120 lights on the tree, with globes of different colors, while the light tursel work and usual adornment of Christ-

mas trees appeared to the best advantage, The lights were divided into six sets, one set of which was lighted at a time in front as the tree went round. By a simple device of breaking and making connection through copper bands around the tree with corresponding buttons, the sets of lights were turned out and on at regular intervals as the tree turned around. The first combination was of pure white light, then, as the revolving tree severed the connection of the current that supplied it and made connection with a second set, red and white lights appeared. Then came yellow and white and other colors. Even combinations of the colors were made.

WIDOWED BY STARVATION.

Mrs. Sergeant Roulston in an Almshouse Sad Story of the Widow of One of Greeley's Unfortunate Companions.

Among the many inmates of the Charlestown

Almshouse is a woman whose life has been marked with many strange and sad vicissitudes. Hername is Matilda Roulston, and she is the widow of the late Sergeant Roulston, who lost his life with the Greeley party. Mrs. Roulston, who is of very prepossessing appearance, made no object tion to the publication of her story, as she thought that if the public knew of her condition they would be willing to help her in her extreme need. "As perhaps by my accent you will know," said she, "I am of Scotch family, having been born in she, "I am of Scotch family, having been born in Glasgow forty-five years ago last spring. At the age of 8 my parents removed to the United States and settled in Brooklyn, where my father opened a dress goods store on Myrtle street. Our family were well to do, and being of a somewhat ambitious nature, at the age of 18 I came to Boston and entered a store as a saleswoman. In this place 1 did fairly well, and it was there that I met a young man named Abeiald Fisher. The young man, who was a mechanic, was poor, like myself, but we determined to get married. Perhaps two years passed away while we were amassing our first thousand dollars, and when we had gained that amount we purchased a bakery on Court street. For eight years we continued in business, which rapidly increased, so that we had

Gained About \$50,000

"In 1873, however, my husband died, and I became administratrix of the estate, which ited to a little over \$60,000. For the next two years I hved at home with my four children, two years I hved at home with my four children, but then, having met Mr. Rouiston, he persuaded me to become his wife. Previous to this I made over the trusteeship of the children's portion of the property to an old family triend named John P. Lang, who is still in business in Boston. I had in my possession \$20,000 when we were married. "During our subsequent life my busband often expressed a great desire to visit the far North and he once told me not to be surpised if he suddenly made up his mind to go if an opportunity presented itself. I always thought, however, that he was simply joking, but when I seriously asked him, he said that he was thoroughly infatuated with the idea, and would risk his life to reach the North pole."

North pole."

Mrs. Roulston then said that before they had

Mrs. Roulston then said that before they had been long in Smithsville her husband received orders to report on the frontier for active service,

He Left for the West.

She departed soon after for Boston, and later went to Chicago, where she held some real estate. She west Madison street, but during the year that she run the establishment she continually lost money. Finally, in order to save the remnant of her property, she gave the whole thing up, having left \$7000, besides her jewery, which she valued at nearly \$1000 more.

The night before her departure from the hotel

obliged to wait until she heard from him.

Mrs. Roulston says that she supported herself
entirely by working out, and as she was a good
cook she found employment in a South End

"Soon after this," said she, "I received a letter "soon after this," said she, "I received a letter from my husband, written a few days before his departme for the North with the Greeley party. He did not say much about his voyage, but believed that we should surely meet again. This was the last I ever heard from him alive. He was a good husband and as orave a man as there was

the party."
The lady then said that while she was living

Poverty-Stricken and Sick Poverty-Stricken and Sick in this city during the mouths that followed the announcement of her husband's sad death there was within a mile of her desolate home a son by her first husband to whom she applied for assistance. The son is, she says, in good financial standing, but he reveatedly refused to help her, and finally said that he was about to marry, and didn't want her around. In order to keep her from again troubing him he indirectly had her arrested for "idle and disorderly conduct" and taken to Station 4. She then sent for her son, not knowing that he had been concerned in the matter, and on her knees begged him to defend her from the charge. According to her story he replied to her in a brutal tone, "I've done all I'il ever do for you; I wash

While relating this portion of her narrative Mrs.

A Man With \$250,000 Worth of Land Who Hath Not Where to Lay His

Head. DELAWARE, O., December 27 .- At noon today a man by the name of John Swim was found near here in the woods nearly frozen to death. On searching his person the marshal found \$2138 65, besides several tax receipts calling for seventy two acres of land in this county, as well as notes for various sums of money. The marshal has deposited the money and papers in the Delaware bank for safe keeping until he can dispose of the old man in a

has scarcely enough clothing on to cover his na-kedness. Swim is an old bummer and a miser of the most pronounced type, never buying food nor clothes. He is anxious to reach Columbus and pay his tax, after which he will seek admission to the county infirmary. Swim has no nome, although he owns in Ohio tracts of land valued at about \$250,000.

A CITY FOR SALE.

Departed Greatness of Jackson City, Va .-One Tavern and a Stable.

WASHINGTON, December 27 .- An entire city will be sold at auction at the Virginia end of the famous Long Bridge-which connects this city and Virginia-next week. The city, however, is a dead one, and has been dead for twenty-five The city today consists of one tayern and a stable. In days gone by it had two hotels, a chicken pit, where some of the great cocking mains took place, a race-course, a faro bank, and other evidences of civilization. The city was then known as Jackson City. It was founded when General Jackson was president. The occasion of the founding of the city was a memorable one. A civil and military procession marched from the White House to the place. General Jackson rode in an eight-horse barouche. He made a speech in accepting the honor of having a city named after him. Congress attended in a body. But the city did not go. City lots sold in less than six months for less than one-fourth their cost. In two years grass grew on what had been regularly laid-out streets. In ten years there was no sign of Jackson City except one hotel and a chicken pit. There was some life there during tho war, when a fort was built there—Fort Runyon—to protect the Long Bridge, but it departed when the war closed. One thousand dollars will now buy the city. it had two hotels, a chicken pit, where the city.

BROOKLYN, December 26.—Dr. G. F. Atkinson, a wel-known physician, has been lying dangera wel-known physician, has been lying danger-ously ill at his residence here for several days. Dr. Atkinson it appears was recently performing a surgical operation upon a man, when his knife slipped, cutting him in the hand. The virus from the diseased part entered the incision made in the doctor's hand, poisoning him and causing the haid and arm to swell to an abnormal size. He has been unconscious the past twenty-four nours, and but slight hopes are entertained of his re-covery.

Want to Catch the German Count. WASHINGTON. December 27 .- Julius Haas, who has been passing himself off as a German count, has been sent to the workhouse for swindling the Arlington Hotel out of his board. He left a satchel full of ashes, which he represented as containing valuables. It was discovered today that Haas obtained various sums of money from clitzens here under false pretences. Haas is also wanted in Richmond, Va., and Charleston, S. C., for forgery.

WASHINGTON, December 27.—The Post Office Department has authorized the use of a new con

ment buildings. The article is a species of shute, designed to run from the top story of the building to the ground floor. On each floor is an opening for the reception of mail matter, which drops

HOLLOW MOUNTAINS.

The Bottom of the Blue Ridge Dropping Out.

Caves in Which, if You brop a Stone, You Will Never Hear It Strike.

The People Panic Stricken by the Strange Process.

Concerning the most recent disturbance in the Blue Ridge mountains, Dr. J. S. T. Baird, who is evidently an intelligent and careful observer, and who was himself an auditor of what occurred,

"Standing on an elevated point on my farm, with a full and unobstructed view of the entire Elk mountain range, and happening at the very moment to have my eyes turned in the direction of the point in question, it afforded me an excellent opportunity to observe the whole phenomenon. The morning was exceedingly bright and almost ominously calm. At a point about due north of my home, and seemingly just over the crest of the mountain, and at the hour above stated, there was what seemed to be a most terrific subterranean explo sion, followed by a very perceptible jarring and heavy rumbling sound as of the deep intonations of distant thunder, which came on with increasing volume for several seconds. The sound proceeded with rapid unquiations in an eastwardly direction, following the course of the mountains, and seeming to traverse the deep bowels of the earth, until it reached a point on the horizon of our valley about forty-five degrees east from where it started, when it suddenly leaped forth from the bosom of the mountain, and, lifting itself above the horizon, pealed out upon the air like a mighty thunderbolt, and thus it ended as suddenly as it began. Mr. A. E. Hemphill, who was on the top of the mountain, in the immediate vicinity of where the first shock occurred, says that it seemed to be directly beneath him, and the sensation was as though the whole mountain was tumbling from its foundation, whole mountain was funding from its foundation, with a fearful shaking and trembing of the earth. Mr. Steve Monday and Mr. James Edwards, who were on the mountain some two miles further east, describe the sound and the shaking and trembing of the mountain as most appalling and terrifying, even putting the leaves on the trees in rapid and lively motion. Other persons felt and heard the shock many miles away. The shock was repeated with the same characteristics about sunset on the evening of the same day."

These Are No Ordinary Disturbances, common to mountain ranges; but rather, as far as is known, have been confined on this and previous occasions to that portion of the Blue Ridge which lies in the southwestern part of North Carolina, and perhaps in the extreme northeastern

Carolina, and perhaps in the extreme northeastern corner of Georgia.

The disturbances at Baid mountain commenced ten or twelve years ago, and the manifestations were of so frequent occurrence and of so violent character as to compel the attention of persons living at a distance of forty or fifty miles from the mountain itself, while those who lived on or near it were so seriously alarmed that hundreds of families abandoned their homes and farms and fied to other and distant localities to escape the danger which threatened them constantly by day and night. The panic was so general that at one time all the roads leading out of the disturbed section were filled with ingitives, and they who, for any reason, were compelled to remain behind, were reduced to a state of such confusion and terror that they gave over all other persuits and devoted themselves to religious exercises, firmly believing that The End of All Things

was at hand. At the time of the shocks at Bald Mountain it was stated that the beasts in the fields showed their alarm not less than did their masters, and that horses halted, covered and snivered in their tracks while being driven along the public roads, many miles distant from the mountain, when they felt the mysterfous tremor passing through the ground beneath their feet.

Notwithstanding the large mass of testimonoy that was published from time to time in regard to the fact and nature of the shocks in the Bald mountain region, there were many persons who denied that any such disturbances had occurred. The Asheville and Spartanburg railroad was then being constructed on the other side of the range eight or ten miles distant, and the wise-acres attributed all the sounds and shocks that were heard and felt to the frequent blasts that were made in the rock beds along the line. After one such shock, however, it was dise caused by that shock several feet wite and was several feet wide and hundreds of pards long. A party of mountaineers, having provided themselves with ropes and caudles, entered the cleft in the side of the mountain, and after going a snort distance found that it widened into a great cavern. The appearance of the wails proved beyond question that the cavern was of very recent origing fragments of rock hung loosely overhead; the floor was covered with debris, and altogether the situation was so threatening and uncertain at best, that

The Exploration was Abandoned wellnigh at its outset. It has never been pressed pression made apon the minds of those who enpression indee alone that the "bottom of the mountain had dropped out, down to somewhere," leaving the peak little more than a rocky shell. On this theory the phenomena that had been observed for so many months before were accounted for. The inside of the mountain had been crumbling and caving in blecemeal, and the fall of the masses in the interior had caused the shocks and rumbling sounds that had been felt and heard for miles around. The theory may or may not be the true one. A few miles from Baid mountain, in another part of the same range, is another peak that has certainly caved in in the way suggested.

The nature of the disturbances that have occurred at this point is beyond questio. The mountain has caved and crumbled until it is as hollow its a bee-live, and a very badly cracked bee-hive withal. Currents of warm air are drawn into the crevices between the rocks on the one side of the mountain, and pour out on the other side, as chill as a biast from an ice-house. The out-going currents creep along the ground, and are distinguishable in the summer time at a distance of a half-mile from the point of exit. So it is said. A fishing-rod can be driven out of sight, at many places, in the crevices between the rocks in the crevices between the rocks in the crevices between the rocks in the crevices between the rocks. At one point the point of exit. So it is said. A fishing-rod can be driven out of sight, at many places, in the crevices between the rocks under foot. At one point a cross section of the ridge has failen bodily a distance of perhaps a nundred feet—leaving a gap through the mountain like a rdiroad "cut," the side walls of which are nearly perpendicular. Make two parallel cuts across and through a loaf of baker's bread, and then mash down the middle slice so formed and you will get a fair idea of what has occurred here.

The Loaf of Bread is a Mountain, however, and the slice is probably a hundred feet wide and several hundred yards long. At another point such a slice has fallen without exposother point such a slice has fallen without exposing from above the gap which it has left. There is a slight crevice at the surface, indeed, but you would step across that without suspecting what was under you. The crevice gradually widens as you descend the mountains, and you can go into it at one or two places. Locking upward, it appears as a broken thread of light extending along the roof of a cave of unknown proportions. The rock wails of the cave are broken and cracked in every direction, and the floor is covered with fragments that have fallen from above and that keep falling. The floor also drops away sometimes. You cannot go have fallen from above and that keep falling. The floor also drops away sometimes. You cannot go very far along the dark and dangerous road your feet are in, even if you wish to do so, because it ends suddenly in an abyss of which you can neither see the roof, the sides, nor the Lottom. Drop a stone over the verge-you will never near it strike! There is no known bottom there; it, too, has dropped down to somewhere.

There are other evidences of unrest and uncertainty in the hearts of those everlasting falls. In one place a great body of water gushed out of the side of a mountain, breaking its way through the soil and carrying everything before it. Tho guides will show you 'whirlpools' that receive mountain streams and swallow them. Throw a stick into the lattle maeistrom and it will spin around a few moments and then disappear in the voitex. around a few moments and then disappear in the vortex.

These things are all peculiar and interesting and unexplained. If the same features and facts and phenomena were to be observed in the Hartz mountains, there would be legends about them, and Americans would cross the ocean to see them and write books about them.

Hence the Idea Won't be Popular.

[Progress.]
There is a New York lady whose business it is There is a New York lady whose business it is to go out as reader for sewing circles, or for any company of her sex who wish to engage her services. Her plan is to combine amusement and culture with usefulness, as she reads while the sewing is going on. This idea, as will be observed, does away with the gossip, not always good-natured, which is alleged to characterize the average sewing circle.

Mark Twain to a Detroit Reporter.

Mark Twain to a [Detroit Times.]
"Now don't go off in a hurry, and be sure and the hoys around. I hope you have

FINANCE AND COMMERCE

THE MONEY MARKET.

In the local money market the range of loans and discounts, while showing no apparent change, hold firm at previous quotations, with a somewhat stronger tendency visible, owing to the recent rise of I per cent. in the rate between banks for the use of balances. Although there exists but a very as if rates would hold quite firm for some time to come, certainly until after the beginning of the new year. Good mercantile paper ranges from 5@51/2 per cent., with the latter rate ruling; miscellaneous paper, 6@7 per cent., according to grade; prime corporation notes and acceptances, 4@41/2; cali loans on collateral, 3@4 per annum. side of the banks, the street rate of discount for good business paper rules at 5½ per cent. slightly above or below, as circumstances warrant. The savings banks and trust companies continue willing to grant short time loans at very low rates of interest, provided the security is satisfactory in every particular. The country banks are making local discounts at 5.6 per cent, and report business in this respect as being fair. en banks the rate for the use of balances

5@6 per cent., and report business in this respect as being fair.

Between banks the rate for the use of balances is 3 per cent. As against 2 per cent. at the close of last week.

The gross exchanges at the clearing-house, yesterday, were \$11,306,454, while the total for the week was \$43,985,784; yesterday's balances were \$1,653,863, and for the week \$7,729,043.

New York funds, yesterday, sold at 30@40c. premum per \$1000.

Foreignexchange closes steady at the following rates: Sight, 4.84½@8434; 60 days, 4.80½@80%; commercial bills, 4.79; frances, sight, 5.21½; 60 days, 5.24½.@25.

In New York, call toans on stocks remain at 1@1½ per cent., while discounts of good mercanthe and business paper show no change from the closing rates of last week.

Loanable funds continue abundant, so that the preparations for dividend and interest payments, annual settlements, etc., are likely to have less effect at the close of the year than usual.

Regarding the Western money markels, progress has been made in the annual settlements, and aff ars will be in pretty good shape for the transactions of 1835. Collections are better than it was supposed three months ago they could be at this filme, and debts due next month are being anticipated to a considerable extent. There are still many complaints of distressingly high rates for money in the country, but the wheat that has been sent to market has cancel ed a large proportion of the debts of rural population.

In London, money rates are up to 5 per cent. outside of the bank, owing to the financial troubles in Vienna. The discount houses are allowing 4@4½ per cent. on deposits, the former rate being subject to call.

The imports of dry goods at the port of New York for the week ended today were \$1,440,578, and the amount marketed \$1,351,136. The total imports slife January 1 were \$113,037,088, against \$120,365,653 for the same time has year, and the amount marketed \$1,2,249,596, against \$119,337,438 for the same time la 1883.

Bradstreet's review for the year gives the failures as 11

During the past week the bullion in the Bank of England decreased £435.843. The proportion of the bank's reserve to its liabilities, which last reck was 40½ per cent., is now 3713-16 per

ent. The New York bank statement shows the

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 3 P. M [Furnished by Evans & Doane, Bankers and Brokers, 28 State street.]

LAND COMPANIES.

Boston Land 554 —
Boston WP. 2½

A. T&SF 18is 121
Eastern 65. .115½ 116
K C.S&M 68 995½ 100
Mex Cen inc. 10
M M&S P 75 — 118½
NY & NE 75.1043½ 1043′s
NY & NE 75.1043½ 1043′s
NY & NE 75.1043½ 1043′s
NY & NE 65. 94 95
Sonora 75... 97 971½
Un Pac st 8s — 116
RAILROADS.
Bos & Alb'v. — 16 12
Bos & Mame. 1661½ 107
Bos & Mame. 1081½ 107
Bos & Mame. 1661½ 107
Bos & Ma LAND COMPANIES. Bid. Asked. RAILEOADS. F&P Mar... 17 -

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON PAIRY GLOBE, & SATURDAY EVENING, December 27, 1884. The business situation is practically the same as one week ago, but there are several encouraging features, which strengthen the general impression that business will improve with the opening of the new year. Leading food staples show a firmer tone,

line there is little or no change. APPLES.—The market for apples is a little firmer, and No. 1 Baidwins are selling at \$1.75@1.80 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl, and Hubbardstons command \$2.00. Best varieties show higher prices. We quote:

Snow, choice. \$2.75@3.00 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl; do common to good, \$1.25@1.80 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl; Baidwins, choice apples, at \$1.75@1.80 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl; Greenings, choice, \$1.50@1.62 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl; common varieties, 75c@1.81 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bbl.

BEANS.—The market for beans continues quiet and buyers are still operating cautionsly, but prices are steady. We quote:

Choice pea, Northern hand-picked, \$1.75@1.80 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ bush; do do New York hand-picked, \$1.50@1.70; do do large hand-picked, \$1.50@1.60; medium choice hand-picked, \$1.50@1.55; do choice screened, \$1.25@1.40; foreign pea, \$1.60; if one choice fast, \$1.80@1.90; red kidneys, \$2.50@2.00; do choice fast, \$1.80@1.90; red kidneys, \$2.50@2.40.

BUTTER.—The Butter market has developed a firmer tone on thie grades, but trade has been slow, as usuat at the close of the year. The supply of fresh western creamery is small and 28@20c \$\frac{1}{2}\$ b is the outside figure. We quote:

Northern Creamery, extra fall, 27@28c; choice fresh made, 24@26c \$\frac{1}{2}\$ b; good to choice summer, 20@23c \$\frac{1}{2}\$ b. Western—Creamery, extra fall, 27@28c; choice fresh western—Creamery, extra fall, 27@2 23. orthern Dairy—Franklin county, Vt, extra fall, ...c; New York and Vermont, choice fall, 23@24c; late fall and winter, 18@22c; straight dairies, cc, 18@20c; do fair to good, 15@17c; do common, #14c.
Festern dairy—Choice, 17@18c; do do, fair to good,
#16c; imitation creamery, choice 18@20c; West
Hadle, choice, 16@18c; do do common to good. CHEESE.—There has been a light trade and prices CHEESE.—There has been a light trade and prices re without change. Fine September stock is held rm at 12½@12½c # fb, and sales are confined osmall lots aroutside prices. Common grades conmue dull and nominal. Liverpool quotations 62s d. We quote:

New York and Vt. fine September, 12½@12½c # b; tawrence County, N Y, extra, 12½@12½c # b; vermont, extra, 12@12½c # b; Vermont and tew York, good to choice, 11@12c # h; choice Vestern, 11½@12c # b; do fair to good. 1@11c # s; common skims, 2@5c # b; Worcester county, full ream, 12½@13c # b; do common and skim, 6@10c # b; sage, choice, 13@13½c # b; do, tair to good. 0@12c # b.

cream, 12% 2015c \$16; do common and skill, before \$16; sage, choice, 13@13½c \$16; do, tair to good, 10@12c \$16.
COAL.—The anthracite coal market has been very quiet, and sales chiefly by cargo lots are made at concessions. The stock is very light in the hands of the retail trade. Cumberland and Clearfield are duil, with few sales. Gas coal duil; the gas companies have a full supply for the year. We quote the following current rates:

Cannel, \$16 \$16; ton; American do, \$10@12 \$16n, Acadia, retail, \$10 \$16; ton; Sydney, retail, \$10 \$16; ton; Cumberland, \$3 65@3 75 \$16; ton; anthracite, retail, \$5 0@5 50 \$16; ton of 2000 bs; cargo lots, \$4 75@5 \$16n. COFFEE.-The market for Rio grades ruled steady uring the past week and prices remain about the same, being quoted on the basis of 9%c for fair. Mild grades have been in steady demand and prices are held firm at quotations. We quote:

Mocha at 18½.0200 € 10; Java. 12021c € 15; Marazaibo, 9½011c € 15; Laguira, 9½0101/2c € 15; Rio, ordinary to prime, 83/013c € 15.

CORN.—The receipts for the week have been 131.279 bushels and the exports 19.337 bushels. The market for corn has been quiet, and prices were basier at the close. We quote:

Steamer mixed at 5.0....c; steamer yellow at 51c, and no grade at 48@49c; high mixed is scarce and prices are nominal. Steamer mixed at \$4.60.c.; steamer yellow at 51c, and no grade at 486,49c; high mixed is scarce and prices are nominarized is firm for St Domingo logwood but trade is quiet, as manufacturers are well supplied. We quote at \$20.00023 00 gt ton, as to fusion. Edgs.—The market for Eggs shows a good demand for fresh Eastern, and prices are firm at 286 29c gt dozen. Sales of New York and Vermont have been made at 27,625c gt doze, and Provincial at 25 627c gt dozen. Held stock is dull at 17,622c gt doz.

Eastern, fresh, 28,250c gt doz. Eastern held stock, 18,622c gt doz. New York and Vermont have been made at 27,625c gt doz. New York and Vermont have been made at 27,625c gt doz. New York and Vermont 12,625c gt doz. New Hork and Vermont 12,625c gt doz. New Hork and Vermont 12,625c gt doz. New Hork and Vermont 12,625c gt doz. New York and Vermont 12,625c gt doz. New Hork and Vermont 12,625c gt d

whiter wheat seconds, \$2.75.22 5.2 bid.
Oatmeal. Western fine. \$4.15.24.25; do, Western ground, \$4.60.24.75; do, Western ground, \$4.60.24.75; do, Western ground, \$4.60.24.75; do, Western ground, \$4.60.24.75; do, Western ground and kind fried. \$2.40.25.02 bid.
FRESH MEAT.—There has been a fair trade in beef and prices are steady. Lamb is doing better, and best community 7.28c \$15. Veal is steady. We quote: theef-Choice hind quarters, 10.20.2 \$15; do, common, \$6.00 \$15; do, force quarters, choice, 7.20.25; bid. Mutton—Extra, .26c \$15; do, common to good, 5.26c \$15.

Mutton—Extra, .26c \$15; do, common to good, 5.26c \$15; spring lamb, choice, 7.26c \$15; do, common to good, \$2.65 \$15; spring lamb, choice, 7.26c \$15; do, common to good, \$2.65 \$15; do, common 4.25c \$15; do, fair to good, 7.2.6; \$15; do, common, 4.25c \$15; do, Worcester county, choice, \$2.11c \$25; do, Worcester county, common, \$6.01c \$15; do, worcester \$15; do, \$15;

8 b; do. continon. 425c s 15; do. vorcester county, common, choice, 9211c \$\psi\$ b; do. worcester county, common, 769c \$\psi\$ 5.

FRUIT.—We quote the following current rates:
Almond—Soft shell, 13@16c \$\psi\$ b; shelled, 23@55c \$\psi\$ b; cirron at \$2...@c; currants at 44\d26c \$\psi\$ b; dates in frails, 3\d26d \psi\$ b; dates in boxes at 5\d26c \$\psi\$ b; turkey prunes at 4\d4\d26c \$\psi\$ b; dates in boxes at 5\d26c \$\psi\$ b; turkey prunes at 4\d4\d26c \$\psi\$ b; dates in boxes at 5\d26c \$\psi\$ b; turkey prunes at 4\d4\d26c \$\psi\$ b; defending at 10@20c \$\psi\$ b; tunkey prunes at 4\d4\d26c \$\psi\$ b; defending at 10@20c \$\psi\$ b; tunkey prunes at 5\d26c \$\psi\$ b; defending at 10@20c \$\psi\$ b; defending at 10@20c \$\psi\$ b; defending at 10@20c \$\psi\$ box; do Valencia, \$\psi\$ 0.000c \$\psi\$ box; do loose Muscatel at \$\psi\$ 2.5\d26c 20 \$\psi\$ box; do Valencia, \$\psi\$ 0.000c o common to be a several problem of the market for Manila herap has been adderste in demand and we quote at \$\pi\alpha_0 \text{\text{\$\sigma}}\$ b. Just he commandly. Sixal is quiet at \$4\pi\alpha_0 \text{\$\sigma}\$ b. Just are quiet and steady at 1 15-16-17/sc \$\text{\$\sigma}\$ b for the control of the cont Goat skins—Madras, 55@60; Buenos Ayres, 54@57; Cane Good Hope, 24@25.

MOLASSES.—The demand has been very light for foreign grades, and prices are easy. We quote:
Clenfueros, 18@22e B gal: Barbadoes, 24@25c B gal: Porto Rico, 20@40c B gal: bolling, 50° test, 17%e B gal. We quote domestic, New Orleans, at 40@52e

of gal. We quote conserve the week have been 50.008 bushels. The market for oats is fifm and the demand steady. We quote:

Extra white at 30%30½c; No 1 white, 28%30c; No 2 white at 35%30°c; No 3 white at 35½260½c; No 1 mixed at 35%3°c; No 2, do, 24%35c 25 bush.

POULTRY AND GAME.—The Christmas trade was light and plenty of goot stock has been carried over.

light and pleuty of good stock has been carried over. Choice Northern Turkeys, extra fresh grades, commind the \$\overline{\text{B}} \) and for Western 14c is the top price. We quote:

Northern turkeys, extra young, 18@...c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is good to choice, 13@15c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is chickens, choice, 14@...c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is do common to good, 9@11c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) the document to good, 9@11c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is do common to good, 9@11c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is do common to good, 9@11c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is do common to good, 10@13c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is chickens, choice, 12@13c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is do common to good, 10@13c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is do common to good, 10@13c \$\overline{\text{B}} \) is do good, 10@13c \$\overline{

SATURDAY, December 27.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Wheat flour firmer, prices in some cases being advanced 10@15c % bbl, which, however, checked trade.

COTTON.—Futures opened firmer; January notices came out pretty freely, but were generally stopped. The freer crop movement, however, caused the early advance to be lost, and the close was irregular, at 11.09c for December, 11.16c for January, 11.14c for February, 11.24c for March, 11.37c for April, 11.49c for May, 11.62c for Juny, 11.62c for Juny, 11.62c for Juny, 11.62c for May, 11.62c for Juny, 11.62c for May, 11.62c for Juny, 11.62c fo

rery scarce. PETROLEUM.—The speculation was sluggish, and he only feature was the receivery of an early decline. The opening was at 72% c. followed by a decline to 22% c, then an advance to 73% 6734 2c, with the lose at 734 678% c; sales,5,460,000 bbls; clearances, 448.00 bbls. close at 7314 a 733/2c; sales,5,460,000 bbls; clearances, 8,448,000 bbls.

NAVAL S FORES.—Spirits turpentine firmer, and 95 bbls. sold at 311/2c.

METALS.—Quiet and nominal at today's exchange. GROCERIES.—Brazil coffees quiet and nominal on the spot; and of options the sales were only 2750 bags at 7.95c for January, 8.20 for February, 8.30c for March, and 8,55e for May, being pretty full values. Mild coffees in demand, the sales including 1000 mats Java. 143/2c. Sugars of all grades very quiet, and spices nominal. Molasses quiet, but recent sales include 600 hbds. Cuba, p. t. Teas showed renewed speculative interest, and the sales embraced 30,000 lbs standard Japan for March at 23c, or 1/2c advance.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown or the week ending Friday, December 26, 1884: Western cattle, 1245: Eastern cattle, 192; Northern, 05. Total, 1742. Western sheep and lambs, 4840: Eastern sheep and mbs. ...; Northern sheep and imbs, 3417. Total, 257.

8257.
Swine, 21,465. Veals, 272. Horses, 232.
Prices of beef cattle per nundred bounds, dressed
weight, ranged from \$4 00 to \$9 00.
PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT. Extra quality \$6 50 @7 25
First quality 5 62½@6 37½
Second quality 4 62½@6 37½
Third quality 4 00 @45
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc. 3 00 @3 87½ | PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW. | PERICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW. | Per pount. | Per pou

WHERE LEAD WHISTLED.

Stirring Scenes on the Field by the Banks of the Opequan.

Sheridan's Victory Over Early in the Shenandoah Twenty Years Ago.

Boys in Blue in Battle-Graphic Scenes and Incidents.

[Philadelphia Times.]

James L. Bowen has written for the Annals of the War such a readable account of the part of some Massachusetts boys in blue at the battle of Opequan in September, 1864, that extracts from his article are reproduced herewith:

The Opequan was crossed by this route at a difficult ford near the mouth of Abraham's creek, beyond which the road extended for two miles through a narrow gorge. Across the creek and through this gorge the cavalry advances swept with the speed of the wind in the early gray of the morning, capturing the enemy's outposts and securing open ground for the deployment of the

It was some hours before the head of the Sixth Corps emerged from the ravine, but the horsemen beld on valiantly to what they had secured, and when the infantry came up Getty's Secon Division went into position on the left or south of the turnpike, the Third, General Ricketts", on the right, and the First, under General Russell, in rear of the Third in reserve. Then came another wait for the Nineteenth Corps, during which the Confederates kept up a sharp artillery fire, as they had during the deployment; but the formation of the ground gave us reasonably good protection, so that the Union loss was trifling.

The Nineteenth Corps on coming up went into position on the right of the Sixth, the order to advance was given and the battle opened with su-preme fury. From the beginning to the close it was obstinate and bloody, neither side having field works or protection of any kind save such as might be obtained from the natural contour of the ground. As each fought with unusual deter-

mination the loss was heavy.

Russell's division—of which we formed a part remaining in reserve, we could for a time only listen to the receding sounds of battle, from which we felt sure that our comrades were obtaining a decided advantage. And so for a time they were,

Forcing the Enemy Steadily Backward. But the two divisions of the Fifth Corps, guiding on the pike which ran between them, were by its curvature deflected to the left, while the Nineteenth moved straight forward and the connec nection between the two commands became

No sooner was this defect discovered than the Confederates made haste to take advantage of it. Rodes and Gordon drove their divisions, led by Battle's Brigade of the former, like a wedge against the weak point. The gap was entered, the imperiled divisions of either flank broke and gave way, necessitating the retrogade of our entire line. Now it was that the work of Edwards' Brigade, and especially of our own regiment, be-

Brigade, and especially of our own regiment, began.

The Thirty-seventh was on the right of the reserve line, and Colonel Edwards, seeing the impending disaster, comprehended the point at which check must be given and ordered the regiment moved to the right still further. Away we went by the flank, under cover of a ravine which extended nearly at right angles to the pike, bending a little toward the rear.

A position was taken somewhat in advance of Stevens' Fifth Maine Battery, which was doing valuant service, the line of direction being so changed by the conformation of the ground that instead of facing to the west, as before, we looked nearly to the northwest. Looking out of the ravine, which was barely deep enough to screen the movements of his regiment. Lieuenart Colonel Montague saw, not much over fixty yards in front, a body of Confederates, which proved to be a small brigade advancing, evidently with intentions on the battery in our rear.

But, though the brigade was small and its line decidedly ragged, both from the resistance it had already encountered and the distance which it had passed over, it was large enough and strong enough to make it a formidable opponent for our single regiment, with less than 300 muskets at the opening of the battle. There was no time to invoke assistance or support—there was time only for very prompt action, and Colonel Montague did not hesitate as to the course to pursue under the circumstances.

Instantly the orders were passed down the line Instantly the orders were passed down the line

till the command was received, and that at the word every man must charge the Confederates at a run. In a moment every musket was grasped, every foot was braced and every soldier held himself ready for the deadly spring and for whatever else might follow. "Forward!" the command rings out a moment later, and from the little ravine the regiment emerges, steady and firm, with its 296 rifles and seven times that number of deadly shots

The Confederates were astonished to see a regiment emerging, as it were, from the ground, but they were more astonished at the severity of the fire which opened upon them at the command. One crashing volley burst forth at the word, 101lowed by such a rapid succession of shots as the regiment pushed forward, that by the time half the

regiment pushed forward, that by the time half the distance had been passed the magazines were emptied of their seven cartridges.

The demoralization of our antagonists was speedy and complete. While the greater part, fighting more or less, struggled back to the position from which their advance had been made, many threw themselves on the ground wherever a ditch or guilty gave promise of protection from the terrible fire pour td in from the repeating vitles and were taken prisoners by the Thirty-seventh.

"Hold on there, Yanks," a stalwart but demoralized Southerner crited out, extending an imarmed hand as though to ward off some tangible danger, when you come at us in that way we are ready to take the oath of allegiance."

For fully half a mile the pursuit was kept up and it was reported and believed that the number of prisoners taken by the regiment exceeded the number of muskets it took into the action. Among other trophies was the battle flag of the Second Virgunja Regiment, inscribed with the names of seventeen battles, beginning with the First Bull Run, in which the regiment had taken part.

We finally halted on the brow of a hill at the end of a little triangular piece of woods, beyond which the strong line of

which the strong line of

The Enemy Could be Plainly Seen. A short distance to the left and in front was a thick bit of forest and at once our left company was sent there under Captain J. A. Champney to

watch the approaches in that direction.

In a few minutes the captain returned at the top of his speed and quite out of breath, having been obliged to make a considerable detour to avoid the hostile fire, and reported that he was on the flank of a Confederate battery, which, with more assistance, he could silence. As Captain Champney came in on the run to report to his regimental commander what he had discovered, he was met by General Upton, just coming upon the scene, who, mistaking the cause of his haste, sternly exclaimed: "Go back to your command,

Too full of the importance of his discovery to weigh his words or to regard the possible con-sequences to himself, but filled with anger at the imputation upon his courage (of which no member of the regiment lead more generous share), the brave and excited subaltern screamed out at the top of his voice and without checking his speed: "You go to—""

brave and excited subaltern screamed out at the top of his voice and without checking his speed:

"You go to ——!"

An additional company, under Captain Archibald Hopkins, with the addition of a few of the best shots of the regiment, were sent out to operate upon the hostile battery, and very soon their bullets made the place too hot for even Eariey's veteran artilerists. The men were driven away and the horses killed, but after the fire slackened some Confederates crawled up through the grass, attached ropes to the guns and dragged them away.

It was about 12.30 when we halted in the position referred to, far from the rest of the brigade, owing to our change of direction, and entirely isolated from all other Union troops, and our vantage ground was held unaided for half an hour, till some regiments of Upton's brigade came up and went into position near by. Our line was now established and

The Brief Success of the Enemy Checked, with the scale surely turning against him, though on our part at the loss among others of the brave and noble General Russell, commanding the division, who received his fatal wounds directly in the rear of the Thirty-seventh regiment, while hurrying forward other troops to insure the ad-

About the middle of the afternoon Lieutenant-Colonei Montague discovered from the position of our sharp-shooting detachment that the Confederates, broken on the right by the pressure which General Crook was now bringing to bear upon them, were harrying past towards the left in squads at a point some eighty rods in our front. Determining to cut off this avenue of escape, and having no time to obtain orders from superior officers, he at once moved the two companies from the wood, reunited the regiment, and with small

loss planted it across the path of the fugitives, picking up a few prisoners on the way.

By this time the tide was setting strongly in favor of the Union arms along the entire line; officers and men alike thrilled with the excitement of the coming victory. The impetuous young General Upton, commanding the division since the fall of Russell, chafed at even the temporary stands being made by the enemy. "What regiment is this?" he asked, galloping in front of the Thirty-seventh. Being answered he grasped the colors and shouted: "You are the boys I want; come on and I will put you where you can whip them in ten minutes."

Away went the gallant officer, straight toward Away went the gallant officer, straight toward the enemy's line, with our colors fluttering about his head.

"Come On, Boys!" Shouted Colonel Mon-

tague, springing in front of his command, and the line swept forward, officers and men, cheering, shouting, swearing-each striving to be first to reach the destination. Line officers, file-closers forgot their accustomed positions and pressed through the rushing line if possible, but there was no work for them in the rear, for during the whole of that terrible day not a man in the regiment was missing from his place unless killed or wounded.

It was a mad race till the enemy halted and rallied once more at the top of a considerable hill. A sharpshooter's bullet struck the staff of the flag, sharpshooter's builet struck the staff of the flag, General Upton was seriously wounded and our colors momentarily dropped to the ground. In an instant they were swing aloft by the color-bearer and the regiment quickly railled about them. We now found ourselves in the most perfilous position of the day. We were far in advance of the main line, the Confederates were making a firm stand once more and the ammunition for our Spencer rifles had given out. Fortunately Colonel Edwards discovered the situation and the Second Rhode Island Regiment of our brigade, having filled their pockets with Spencer cartridges, were deployed as skirmishers and pushed across an artillery swept plain several hundred yards in breadth, bearing timely succor to their imperfiled comrades still obstinately holding with empty guns the vantage ground. e vantage ground. Soon after this the great final charge of the day was made—one of the most complete and successful of the war. Everywhere the opposing lines gave way: the enthusiasm of the Union troops knew no bounds. "Forward!" should general

and private alike and the victory was complete. THE INTELLECTUAL BEAN.

Carefully Considered from an Æsthetic, Poetic, Historic and Dietetic Point of View. [New York Truth.]

It is probable that nothing in the leguminous species of nature's vegetable economy has been so mujustly maligned as the calcareous bean. Was it Shakespeare who said that every perfectly developed bean contains the germ of an idea. It is a physiological fact that beans are essentially a e and brain food, and the calibre of the Yankee brain is hypothecated upon the amount of

The origin of the bean, according to Indian tradition, is very peculiar. Some time before the Pilgrim landing at Plymouth Rock a squaw of the Squantuck Indian tribe was possessed of a spirit of necromancy. By her wiles she secured the adoration of ner people, and she was consulted upon all the public and private affairs of the tribe. No other people were so prosperous, no other braves were so brave or warriors so warlike. But she made a mistake; she sent her braves to war against another tribe, assuring them that victory would surely perch apon their battle-axes. The battle turned against the Squantucks, and the few remaining warriors returned from the fray, vowing vengeance upon the unfortunate squaw. A council was held, and a decree of death was passed. She was led forth to execution, and at her request was not bound. She begred leave to speak, and the request was granted. "I have loved my people," she said, "and I have spent my life for their good, and as I die I will bless them." She then sat upon the ground, bracing herself with her hands on either side and died, pierced with many arrows. She was lifted up, and lo, where her left hand rested upon the earth there sprang up a stalk of Indian corn; where her right hand rested there broke through a fine ball of beans, and midway between the corn and beans a lusty tobacco plant reared itself atoft. Theneforth corn and beans—succotash—furnished sustenance to the Indian and Squantuck Indian tribe was possessed of a spirit red itself aloft. Thenceforth corn and beans—cotash—furnished sustenance to the Indian and

co gave blin solace. much-despised bean should be most honroot deep down in the sterile son, and yielded ho-erally. It was then that bean porridge so wrought upon the intellect of the Puritan poet that he

Bean porridge hot, Bean porridge cold, Bean porridge in the pot, Nine days old.

Thus it is seen that a bean dlet for only one short year was sufficient to incite those stern practical people to poetry and song.

Beans are the main intellectual prop of young ladies' seminaries. When you go into the assembly room on commencement day and listen to the literary ebuilitions of dreamy-eyed, soulful girls, do not be deceived into the belief that they sub-

do not be deceived into the belief that they subsist on hamming-bird and toast off butterfly wings. Ah, no! They draw their inspiration from beans; plain, practical beans. What is it that infuses that delicate spirit of culcilaw into the Boston damsel? Ask her, she will not fear to tell you that her "matuthal repast has in preponderance the intumescent product of the suburban field." From the context you are led to consider the bean of world-wide repute, known to the trade and to the consumer as the "Boston baked bean." This bean is grown upon a thousand hillsides, and is prepared for consumption by the canning houses of New York and Baltimore. The name "Boston" is a carch word, applied to guarantee its sale, and its use is obvious. Were the cans in which this lean is packed simply labeled "baked beans," without the prefix, what, think you, would its sale have amounted to? It would have had no sale; but with that magic introductory word—"Boston"—It soon found its place upon the toniest mahogany. It was an innovation, and the charm-relication was alled to the prefix of the prefix when the charm-relication was alled to the prefix of the proposition, and the charm-relication was alled the prefix of the proposition, and the charm-relication was alled the prefix of the prefix was an innovation, and the charm-relication was all depregationly. "We

nanogany. It was an innovation, and the charm-ng hostess would say, half deprecatingly: "We have some excellent Boston baked beans," and he guests would partake with impunity and without a blush. But for the bean the railroad restaurant might as well close its doors; next to the reversible sandwich and gutta percha beefsteak it holds its

as well close its doors; heat to the reversions and which and gutta percha beefsteak it holds its place.

The future of the bean unquestionably lies before it. It is daily growing in demand; and vice versa. As in the past it has largely constituted the sustenance of warriors in the field, so in the future it will make war unnecessary, from the ability to arbitrate which of a certainty must follow its use. From a mercena, point of view the aspect of the bean is favorable. Its culture is yearly increasing; it sells readily in the markets for a good price, and a considerable bean export trade is being built up. It is a sure crop, not being affected to any appreciable extent by accidents of weather, and it will muitiply on any soil. Immeasurable good might be effected through the bean by simply educating bublic opinion; as, for instance, when friends meet on the street, instead of "Let's have a bowl," one would say, "Come and bean with me." Thus instead of detracting from their brain force, the voung men of tibls country would add to their intellects and at the same time enjoy their social beans. Let some large-minded pillianthropist open a few bean bars to the city and see how quickly they would become popular and how anxious all the young men would be to bean off their friends.

APROPOS OF THE NEW YEAR. How the Millennium May be Brought About at a Cost to You of \$65.

(R. J. Burdette.)
What I started out to say, my boy, was this. If you are in debt carry yourself calmly as the great ouses do. If you owe a merchant \$65 don't be in too big a hurry to pay it. Just let them sweat over it a little while until you see how much he is going to pay on his own debts. Then you can pro

rate with him.

But, on second thought, I don't want you to do that way. You want to reform this great evil, do you not? Well, the way to bring about that reform is to walk up and pay that \$65 you owe, just the first minute you can collar the money. If you owe it to a rascal, never mind, it is a just debt on your part, and you don't keep the conscience of the "assignment" operator. You pay 100 cents on the dollar every time. Then by and by as you and your neighbors do this and teach your childen so to do, there will arise a generation of mea in America who will pay 100 cents on the dollar, and canada will become a howling wilderness, untenanated save by the wild bear and the wolf who will help the wilderness howl.

Bank cashiers will sleep at home and confidential clerks will spend their vacations in town, and a man's salary will pay for every thing he gets. But the only way to bring about this preparatory millennium, my boy, is for you to pay that \$65 when you owe it—every cent of it. No matter how much the other man owes nor how little he pays. You pay your debts, my dear boy, and I will know at least one man to whom I won't be afraid to loan money without collateral security or gilt-edged paper.

She Longed for Love in a Cottage.

"My dear," he said, as he entered the house, who is that gentleman across the street?" "I am not sure, but I think he is an old beau of

"How long has he been waving his handker-

chief?"

"Oh, more than half an hour."

"Is he trying to fiirt with you?"

"That's just what annoys me. He may mean it for me, or for the lady in the bay window above. If it's for me I ought to know it, and if it's for her I'll never speak to the shame-faced thing again as long as I live! Oh, George! you don't know how vexatious and uncertain it is to have roomers above you! I wish we had a little cottage of our own."

FRENCH DETECTIVES.

Revelations of a Retired Officer -Stories of Clever Work.

How Criminals Are Sometimes Brought to Justice in the Gay City.

A Mysterious Murder and How the Mystery Was Solved.

[Paris Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.] There has been a great deal too much quarrelng going on during the past week, writes a Paris prrespondent to the San Francisco Chroni Honor-French honor, you know-has been frequently injured, and 1 don't know how many duels have taken place, unhappily, however, without loss of life, or even the spilling of much b-lud. The latest "scratching match" had a curious toundation. A few days ago the Paris newspapers received a despatch from the Havas agency announcing the occupation of Tamsui by the French army in Tonquin. The news was in exact, and the editor of the Mot d'Ordre inserted a note accusing the news-gathering concern with having intentionally deceived its subscribers, and that, too, with a view of affecting the price of government securities. This hurt the feelings of the agency, hence a duel with swords, in which the damage done to the honor of the manager was fully repaired by the scratching of the back of the editor's hand. I don't see that there was any necessity for this duel. The men were perfect strangers to each other, and if any damage to character was committed the case was one for the courts and not for the "field of honor." But it was not, however, about deeds of daring, such as a pistol-shooting at orty paces or swashbuckling with harmless foils that I set out to tell you in this letter. My subject is apropos of the sensational revelation made in book form by a certain M. Mace, who for a very long time was chief of the Paris detectives. Indeed he had been in service thirty years, when he was put on the retired list only a few weeks back, and, as his father was also in active service for thirty years before him, it stands to reason that Mace has some experience of the ways and doings of "fly bobs" in the French capital. Unable while in office to defend his little force against journalistic and political attacks, much less to publicly point out the weak spots in the detective machinery of the town, he now does that duty by answering not only all calumnies, but by

How the Force Itself Can be Strengthened

and improved. I know nothing of the detective service in San Francisco, but I take it to be neither better nor worse than that of Chicago, New York, or Boston and I am bound to state that whatever superiority there may be on the part of the Paris detective department over the same kind of service in America is due to two reasons only: First, the men over here obey orders; and secondly, they are not corruptible. M. Mace is about 50 years of age, and looks like anything but the ideal thiefcatcher. He is small-sized and handsome, has light blue eyes and a kind countenance. Now, that he is out of the harness he lives in the country, where he smokes, plays billiards, and reads novels; but he never read a novel in his life until after his retirement from effice, and the first book he tackled was the "Three Guardsmen" of Alexander Dunnas. The police de surete, or Paris detective force as now organized, has only been in existence about fifty years. Prior to 1832 Gisquel Vidocci had under his orders some thirty men, all. tocq had under his orders some thirty men, all, e himself, ex-convicts. The emoluments of a chief of the force are now very little more in they were half a century ago. According to the set of the detectives may vary from 6000 to 00 francs. M. Mace was an official of the first ss__numble officials are divided, into classes and ass—public officials are divided into classes and be salaries of men discharging the same duties ill vary—and was paid the largest sum. Besides will vary—and was paid the largest sum. Besides this hie received a supplemental salary of 6000 francs, an annual gratification of 2000, and 1800 for traveiling expenses. This gave him a total of \$8550 per annun; but when he retired his pension was calculated on the salary of 8000 francs only. The entire cost of the Paris detective force does not, according to Mace, exceed \$18,000 a year, and yet, in 1882, the men made over 50,000 reports, shadowed 1005 suspected persons, and made something like 5300 arrests. The time was when a detective was rewarded for the arrest of a murderer with a fee of \$20, but now he gets \$6. It is certainly dirt cheap. There are in Parisat least 55,000 persons who, when they get up in the morning, don't know where they will dine or where they will sleep. "We have to watch these people in obedience to the maxim, 'There is the making of a criminal in every vaga-bond,' "says M. Mace, and he divides them into needy persons, idiers, beggars, habitual criminals, thieves and escaped convicts. He mentions the

Who Was Arrested Seventeen Times and convicted of six crimes before he had reached his 20th year. On the whole, the ex-chief takes a gloomy view of the present state of things. "In criminal matters, the only saying is, "Cherchez a femme' (look for the woman), but it is by no means always true that a woman is at the bottom of it. Cherchez la cupidite might also be frequently added, as well as-to our shame be it said-look for the man alongside of the man, for the woman alongside of the woman." M. Mace has naturally a good deal to say of the exploits of the force and of the heroic acts accomplished by his men, often of their own initiative. One man who had just got out of a sick bed jumped into the river after a child and saved it; then he returned home, went to bed, and was taken thence to the cemetery. In the month of December, 1880, three of his men spent three days watching a certain suburban road with a vew of catening the accomplices in the robbery of General Schramm. During the daytime they pretended to be mending the road; at hight they were vagabonds, without food or a place to lodge, and finally they secured the criminals they were after. Last January one of these same brave men shadowed a passer of counterfeit money for two whole weeks—now disguised as a street porter, now as a seller of newspapers, now as a buyer of old umbrellas, and now as a sneakthief—he kept watch of the "coney's" every move until he had him secure and safe in every act. a good deal to say of the exploits of the force and

In March, 1883, four of Mace's detectives captried five desperate criminals who had murdered a rich old widow. They displayed in making this arrest the greatest perspicacity, combined with much courage. While one of the disguised officers was playing the flute in the orchestra of a low was playing the flute in the orchestra of a low hall, frequented by criminals, a second was seiling lead pencils in the street, a third was working in a brickyard with one of the suspected murderers, and the fourth actually joined the gang to which the assassins were known to belong. Here is an illustration of Mace's own method, which consists in getting the better of criminals by fairness and impartiality. When Widow Gras. was brought before him, charged with an attempt on the life of her lover, she protested her innocence so earnestly that Mace said: "I am quite writing to believe you, and also to help you clear yourself. I place my best detectives and all the money necessary at your disposal, and we will carry on the investigation together. Do not deceive me; tell me the truth always, and in return I will permit you to remain at liberty." Everything pointed to her guilt, and to escape from

The Net that She Herself Was Weaving

The Net that She Herself Was Weaving she began to tell lies. Mace sent for her. "You have not kept your promise; you have lied often. You are now under arrest." And she was conicted. Some one recently asked Mace what he thought of the case of the clockmaker, Pel, whose whose female servant is missing, and who is under suspicion of having murdered her and of afterward burning her body. "I think he is guilty," "If you were on the jury would you vote for his

"No, because there is no material proof against him. It I had managed the case I would not have arrested Pel; I would have made the same bargain with him that I made with Mme. Gras. The gain with min that I made with Alme. Gras. The advantage of my system is that if the accused is really innocent I have spared him the disgrace of an arrest. It is an advantage for him and a genuine satisfaction for me." The book contains nothing but truths, and it seems to me that the authorities would do well to adopt the reforms in the policy system; it suggests.

nothing but truths, and it seems to me that the authorities would do well to adopt the reforms in the police system it suggests.

Writing of the personnel of his old department, Mace informs the public that they have no idea of the immense amount of work accomplished by so few detectives. He had 230 men under him, and neither clerk nor secretary to assist him in his work. Nor were these men ever of their own selection. Most of these were men transferred from the regular force. Now, to receive the appointment on the French police, says the ex-chief, one must have a very good backing and the candidates are divided into three classes. The tres recommandes are protected by Free Masons, senators and deputies; the recommandes ordinaires are pushed by aldermen, sous-prefects, and other influential persons; the third class have no protectors, and it goes without saying that they do not get on the force very easily. Mace could depend only on about fifty of his men. Their discipline and professional probity were beyond all sustained. pend only of about fitty of his men. Their discipline and professional probity were beyond all suspicion. As many more were excellent detectives and followed instructions closely as long as they believed them to be not injurious to their protectors. Some of the force would recognize no one as their chief; were always threatening to appeal to their deputy or to their aldermen; would make no

arrests; lived in concubinage with married women; searched his waste-paper basket, hoping to find compromising notes that they might carry to newspapers opposed to his administration; drank

Strong Brandy and Stronger Absinthe; in brief, were absolutely useless. He had on his force one man who had been condemned for seditious cries on the street, and another not only for adultery, but for beating the injured husband; a

third, partially near-sighted, knew nothing whatever of Paris; a fourth, an ex-saloon keeper, had 8000 francs in debts hanging over him; a fifth was forever hanging about the low theatres and cheap concert-rooms; others were so old that they could stand no fatigue, and two or three had the rheu-matism so that they could not walk. Unable to matism so that they could not walk. Unable to get money, his men would take half a day in going and coming to and from some suburb, whereas if he had funds to pay their omnibus fare, the work could have been done in two hours.

There was only one wire between his office and that of the prefect of police; it ran through the office of the chief of the municipal police, whose employes had positive orders to break the circuit whenever Mace attempted to communicate directly with the prefect. The chief of the detectives wanted to put up another wire for telephonic pur-

whenever Mace attempted to communicate directly with the prefect. The chief of the detectives wanted to put up another wire for telephonic purposes, but was refused permission. The municipal authorities finally allowed him a telephone, "but my talior, my shoemaker, my grocer, and even certain fast women of the neighborhood were given the right to go into my office and use it," adds M. Mace most lugubriously. The chief of the regular police and the prefect tried to ofder Mace in different directions. "Go ahead!" telegraphed the prefect, "Stay where you are," wired the police superintendent. "On several occasions," says Mace, "freceived instructions, along about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, from Prefect Camesscasse to arrest all the street-walkers, to sweep the boulevards of all male and female vagabonds. Two hours later the chief of the municipal police would come and order me to leave the women on the boulevard alone. All this was but an encouragement to bad discipline and insubordination," The chief of police seems to have had either a feeling of jealousy or a hatred for the chief of the detectives. He not only frequently thwarted the latter's efforts toward detecting crime and the arrest of criminals, but he detailed men to "pipe off" Mace in all of his movements. His enemies said that Mace kept a mistress in a house on the Quaid de Pfotel de Ville, and that he often went there when he ought to have been at work. The truth was, Mace went to place indicated as often as his duty would permit to pass a few moments with his old mother, now in her Soit hyear, and who had lived in that house for a long time.

GOING HOME FROM CHURCH.

Bitter and Sweet About Equally Mixed in the Courting of Thirty or Forty Years

Ago. [Bloomington Through Mail.]

In these days of social system, we scarcely ver see some of the acts that characterized old time courting. Now, a fellow goes to see his girl in a way then regarded as very cowardly—visits her at her residence and takes her to church leaving no sense of uncertainty as to who will

In the good old days, we all took our chances, and nobody was so base as to try to forestall the natural course of events by rendering competition mpossible on account of monopolizing the best The boys were generous, and gave each other a chance.

ther a chance.

We always sat on the rear benches at church, and when the doxology had been sung and the benediction pronounced, we "slid out." This is he Latin for going outside and ranging ourselves a rows just beyond the door and on either side of the walk leading from it. When the girls came out one at a time, we watched our chances and a sked, the momentous question, "Can I see you asked the momentous question, "Can I see you home tonight?" so low nobody but the girl could hear it, and then walked off with her as proudly as if we had conquered a nation—unless we got "the mitten," sometimes called "the sack" for

"the mitten," sometimes called "the sack" for short.

A good-looking girl often "sacked" as many as a dozen of us before she got through with the exercises of the evening. The less desirable girls generally came out first, and as all of us were bent upon carrying off the prize beauty, were permitted to depart for home tumpolested. Some of their eyes at us, as much as to say, "Molest me if you want to," but we suffered them to depart in peace. When the belle of the evening came to the door, there was a general sigh outside, and those nearest her all tendered her their arms. She would cast her eagle eye over the calf pasture and pick out the one who held highest favor in her eyes, and take his arm and lean lovingly upon it while the other boys found themselves alone in the silent darkness with no more girls to ask and mone to go home with or make them afraid. Slowly and sadiy we took up our weary burdens and meandered lovers the content of we took up our weary burdens and meandered to-ward home, striving to think of some charm that would enable us to overthrow our successful rival.

ward nome, striving to think of some chard that would enable as to overthrow our successful rival.

When the next Sunday was on we repeated the performance, which only varied from what it had been before in the fact that the successful fellow on the one obcasion was liable to get left on the other. I well remember a time when I was "sacked." It made me love the girl worse than I did before, so on the following Sunday evening. I stood right by the side of the fellow whose chances I thought best, and began my question in unison with dis. When she said "yes." I tendered my arm with great prompthess and she accepted it thinking it was the arm of the other fellow, and be thought be was "sacked," and went home alore, while I, who had been "sacked," accompanied the girl and made myseif so agreeable I never had any trouble afterward.

I remember another occasion when a new girl o agreeance I never and any trouble afterward.

I remember another occasion when a new girleame to the village and the boys were all strongment on going home with her. Knowing that acquaintance was nine points in such a case, I bribed my sister with two dishes of ice cream, to bribed my sister with two dishes of free cream, to call on her and take me along for company, and when the lines had been formed on either side of the door as usual, she came out after the other girls had passed and the whole crowd tackled ner. I was sure I had the dead wood on that job, but before she reached the place where I stood, a little, runty son-of-a-gun came strutting along with her clinging to his arm, and I was left to sympathize with the other boys on the co-operative plan. It was very funny for the runt, but it was tough on the remainder of the gang. I tell you, loys of today, buter and sweet were pretty well mixed in the courting of those good days of the long ago.

the long ago. THE TAMING OF LIONS. They Are Not Subdued by Red-hot Irons, but by Moral Suasion.

[London Field.]
Among the erroneous ideas concerning the details of the hon-taming is that red-hot irons are kept in readiness in case of accident to the tamer. Contrary to the general belief, too, a lion tamer does not care to begin with lions too young. As cubs, they are of course easier to handle, but as they grow up their temper may grow worse, and may eventually be spoiled by training. The fraternity say that a hon seldom alters for the worse after he is two or three years old, and that when he reaches that age a competent trainer can tell pretty well whether it will be safe to perform with him or not. "It would be suicide," said a celebrated tamer the otherday, "to go in beside some lions, and I think I can tell in a very few minutes whether a strange lion is or is not safe." Moreover, hons vary in their temperament as much as man. Some lions are quiet enough so long as they are not struck or pulled about; they will jump, sit up and do other feats, but must not be beaten. Others, again, will never make good performers, but will stand a good deal of flogging without turning on the performer. Livingstone, Selous and Anderson have left it on record that in their opinion lions are afraid of man, and will not attack inm unless molested. This is doubtless well known to lion-tamers; and is a trait worse, and may eventually be spoiled by and will not attack and unless molested. This is countiess well known to hon-tamers, and is a trait of which they take as much advantage as possible in their care not to unset a stranger by any violent treatment. Lion tamers, as a rule, prefer lions to honesses, and dislike a troop of both sexes mixed. In such cases the danger of entering the den is quadrupled, and mischief is retty sure to result sooner or later.

The Beds of the German Peasantry. [Ingleside.]

The dwelling house-or, rather, the apartments -are at one end of the barn, and are separated from the store-room for hay and grain by a brick partition. The sleeping apartments are made in the walis of the room, those in the kitchen and dining-room being used by kitchen and dining-room being used by the family, while the one in the parlor is reserved for the stranger within their gares. The walls selected for the beds are the outside ones, as they are thick enough to make a bed of the average width. The walls are plastered micely, and the beds are simply a niche large enough for a bed, the wall presenting an unbroken surface, save the opening where you get into bed. These openings are sometimes of an ordinary height, while others require a step-ladder to reach them, to the complete discomfiture dinary height, while others require a step-ladder to reach them, to the complete discomfiture of the festive bed-bug. The beds are made first of a lot of loose straw, surmounted by a thick feather mattress. This is covered with a sheet, while above it is another mattress of fine feathers made light enough to serve as covers. Just imagine the feelings of an American who has to make and unmake his toilet after getting into bed! The openings in the wall are closed by a calleo curtain except the spare had closed by a calleo curtain except the spare bed ne parlor, which has doors of wood that are ned and shut at pleasure.

What We Know of the South Pole.

(Brooklyn, Eagle.)
What we know of the South pole, then, is simply this: That nobody has got within seven or eight hundred miles of it. That icy barriers were encountered which quite eclipse anything known in countered which quite eclipse anything known in the north frigid zone; that mountains have been seen, one shooting forth volcanic flames, loftier than any discovered by our northern explorers; that all the land there is covered with show at all seasons; that no human being has been met with beyond fifty-six degrees; that no vegetable growth, except lighens, has been seen beyond fifty-eight degrees, and that no land quadruped is known to exist beyond sixty-six degrees.

MAGIC REVEALED.

Mysteries of Legerdemain and Second Sight Explained.

Key to the System by Which a Blindfolded Person May See.

Some of the Tricks Which Won Success for Heller.

[New York Times.]

A few years ago the amusement-loving citizens of New York were mystified beyond measure by the second-sight performances of Robert Heller. They were the talk of the town for many days, because they seemed to be outside the pale of or dinary feats of legerdemain, and to have an almost supernatural character. This diablerie was never explained in any authoritative way that carried conviction to the ordinary mind, although every one formed his own pet theory as to how it was done, which theory was generally upset subse-

The clever performer did some remarkable things in the way of second sight. He could take up a quaint old coin that was brought to the theatre for the express purpose of puzzling him, and Miss Haidee Heller, blindfolded, would tell its nationality, color and date. While he held a lady's watch in his hand, she would describe its appear ance and even give its number, and, best of all, when a person in the audience opened a book at random Miss Heller would tell the number of the page at which it was opened, and read the contents of the page. This trick especially made credulous New Yorkers fancy there was some unknown power at work in the mental or psychological make-up of Miss Heller of Robert Heller, and they were utterly at sea as to how the thing was done. Letters were written to the newspapers ourporting to disclose the secret, but falling widely short of the real truth; magazine articles were published on the subject; theatre parties and social clubs found an interesting topic of dis-cussion in this mighty problem; but everybody, after a while, decided, with Dundreary, that it was one of those things that "no feller can find

Robert Heller fully realized the popular perplexity on the subject, and he would occasionally in his witty, chatty style pretend to give the secre in his witty, chatty style pretend to give the secret away, something after this fashion, at the close of an entertainment: "Ladies and gentlemen—You may say this is magnetism, spiritualism, rheamatism, or what you please, but you will probably decide after all that it is simply Hellerism." This sally, after the curiosity of the audience was whether with the expectation of being able to pluck out the heart of the mystery, usually brought down the house, and everybody left the theater with the pleasant sense of having been delightfully puzzled beyond their powers of comprehension. So long as Heller could

Make a Fortune Out of the Second-Sight Business

it is not at all strange that the story of his art was never accurately told, and that many bright minds puzzled themselves over it and never dis covered the truth is testimony to the remarkable system which was mastered by him and his apt oupil. Miss Heller. It is the purpose of this article, however, to give in brief such an insight article, however, to give in brief such an insight into Helier's methods as will enable the veriest tyro to at least understand how the trick was accomplished, even if he should not have the natural ability and quickness of perception to master its details sufficiently well to repeat it before a parlor full of amazed listeners. The disciosures herein made come substantially from a well-known young amateur of Brooklyn, Mr. Harry S. Livingston, who learned from Heller's own its some of his well-kept secrets, and from E. J. Dale, who was an assistant of the magician on the stage, or a "confederate," as cynical specta-

J. Daie, who was an assistant of the magician on the stage, or a "confederate," as cynical spectators would say, for some time, and was the assistant of Mr. Livingston for two years. Mr. Livingston, who has followed the pursuit of scientific magic purely from a love of the art, and is seen in public only in connection with entertainments for 'sweet charity's sake," has in his \$10,000% ollection of magical apparatus many articles used by Heller in his performances in the old hall in Twenty-fourth street, now known as the Madison Square Theatre. As Heller is dead, and Miss Heller is reported to be in London delighting Englishmen of the world and American tourists in the role of a dispenser of beverages that delight the interior man, no harm can evidently come to any one by a plain recital of the whole matter. The few magicians who pretend to possess the gift of second sight have much simpler systems, which are far less surprising to the average spectator than Heller's, and in comparison are puerlie and unworthy of consideration. than Heller's, and in comparison are puerile and unworthy of consideration.

Heller had several methods of performing the trick, which he would change from night to night to prevent discovery at the hands of those persistent persons who attended his scances every evening in order to finally discomit him by a discovery. By using several methods a night every-body would be more mystified than ever. In the first place, Heller formed as a basis of his operations a list of over 400 articles, which would cover almost everything that an audience would be likely to bring to a theatre. This was subdivided into a group of thirteen. These series were committed to memory by Heller and his fair assistant in the order in which they were arranged. For instance, here is one of the series that was used to give the color of an article, or the first inirteen letters of the alphabet, or the numerals herewith stated. As will be seen, the color, letter, or number was obtained by the way in which

The Question Was Framed

Can you maine this
Can you give this?White-2-b.
Can you tell thisRed-3-c.
What's this?Blue-4-d.
What is this?Violet-5-c.
And this?Black-6-f.
This is what?Green-7-g.
Will you name this? Pink-8-h.
Will you give this?Purple-9-1.
Will you tell this?Drab-0-1.
Name thisOld gold-17-k.
Give thisMixture-18-1.
Tell thisYellow-1/2-m.
The cue to this series, if the color of an object
was asked for, is "color." "Can you name this
color?" would be brown, of course; "Can you give
this color?" white, and so on. If any other letters
of the alphabet were wanted, say, to tell the mono-
gram on a watch or sleeve-button, a snap of the
hnger would accompany the question, the remain-
ing letters in the alphabet bearing the same rela-

tive position to the series given. For instance, N, the fourteenth letter in the alphabet, would be given by asking the first question, "Can you name this letter?" accompanied by a snap of the fingers. this letter?" accompanied by a snap of the fingers. The fifteenth letter in the alphabet would require he second question, and so through the list. Heller's success in this and other methods de-Heller's success in this and other methods depended largely on his own marvellous memory and the memory of Haidee Heller, and when he put one of these or other questions to her, in the most natural and off-hand manner in the world, she would respond as quicking as if the object were right before her eyes. This will be readily recalled by any one who has ever seen one of his performances. There was another series of questions which was used in the same way, the cubeing color for colors, precious stones for such, these different groups of thirteen each being classified in the order of the series of questions already given, or of this series:

How—1—a. Very well—8—h.

s series: Very well—8—h. See—9—i. Well—0—j. Here—17—k. Quick—18—l. Look sharp—1/2—m.

Go on-6-f.
And here—7-g.

A snap of the finger would accomplish the same A snap of the finger would accomplish the same purpose in this series as in the other.

The system of the elder Hermann and of Houdin was very cumbersome and apparent. A long string of questions would sometimes have to be asked to get at a very simple object, and the system was, moreover, very much circumscribed and inadequate to the purpose. Mention has been made of

in this list: Stone, cloth, gum, putty, leather, cork,

marble, glass, ore, ivory, rubber, wood and hair

The metals chosen were: Gold, silver, brass,

Heller's Classification of Objects into groups of thirteen. Materials were arranged

nickel, steel, tin, lead, platinum, mercury, copper, bronze, zinc and iron. Precious stores were: Diamond, topaz, emerald, ruby, amethyst, bloodbronze, Zinc and Iron. Precious stores were:
Diamond, topaz, emerald, ruby, amethyst, bloodstone, opai, cameo, cat's-eye, sapphire, onyx, carbuncle and pearl. Designs were arranged in this
order: Skuil, head, musical instrument, house,
figure, insect, coin, star, monogram, three links,
square and compass, strap and buckle, and
weapon. Leading countries were also systemadized in this way, and, as for playing cards, the
ten numbered cards corresponded with the first
ten questions in a series, and the jack, queen and
king with the three last questions.

Heller and his assistant used every means for
dramatic effect. Taking up a watch, he would
give the proper cue to Miss Heller, who, knowing
full well what the object was, would describe it as
a round object and bright, and finally, after seeming difficulty, would say what it was amid
much applause. The number of the watch
was given by means of the system stated.
"Can you give" the number was the
cue for units, "tell the" for tens, "will you
give" for hundreds, "what's the" for thousands,
and "give the" for hundreds of thousands. Say
the watch was numbered 2082. Heller would
remark, "What's the number" on this, giving the
cue for thousands thereby, and adding "how,"
which will be seen by reference to the second
series of questions given stands for "2." Miss
Heller would slowly reply, "Two thousand," and
Heller would respond, "Very well," "how," which
would ellcit from his assistant "82" at once,
Heller, however, had other systems for performing the second-sight trick. One of them called

electricity into play. There was an armature and magnet in the bottom of the lounge upon which Miss Heller sat, and for ordinary articles there were thirteen telagraphic signals that Dale, who was on the stage concealed from view, would telegraph to her. She could feel the pulsations of the magnet, and would know at once what the article was that Heller was holding in his hand without saying a word. It was especially puzzling to many persons to see Heller take up an article from some person in the audience, and, although he apparently gave no sign and certainly did not speak, Miss Heller would promptly say what it was. They did not know how simple the solution was. When Heller played in his Broadway theatre, now Harrigan & Hart's, there was lattice-work on the front of the stage covered with artificial flowers. Behind this sat Mr. Dale. Miss Heller was seated blindfolded, with her, back to the audience. Heller would take up some article from the first or second row, and Mr. Dale, through a strong opera-giass

Slyly Penetrating the Lattice. could see very clearly what it was and would telegraph to Miss Heller. To vary the system as much as possible, Dale on some nights would communicate to her through a speaking tube that ran through the stage floor up through the lounge where she sat.

Perhaps the most impudent thing in the way of

audacity that Heller ever did was the book trick. A gentleman in the rear of the audience, apparently from the country, would hold up a volume and say: "Now, I'd like Miss Heller to volume and say: "Now, I'd like Miss Heller to tell me what I've got in my hand." Heller would appear annoyed, would not notice him further than to say: "You should have spoken of this sooner," in a nettled tone. Suspidion would grow that Heller was 'stuck," and finally, as the gentleman, who was generally a dude, was persistent, the great magician would elict from Miss Heller that it was a book. Then he would go on the stage, and in order to make the bandage over Miss Heller's eyes doubly effective apparently, he would tie a glove over each eye. They, however, would be tied in such a way as to form a sort of French roof over each optic, so that Miss Heller could see very well looking down. The dude wanted to know the name of the book, and after due consideration Miss Heller would say, for instance. Rawlinson's "History of the Ancient Egyptians." Heller would tell the dude to put a playing card in the book at random and open it. It was done, and Heller would glance at the page, and, asking Miss Heller the proper questions, she would at once give its number. The astonished dude verified the answer. Then Miss Heller would proceed to read the contents of the page, to the amazement of everybody. This trick was not done every night. The explanation is simple. Miss Heller had a duplicate book, and the dude was another confederate. When she got the cue for the page and gave it, she turned to the audience, and coolly read its contents. The book was kept concealed in a secret pocket of the lounge, and was quietly returned there before she left the stage. tell me what I've got in my hand." Heller would

was quietly returned there before she left the stage.

Before a performance of second-sight Heller would often borrow half a dozen articles from the audience and put them in a hat. Half an hour later he would let any one in the audience, when he fished out an article, ask Miss Heller what it was. She could always answer. This seems strange, but it is simple as any other mystery when it is explained. Before the performance of second-sight Heller would find occasion to go on the stage, either to bandage Miss Heller's eyes or something of the sort, and he would tell her quickly, and in a very low tone of course, the contents of the hat. She would remember the articles in the order in which he enumerated them, and Heller was careful to pick them out of the hat in the same order. Of course, he would not allow any person in the audience to e would not allow any person in the audience to

These are the various systems used by Heller in These are the various systems used by Heller in his second-sight business. Murder will out, and so will magicians' tricks, and these explanations may be accepted as the truth of the whole matter. Of course there are very many other details connected with the performance of magic which it is unnecessary to go into here. They are simply cumulative. Anybody with an excellent memory and a quickness of perception can do the most difficult trick with the aid of another person similarly gifted.

JIM'S INVESTMENTS.

A Colored Citizen Demonstrates Why Signs of Good Luck are Useless in Certain

Contingencies. (Mark Twain in January Century. Jim knowed all kinds of signs. He said he knowed 'most everything. I said it tooked to me like all the signs was about bad luck, and so I asked him if there warn't any good luck in signs.

"Mighty few-an' dey ain' no use to a body. What you want to know when good luck's a-comin for?-want to keep it off?" And he said: "If you's got hairy arms en a hairy breas', it's a sign dat you' agwyne to be rich. Well, dey's some use in a sign like dat, 'kase it's so fur ahead. see, may be you's got to be po' a long time fust, en so you might git discourage' en kill yo'sef'i you didn' know by de sign dat you gwyne to be rich bymeby."

"Have you got hairy arms and a hairy breast, What's de use to ax dat question? Don't you

"What's de use to ax dat question? Bon't you see I has?".

"Well, are you rich?"

"No; but ben rich wunst, and gwyne to be rich agin. Wunst I had fo'teen dellars, but I tuck to speculat'n, en got busted out."

"What's de use to ax dat question? Bon't you prayer. A young man with three or four fin and half a dozen ribs broken at a game of ball is next morning in no mood for praying.

"What's de use to ax dat question?"

Prayer. A young man with three or four fin and half a dozen ribs broken at a game of ball is next morning in no mood for praying.

Only a Cirl.

What did you speculate in, Jim?" Well, fust I tackled stock."

"What kind of stock?"

"Why, live stock. Cattle, you know. I put \$10 in a cow. But I ain' gwyne to resk no mo' money in stock. De cow up'n died on my han's."

"So you lost the \$10?"

"No; I didn't lose it all. I on'y los' 'bout nine of it. I sole de hide en taller for a dollar en ten cents."

of it. I sole de hide en taller for a dollar en ten cents."
You had \$5 10 left. Did you speculate any more?"
"Yes. You know dat one-laigged nigger dat b'longs to ole Misto Bradish? Well, he sot up a bank, en say anybody dat put in a dollar would git fo' dollars mo' at de en' er de year. Well, all de niggers went in, but dey didn' have much. I wuz de on'y one dat had much. So I stuck out for mo' dan fo' dollars, en I sald' I didn' git I i'd start a bank mysef. Well, o' course dat nigger want' to keep me out er de business, bekase he say dey warn't business 'nough for two banks, so say dey warn't business 'nough for two banks, so hessay I could put in my five dollars en he pay me thirty-five at de en' er de year. "So I done it. Den I reck'n'd I'd inves' de \$35 right off en keep things a-movia'. Dey wuz nigger name' Bob, dat had ketched a wood-flat, e

nigger name' Bob, dat had ketened a wood-nat, en his marster didn't know it; en I bought it off'n hin, en told him to take de \$35 when de en' er de year come; but somebody stole de wood-flat dat night, en nex' day a one-laigged nigger say de bank's busted. So dey didn't none uv us git no "What did you do with the ten cents, Jim?"

"What did you do with the ten cents, Jim?"
"Well, I 'uz gwyne to spen' it, but I had a
dream, en de dream tole me to give it to a nigger
name' Balum—Balum's Ass dey call him, for
short; he's one er dem chuckle-heads, you know.
But he's lucky, dey say, en I see I warn't lucky.
De dream say let Balum inves' de ten cents en
he'd make a raise for me. Well, Balum he tuk
de money, en when he wuz in church he hear de
preacher say dat whoever give to de po' len' to de
Lord, en boun' to git his money a hund'd times. preacher say dat whoever give to de po' len' to de Lord, en boun' to git his money a hund'd times. So Balum he tuck en give de ten cems to de po', en laid low to see what wuz gwyne to come of it." "Well, what did come of it, Jim?" "Nuffin' never come of it. I couldn't manage to k'leck dat money no way; en Balum he couldn't. I ain' gwyne to len' no mo' money 'dout I see de security. Boun' to git yo' money back a hund'd times, de preacher says! Ef I could git de ten cents back I'd call it squah, en be glad er de chaust."

glad er de charst."
"Well, it's all right anyway, Jim, long as you're "Well, it's all right anyway, Jim, long as you're going to be rich again, some time or other."

"Yes—en I's rich now, come to look at it. I owns myse'l, en I's wurth eight hund'd dollars. But live stock's too resky, Huck. I wisht I had de eight hund'd dollars, en somebody else had de nigger."

A Full Moon In His Room. [New York Letter in Portland Argus.] An extremely dignified elderly bachelor, who

was wild in his younger days, but who has been a choice blossom of propriety lo! these many years ives at our house this winter. There is an ancient stovepipe hole through the wall which divides the bachelor's room from an unoecupied one, which hole is covered and hidden by wall paper, and the bachelor knew not of its existence. He had made a few bets on the election, as is the custom of bachelors, whether old or young, and on Saturday night last ne collected those bets and treated the "boys," aged from 50 to 70 years. He is a stanch old Democrat, and had lost all his bets and been defeated for many years; hence it is not at all strange that upon this occasion he became as "glorious" as Tam o' Shanter aforetime. At a late hour he came home in what had been his normal nightly condition twenty years before, and stumbled up to his room. Now, it so chanced that there was a visitor in the unoccupied room that night, the gaslights whereby shone dimly into the bachelor's room through the paper which covered the round stovepipe hole. The bachelor saw that light at once and gazed at it with eyes of horror. Terror-stricken, he ran with boylsh speed to a friend's room, and bursting the door he walled in a volce lond enough to waken every inmate of the house: "Take care of me, Charlie; I have not bed them for twenty week here." divides the bachelor's room from an unocdoor he walled in a voice lond enough to waken every inmate of the house: "Take care of me, Charle; I have got them again. I have not had them for twenty seven years, but they have come back again. Save me, Charlie, save me!" Charley endeavored to soothe him by asserting that he was all right, etc., whereupor the old fellow roared: "I know I have them, for it was a time." saw a full moon in my room! as full as a tick!"

Model Letter Asking for a Friend's Picture. [Chicago Rambler.] 11,022 Michigan avenue, Chicago.

MY DEAR CHARLES-I understand that you have just had some photographs taken, and, should you have one to spare. I should like very much to have a picture of you, as I desire to place it on the mantleplece to keep the children from With kind regards, I am falling into the fire.

Most sincerely yours.

AUGUSTUS HAIRBANG.
To Mr. Charles Clawhammer.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

(MacDonald's "Phantastes."]
Alas, how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much or a kiss too strong,
And there follows a mist and a sweeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

The Limitations of Sex. "All a woman asks is to be loved." And she can't ask that except during leap year.

> In Miss Kate L.'s Birthday Book. [Charles Henry Webb in January Century.] We parted, and mine eyes were wet; Thine, too, I think were brimming With tears or brine? Love, I forget; Could it be both? I think not. Yet, You know we were in swimming.

> > One of the Solid Men.

A young bride enumerating the many good qualitles of her husband to a friend, said, "and then he is so big and stout that he is just splendid to sit on the Bible and press autumn leaves."

Osculatory.

[Jingo.]
She—You gave her a kiss! How can you deny it?
He—'Twas nothing amiss.
She—You gave her a kiss! He—Exactly like this.

She—You'd better not try it!

You gave her a kiss—

How can you deny it?

When Aleck Hedged.

[Arkansaw Traveller.]
Class in ancient history. Teacher—"Well, after
Alexander the Great had conquered the world—in fact, after he had done all the meanness possible, what did he then do?" Wicked boy-"He joined

the church, sir." The Half-Ring Moon. John B. Tabb in January Century.

Over the sea, over the sea,
My love he is gone to a far countree;
But he broke a golden ring with me,
The pledge of his faith to be. Over the sea, over the sea,
He comes no more from the far countree;
But at night, where the new moon loved to be,
Hangs the half of a ring for me.

Reminder of the Recent Cold Snap.

[Virginia (Neb.) Enterprise.] "Very cold last night, Mr. Townsend," observed the reporter. "Cold! I should say so. Wens ome; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; blaze frozen; had to break it off," replied Mr. Townsend.

Freckles-A Rhyme for Little Country Ciris. [F. A. Phinney.]

The great sun saw a little maid Out playing in his light, And many a kiss to the little miss He threw, it is said, Ere night.

They floated down on golden hair, On dimpled cheek and chin And at last one goes to her little brown nose, But she doesn't care

One of the Popular Fallacies.

(Somerville Journal. The New York Sun says: "The reporter is a hald-working, well-meaning man. Take him in and treat him well." The only remark we have to make on this is, that you can't take him in, but he will take all the treating he can get.

Here By My Fire.

(Frank Dempster Sherman in January Century.)
Here by my fire, which cracks and glows, Idly I sit, while fleecy snows
Are lying on the earth's cold breast,
And muse on all that I love best,
Forgetful of my wants and woes.

Soft-footed sleep a touch bestows,

And weary eyelids part way close, And fitfully I wake and rest Here by my fire. The flames are full of friends and foest Of her I dream. This girlish guest

May share my seat some time—who knows?— Here by my fire. Not in the Proper Mood.

[Philadelphia Call.]
The Harvard students continue a vigorous agltation against compulsory attendance at morning prayer. A young man with three or four fingers and half a dozen ribs broken at a game of foot

[Ruth Hall in Outing.] I hear a sharp ring on the frosty way.

And I catch the gleam of a cycle bright,
Just a glimpse of a form in Quaker gray,
And then, the dear boy! he is out of sight. Ah, out and away, ere the sun is high,
While the early clouds are all rose and pearl,
And the air like a wine that is bright and dry; And I'm-only a girl.

I think of the hollows where leaves lie dead: Of the gaunt trees' shadows against the sky; Of the cool, clear stretch of blue overhead, And the low, lush meadows he rattles by. I look on the road with its dusty track, Where the wind-gusts meet to whistle and whirl; And-yes! I may look for his coming back, For I'm only a girl.

I may watch and wait all day for the ring Of his pretty plaything's glistening st And, dressed in my gavest, may sit and sing Over my work till I hear the wheel. Then I shall see the eyes o' my lad, And he a cheek and a dropping curl

And-well, yes-perhaps-I'm a little glad
That I'm only a girl. The Bishop's Misfortune. [London Letter in American Paris Register.]
An epicurean bishop was neatly taken in by a smart boy at Banbury. Being desirous of tasting the famous cake, he beckoned to the lad to come to him to the window of the railway carriage, and asked the price of the cakes. "Three pence each, sir," replied the boy. Giving him six pence, the bishop desired him to bring one, and added, as he other three pence." Presently the boy returned,

pence in coppers to the bishop, announced in the most ingenuous manner, "There was only one left, Bide a Wee, and Dinna Fret. [Every Other Saturday.] Is the road very dreary?

Patience yet!
Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary, And after night cometh the morning cheery, Then bide a wee, and dinna fret. The clouds have silver lining,

Don't forget;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining.
Courage! instead of tears and vain repining,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret. With toil and cares unending-

Art beset?

Bethink thee how the storms from heaven descend Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending, Grief sharper sting doth borrow

From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret. An over-anxious brooding

A host of fears and fantasies deluding; Then, brother, lest these torments be intruding, Just bide a wee, and dinna fret. Praise the Bridge that Carries You Over

neaven by terror of hell fire. It is not a manly nor a dignified way to come into heaven on a run and a-jump, with a face distorted by fright, like a man banging into his house just ahead of a sudden thunder storm. But still, isn't it better to scare him into heaven on the run, like a scared dog, rather than leave him out altogether? If a man can't be got to turn his face heavenward any other way, I say, shake him over the pit till he smells brinstone. I am not so good a man, my boy, that I am liable to be translated. My goodness is not so excessively great that it hurts me to carry it round. But I want to be better, every

[Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.]
True, my son, I do not like to drive a man into

day. I want to go to heaven some day. I hope I will. And if some good, big-souled, strong-lunged, loud-singing old Baptist revivalist, like Elder Swan. God bless him, or Knapp, or Raymond, should get after me and chase me into heaven with a firebrand, after I got in I would turn around and thank him and bless him for a thousand years. Ah! my son, after we get to heaven, thousands and millions of us will show each other our backs to show how we were scourged into Paradise.

PRINCESS THURNELDA:

THE OLD DANE'S SECRET.

HARRY W. FRENCH.

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CHAPTER VII.

AT THE GATE OF HELL.

Colonel Wolzenn found the long ride to St.
Petersburg a remarkable relief to his anxious heart, and before he had reached his destination he began to think he might have been mistaken, might have done better to remain; and, indeed, to thoroughly wish himself back again.

Whatever his motive was in this sudden departure, he did not carry out his design thon reaching St. Petersburg. His leave of absence was yet but haif expired. He did not report upon duty, but while resilessly waiting for further developments, he turned to the south, simply intending to wander as far as his time allowed and then turn about.

the old countess and her daughter were on their way to Switzerland.

Just as the coach stopped, the colonel heard the countess say to her daughter:

"This is the third time, my child, that you have been here." She called her child, though she was a woman of seven-and-twenty, and a beautiful woman, too. "This is where we met your father when he came from his last war." Then the old countess wiped the chronic tear which invariably for five-and-twenty years had appeared in the same corner of the same eye, with that name, to meet the mourning handkerchief which was always lifted at just that moment, by some mysterious combination.

always lifted at just that moment, by some mysterous combination.

Colonel Wolzonn had been suffering from nervous exchement, long expecting something which
had never come, and while he had started forward joyfully as he saw the great crest of Von
Kramareff coming up, upon the coach and the
harnesses of the horses, and had even stood so
close to the door that he had heard what the old
countress said, it was no sooner spoken than
he fell suddenly behind, thanking fortune that
they apparently had not seen him, and before the
door was opened by the dusty footman Colonel
Wolzonn had disappeared about the corner of the
barcony.

member how she once carried St. Petersburg with mad delight over her acting? Poor thing! She is a miserable beggar now, I am totd. After she became entangled with the father of the present Shahovska of Falcon Rock her husband cast her off, and still she was false, and the Shahovska cast her off, and then she went onto the stage, you know, and after that brilliant success she sometow turned bad again, and began to drink and all that, and now she is utterly destitute. But she did not seem like that. I knew nothing of it when we met her here. And she seemed so good and happy, and laughing all the time, that we all loved her. The old Shahovska supported her while he lived, but when he died that ended too. The present Shahovska knows nothing about it, I am told. We are learning a deal about the Shahovskas of late. You should fall you full of gossip."

"Where do you find it all?" the colonel asked, indifferently. For the Shahovska was not, to him, an interesting subject.

"Why, mamma's nephew. Young Charlovitz.

"Where do you find it all?" the colonel asked, indifferently. For the Shahovska was not, to him, an interesting subject.

"Why, mamma's nephew. Young Charlovitz, you know, has been appointed by his highness as chaplain. It is a wonderful thing for one so young as he, for the priests of Falcon Rock have always been among the oldest and most celebrated in the land, you know. But the prince has taken a great liking to him. He knew him in school, I think. And of course Father Charlovitz learns a great deal about everything, and then he never calls upon mamma but she manages to know all that he does before he goes away. I don't suppose the poor young priest has the least idea that he tells her anything. There, Here we are, at last. Have a taked fast enough to make the time slip by? This is the rock. I remember it so well. The poor, poor Offenbach sat down here and laughed. Oh, I am so sorry for her, even it she was so bad. And it don't seem as though one really could be so very, very bad, and laugh like that. Now! Look there, do you see it? There it is."

"There what is?" asked the colonel. The countess' deughter laughed.

"I have just been waiting and waiting for that question," she saft. "Have you just no curiosity?" She sat down upon a rock to rest for a moment before they went on. She was superby beautiful in the bewliching moonlight. It was with a strained, tunatural calmness that he replied:

"I am a soldier, my lady. Curiosity is not a part of my profession."

"But tonight you are not a soldier. You are anyl a man."

Was she tempting him, to see how much he could endure, and still remember that a year before he had asked her to marry him and she

could endure, and still remember that a year before he had asked her to marry him and she, had told him no? He was not looking at her. His face was turned toward the night as he

His face was turned toward the night as he replied—
"I have been enough of a man to ask."
"That is just like you, Colonel Wolzonn. But tell me; do you believe in ghosts?"
He started, then with a snudder looked over his shoulder and turned half about. "Do you see it?" he asked, in a husky voice.
The lady laughed. "It is only an old woman who lives over there, unless she's dead, and I think not. This path is too well trodden. I amairald that I almost believe she can tell one everything that their life has been and just what it will be."
The officer breathed a long, tremplans sigh. It

erything that their life has been and just what it will be."

The officer breathed a long, tremulous sigh. It was bad enough, but better than it might be. He Biruggled to reply indifferently:

"In truth, my lady, I am not much a believer in what I cannot see and understand, except that it is something that I cannot understand, and there I let it rest. We will go on if you are ready."

The walls of a low-roofed hovel rose grim and forenodingly black against the sky as they advanced; for it was built upon a summit of the lower hills. One would have known, without being told, that it was the home of some unearth y zenza. The very moonlight seemed to loath it and leave it alone, there on the eage of a black forest. The first sight sent a shiver creeping Brough the soldier's veins.

"Will you knock?" asked the countess' daughter; and the colonel hesitated before the door.

"Will you knock?" asked the countess' daughter; and the colonel hesitated before the door.

"Yes, yes," he replied, but he did not move. Cold perspiration stood on his forehead, not chilled by the wind. Long, quivering shadows stretched toward them from the pine trees. Snow fell with a muffled each over a distant precipice, wrapped in its swadding clothes of clouds. Then the silence which followed and the echoes were more ghostly than before. The countess' daughter stepped forward. Sname drove the officer to obey, and three times he foughed the door. The first rap he hardly heard himself, and the last was even fainter, but he started back, with a muttered curse dying upon his jips, and waited. A strange terror seized him. There was no response. No one could nave heard him, and without a motion he saw the countess' daughter pass him and rap within it was blacker than without, but the Lady Kramareff stepped cautiously over the threshold and entered. Mechanically, Colouel Wolzena fol-

Kramareff stepped cautiously over the threshold and entered. Mechanically, Colonel Wolzonn fol-

wed.

"Is it you, Helwig?" the lady asked.

"Helwig?" shricked a shrill voice that might as well have come from the throat of an eagle reched upon one of those distant craigs, for all there was in it to mulcate a near human

being; "and who else would be living at the, gate of hell to tell people their comings?"

But the dank odor of burned drugs scemed to stupify him, and in a half-conscious state Colonel Wolzonn followed into a little room with a single window, and the monolight shining on it penetrated a single square where the glass remained. All the rest were filled with rags.

"Do you know me, Helwig?" asked the Lady Kramereff.

"You!" cried the same voice, still coming from somewhere far away in the distance. "And it's few that I don't know."

A little blue and yellow flame sprang sputtering and flickering up in a cup of oil. Then the creature—whether man, won/an or beast, the colonel could not tell—held the cup above a head covered with gray, disheveiled hair, and shaded the eyes with a hand with long, huge-jointed fingers, black with burned surbour and wrinkled with age, concluding in curing, twisting nails. The fingers were pressed together, but the light still shone in irregular patches between the joints, over the withered face of a hag who how-advanced a step or two, and even Lady Kramareff drew back and watted with a shudder as this Urim prepared her reply.

"You," she cried again. "Ave, ave. "Twas

wanced a step or two, and even Lady Kramareff drew back and wanted with a shudder as this Urim prepared her reply.

"You," she cried again. "Aye, aye. "Twas you who came to ask me of your father. Murdered I told you, by a stripling whom you knew well and whom your father loved." She nodded her head with a fiendish grin. Cotonel Wolzonn was standing behind Lady Kramareff.

"Yes, you are right. You know me, Helwig," replied the lady. "I am full of f. ith tonight. I shail believe every thing. Take this, and tell me what is coming. Tell me truty and you shall have another when you have done."

The hag took the coin, held it for a moment under the light, and threw it into a broken urn, muttering "gold," with an unearthly chuckle.

A copper caldron served her for a furnace, and in it a fire was soon crackling. Then out of it came a thick, white smoke of sulphur burning. It was Yama Dehramrajah Fataia, riding in his coach. The little jits of fame searched deeper into the corners than the lamp could penetrate, disclosing in one two ghastly bones, bleached white, hanging crossed above a pile of straw. In another corner, tugging restlessly upon his chain, grinding a plum stone between his teeth, grinned an ape, while two yellow eyes glared at him from the head of a black cat.

Lady von Kramareff drew closer to the officer, trembling a little and starting in terror as the reflection from his glasses, which had failen and were swinging upon the chain, danced over the wall.

The witch began a wild chant, which grew louder, till she whined and cried like a Southern hyena when the moon is rising out of the Syrlan desert. Then she threw more sulphur on the fire and sat upon the ground. The native earth was the floor of her dwelling. In her unintelligible incantations she seemed reproducing Gray's:

Facing to the Northern clime.
Thrice be traced the Runic rhyme—
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

Even the sullen sound was not wanting, and

close to the door that he had beard wint the countries, and, it was no some spoken that they apparently ind not seen thin, and before the door was opened by the dusty foothana Colone and the property of the countries of the cou

will. Time shall try for you. My fire is almost dead. I cannot see how it will end. Give me your gold if you are satisfied and go your way."

It was Colonel Wolzonn who gave the gold this time, and strangely, perhaps, he had conceived a very friendly feeling for the old hag, and mentally resolved to visit her alone some time. But for this night his lips were sealed in shence and the countess' daughter did not choose to break it.

She was thinking. She was saying to herself, "How true—how very true—were the words of the witch, so far as she understood them." She was thinking of Colonel Wolzonn. She remembered the piah and singhe hope which he had offered—to se the wife of an army officer; of how he had said, "For thy song and thy beauly I will cherish and love thee," and of how she had turned away. Then she remembered another, who came directly after him, with a great title and a handsome face, and the promises of a brilliant life which had been held out to her, and of how she had told him "Yes." And then, almost at the last moment, how a mere accident had uncovered a wolf in that sheep's clothing. And the next? It would be some one who did not wish her—some one who wild simply open the door to her, and would not even close it after she had entered. And she was to escape, and be captured by another against her will, and what was to be sold in the market at the bottom of a raging sea? And the last picture? What would that be?

These were the thoughts she was thinking. No wonder she was silent.

Valuly she tried to convince herself that she did

These were the thoughts she was thinking. No wonder she was sitent.

Valuly she tried to convince herself that she did not believe the prophecy. The past was true. She knew every line of it. But another day brought forgetfulness with it, and during the summer in Switzerland she so far shook off the terror and dread, that, with the aid of a wise-headed mother, she arranged a plan that should neither more nor less than carry out the old bag's prophecy, without at once perceiving that she was doing just that, and nothing more.

THE OLD DANE'S PALACE.

danchies of the Counters von Kramared."

THE OLD DANE'S PALACE.

Immediately upon reaching the capital Colonel Wo Zoun role at once to Falcon Rock, but the way were closed. The officer questioned the long master in vain as to the whereabouts of his master. The prince had returned from the hutter again; gone in his own calcele, four horses, two drivers, a valet and two saddies. This was the only information.

Again; gone in his own calcele, four horses, two drivers, a valet and two saddies. This was the only information.

The best of absence, and he started from the capital on horse-back before day, left in east morning, and rode thirty versts, to the nost state occurred to the control of the capital on horse-back before day, left in enext morning, and rode thirty versts, to the nost state occurred to the control of the

narrow streets, where the only nghts to be seen looked like meteors, millions of miles away, with a misty halo about each of them, the hunchback turned into a norrower alley, where not a light was to be seen in any direction.

The last gray of the daylight had given place to the blackest hight. The thin, ill-shapen hand of the hunchback slid along the wall of the alley, to detect some sign or other, when should felt him

Life is a golden goblet,
Brimming with wine;
And now quiff I the sparkling foam.
And now, the butter of the dregs—
They shall be mine.

And now, the bitter of the dregs—
They shall be mine.

Be did not even notice the entrance of the hunchback. He was looking at the picture. Nervously tapping the table with his fingers, he murmured, "When will this everlasing almost, end in one success? Oh, Arnus of Etrura, have you no better sooth for me?"

"What's he being doing to you now?" squeaked the hunchback, in that shrill falsetto so common when the lungs are out of shape.

"Ha! little one, what business have you there," said the man by the table, still frowning as though the "dregs" were very bitter.

"You are thinking of that girl, I'll be bound," said the hunchback, giving no heed to the question.

"How soon will you obey me," said the other, springing to his feet.

"I've dreamed more'n once, of late, that h's fil luck coming to you from some quarter. I'll bet li's she!"

"Hold your tongue or I'll choke you," exclaimed

rises like a mental mirage with that strange spell!
A name!

When the storm of oaths had spent itself the head fell wearily down upon the folded arms.

"So the Shahovska has found her," he muttered, "and he has gone to complete his discoveries. He is bold; he is honest. Fool! My Lord Count Olendorf, your little plans and mine are drooning. Do you realize the fact? Thank fortune I did not do the work myself. Some one will suffer for it when it all comes out."

Then he was silent—along time silent—and the fog dritted outside, and the lamp flickered inside, till the fog dritted uself quite away without, and the lamp flickered itself out within and the moon shone over the ragged red tile roofs, and through a little window. It marched slowly over the floor, crept up the bended back, over the bowed head, off the extended finger tips, and then disappeared again, after flashing for a moment on the great seal ring, and the air was gray with dawhing when the head was lifted again.

"H'm," said the man moodliy, "I must have been asleep. Yes, and that was an ugly dream, curse it! Very bad! What a victous smell nereabout! And my light is out! I did not put it out. No. Ugh! The Prince of Falcon Rock and Thurnelda cutting off my arm, while Colonel Wolzonn and the daughter of the Countess von Kranareff were hotding me! Ugh! My arm is asleep. That is the troubie."

He opened the window, and, invigorated by the fresh air, he stepped into the corner of the room, and, opening a secret door, disappeared for a moment with the package of money taken from the letters the night before. He returned a little later covered with dust, and with a hand full of glittering gold coins.

"There's force," he said, "in the old Spanish proverb that There's no lock but a golden key will open it." If Thurnelda and the Shahovska fai' me, then I must and I will win back the daughter of the Countess von Kranareff."

Now all of this I sturbance was caused by nothing more nor less than the over-quick suspicion of Coinel Wolzonn's nervously weary mind. And

As the sun crossed the heridian the heat day, Victor, alone upon horseback, skirted the mill, in a wide circle, saying, "I am not come to visit you and your Isla today, great imiler of Arantha, so pray keep on with your grinding and do not disturb me."

and your Isla today, great inflier of Arantha, so pray keep of with your grinding and do not disturb me."

The long white arms swung away, obediently, as though the miller had heard, and the prince soon found finiself by the grotto, which had become a little throne-room in his heart. The gurgling brook and the mossy log looked lonely and bare, for the charm was wanting that would have made sahark as fair as the first garden of the Euphrates. He sought a little farther. A merry laugh drew him toward the lake. A little hearer and the pratitle of the tongue which he had longed to hear again roused now instead of joy the auxious question: "Who is she speaking to? Has she found another dismounted wanderer?"

He urged his horse close to the water and drew away the overhanging branches.

On, thou world of swift victistitudes!

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "I thought her the type of innocence! And here! She is no novice after all. She is treating another to the same artiulness with which she conquered me! What a fool I have been to place confluence in woman!"

This was doubtless as mijust as it was cruel; but many an unjust and cruef thing is done in the course of a lifetime, that seems almost magnantmous at the time.

A cold, metallic laugh was his final comment. Those in the boat heard it, started, listened for an instant, then went on with their talking.

Victor Shahovska returned to the arbor, and, pausing there as if to reflect upon his own foolishness, he finally disnomated. He was loth to go back to that miserable hint, and, throwing the relus over a broken branch, he lay down upon the great moss-grown log.

At livst he was disposed to rebel. Then he

back to that miserable link, and, throwing the reins over a broken branch, he lay down upon the great moss-grown log.

At first he was disposed to rebel. Then he gradually sank into melancholy. There was nothing to interrupt him; no hing to disturb the natural course of this metaphysical ramble. He soon found himself sinking into the moralizing mood, and, quoting the old serf tyric that for so long was the great national bying of the downtrodden, till the downtrodden were forbidden the pleasure of singling it.

Then came repose, and the head fell back upon his arms, on the soft moss cushion. The bright feathered foresters chainted and caroled their songs above him. Soft and sivery, bubbling music welled up from that richest of harps that nature plays upon as it sparked on its mission through the ferns and grasses. And white-be is and blue-bells, drooped on their slender stems, till their waxen petals touched and kissed the laughing billows, never asking how many bluebels is had been kissed like that before, nor telling how many little billows they should kiss in

ing he had dreamed at all, he opened his eyes again, half an hour afterward. The inists broke slowly into the similight of reality, for there was something very like the dreams in the reality. He

of his horse was braided with white bells. Here and there a little drop of water still sparkled on the black hair.

Then the voice said: "That's very odd. Here papa, the miller, charged me so setemnly, that very last time fie was here, to be sure and keep well out of his way forever. I am sure I should run now if he should wake up, for it may be he is right; but so far I have only made sure and got myself right in his way instead. I wender if he really is such a villain. He is very quiet when he is fast asleep, at all events. I wonder what he has come back for. I wonder how long he has been here. I wonder if he thinks this is only 'tomorrow' when he promised to come. He will be frightened when he wakes up. And I shail be frightened, too. I wish I had known he was asleep here; I should not have been half so patient to wait while Signor Glovanni painted the mill for papa. I think he likes Signor Glovanni, just because he is not a nobleman. But I don't believe this one is so very, very bad. But it is odd; he is either haif drowned in the brook, or just ready to jump into the lake, or sound asleep on a log that's no larger round than he is, every time I see him. And that's not the oddest of it all, either."

The temptation was too strong. Victor raised himself upon his cloow and, with a smile, asked: "What is the oddest of it all, mademoiselle?"

With a startled cry sne shrank back against a great tree-trunk, as though it would protect her little self from everything; aye, cover her forever, if need be, with its great ragged husk. And why not? Was she not the child of those forest trees? Their founding? Long, bright days with them, and sometimes long, starry nights with them, and sometimes long.

year in and year out with them, winter and summer with them, calling each one of them by name, and knowing them, worshipping, in them, mother, brother, sister, aye, God too, almost, they seemed so strong, so protecting, so—almost ombipotent; did it not constitute them hers, and she their child? What was more natural, when suddenly finding herself discovered, than that she should fly for help, to the great hard-hearied, gnarled and rugged, rough-skinned forest king?

And she was beautiful, cringing there, hereyes upon the ground, her cheeks bright, with a line of shame and fear, her fingers idly destroying the flowers she had gathered in her airon. And the picture, in its peculiar frame, jouened the heart even deeper than it had been touched before. The Shahovska began to pity the helplessless of Thurnelda where he had only admired her strength before, and he wished he might do something to shield her forever from harm.

More than a week went by with this new sensation growing stronger and the admiration increasing with every uour. Hours hurried away in frequent and loig meetings—not planned in any ordinary way or plotted over, for the prince did not say each day that he should come again, and Thurnelda relieved her conscience a little when she remembered the injunction of papa the miller by assuring herself that it was not certain he would be there; yet she would have been very much surprised if he had not come. He did not even offer to kiss her hand again, and she was no longer afraid of him. He saw, with those dark eyes which Colonel Wolzonn dreaded, the prim notions which the old priest of Arantha had built about her as a guardian wall, and he began to love her for them more than in spite of them. He reverenced that guardian wall, and he began to love her for them more than in spite of them. He reverenced that guardian wall, and he began to love her for them more than he had ever been in his hife before if she only smilled upon him, and as she was happler, too, she very offers smill her little boat, and he l

This was what she had expected, and even hoped for—a bit of diplomacy, if you please.

The little body, great Cerberus close beside it, reprimanded the miller, calmly calling him, not "papa," but by his given name, as one naving authority to reprimand if she chose. With a dignity which otherwise might have been very amusing, she declined to say anything more to him till he spoke properly, and turning toward her room, tokowed close by Cerberus, she said to the miller: "You may lock the door, please you, as usual, on the outside, as I shall lock it on the inside. And I shall keep it locked till I am quite ready to come out again.

out again. This threat she carried out. Indeed, the door This threat she carried out. Indeed, the door was locked on the inside even longer, for it was still fast when she met the Shahovska upon the lake. Possibly Cerberus could have told how it all came about; at all events, when the miller, quite broken-hearted that he had been so severe with the little Thurnelda, whom, no doubt, he really loved, knocked on the door to beg the child to forgive him, the only answer was a low growl from the dog. And he went away again, saying: "Lord! She is mad enough with me, this time. But how could I help it? Ah, me!"

The thought uppermost in Thurnelda's mind was not, however, of her imprisonment. She cared very little for that. She had more than once endured it patiently. She was locked in that little room when the prince had returned her pony. She only thought of it as putting an end to the paradse in which she had been living for one short, glorious week.

glorious week.
This was the bitter blow. Her life, a desert,

This was the bitter blow. Her life, a desert, with but its chance oasis, here and there, in a book, or a prayer; a long association with only the interate and the uneducated, whom she loved, but with whom she found but little sympathy; though she bore it with a simplicity and virtue which long before had won for her the name of "the angel of Arantha," was hard enough at the best. It was now rendered doubly hard in prospect, sincefor a week that desert had blossomed with roses.

Now here the strength of the property of the strength of th

of Arantha.

A moment later the Shahovska was by her side. She knew he would be at the trysting. Her heart was throbbing in painful and sad timult, but her resolve was firm. His heart was throbbing to a but he was only wonderful. ink, toe; but he was only wondering.

"Look! how the lake is spacking in the sun for is," she said to him, and a stubborn sob died on her lips, where it met a spirit stronger than the

"Look! how the take is sparking in the sun for all ns," she said to him, and a stubborn sob died on her lips, where it met a spirit stronger than the flesh.

"I would rather look at you, Thurnelda."
He had never spoken such words, and in such a voice before. Why did he choose today? It would make the parting only so much the more bitter to think that the last words had been more sweet. Yet, when she heard them, her rebellious heart gave a great bound of joy.

She looked up, much as she would have said, "Thank you," had he said, "What a pretty dress you have." She was happy that she had pleased him. She did not once imagine that he loved her. He had given her no cause for that; and indeed she was sensible enough to realize it.

It was plain that he enjoyed the hour or two which he spent by the lake, and she alone knew how earnestly her task had been performed, and how hard she had tried to make herself pleasing. For, on the other hand, she fully realized that he, whoever he might be in the world, was all in alt to her. She knew that she loved him, and that it was doubtless just as noble ladies love, but she knew, too, that she was not nob e, and had no right to love. Hence, she had looked for nothing in return, and had she suspected anything, it would possibly only have alarmed her. But she did not su-pect. The greatest reward she ever expected was such a look and smille of tenderness as he had bestowed with those last words. She mould have been perfectly happy but for the choking at her throat and the thought that this was to be forever the last. She struggled to thrust the sadness away from her, and smilling she courtested in the qualnt pleasant fashion, and simply replied, "That's rather odd, sire."

She had not seemed like hers-if before. The prince halled with delight this touch of nature that brought the real Thurnelda before him again, "And what is odd now?" he asked.

"You are rather odd yourself," she replied, struggling still to drag a smille through the tears of erowding upon the threshold. "I wish I

anan."

"And what would you be if you were?"

"I know what I would not be—at least I would not be a peasant."

"What then, a seigneur?"

"No, sire! I despise the men and the laws which hold these human souls in serfdom. I would be great. I would go to the Tzar, and you would go with me, and we would say to him, 'Father, set these poor people free and let them learn from books, and they will be great and good instead of stupid creatures like dogs and horses, always trying to do mischief because they do not know enough to be good."

The Shahovska might have argued the point, perhaps, but indeed he had no mind to. He had

perhaps, but indeed he had no mind to. He had even usen already to the Tzar, and said precisely that the Tzar had laughed and called it a very good joke, and even asked him if he were ready to set the example. He regretted this a moment later, for Victor Shahovska had replied, "Sire, with your permission, every serf of Falcon rock shall be emancipated by daylight tonorrow." The Tzar did not give his permission then, but every emancipated serf of Russia knows today that his freedom is due to the first-and last and the continued exertions of the great house of Falcon rock. The prince was never so glad he had taken that bold stand, long before, as when he listened to that declaration from the little Thurneida, and knew that again he had unwittingly won her favor.

declaration from the little Thurneida, and knew that again he had unwittingly won her favor. But he had other things to think of now than the emancipation of the seris. He looked into her eyes, and repited:

"I would go to the Tzar; yes, I would go anywhere with you, Thurnelda." She looked up suddenly, a half frightened expression coming into her eyes; but he had taken the first step. He would not retreat. He added: "In all the world there lacks but one thing to make me perfectly happy; and yet, without it, I shall forever be miserable.

what was it that so suddenly made her cheeks burn like coals of fre? What was it that made her heart beat till it could almost burst her peasant bodice? A strange thought came to her, more in the tone, the face, the eyes of the Shahovska, than in the words he spoke. It suddenly seemed to her as though the prison bars were breaking, as though the shackles from her arms were failing off; as though the great world and freedom were coming from somewhere to her rescue, and all the world was the man before her, and the man before her was all the world. And he had said—what was it he had said? She could not remember; but she remembered how he looked at her when he said it. Was it possible that he, a Russian nobleman, could.—. She was bewildered. Some madness of joy was whispering in her heart that it was possible, and that he had meant it. what was it that so suddenly made her cheeks

bewildered. Some madness of joy was whispering in her heart that it was possible, and that he had meant it.

"Only one little 'thing," he whispered. "Only this, to have you beside me forever, my beautiful Thurnelda—my Princess Thurnelda!"

Ah, how the forest and the lake and the mossy ground fled from her to give place to the dazzling dream, the beautiful unseen, and her all in all was all of it, and she, the little village girl, was something to him.

The great trees about her were shrinking away from her. She let them go. She did not even look after them to say farewell. She had no more need of them. She saw but one figure, one life; one great, grand world; all in that Russian nobleman. She felt his powerful arm about her. She did not shrink away from it. There was no reason now. He kissed her burning cheek. Why should she turn to prevent it? The blank and dreary past was flying tike an evit spirit before the brilliancy of the present and the wonderful future, and he was to be all of it.

"Do you really mean me?" she whispered, wonderingly, when, to still the beating of her heart, she felt that she must say something. "Do you mean for me to go with you to the great capital?"

"Yes. To St. Petersburg, my dear one. And will you go with me?"

She looked up with all of her wonderful love in

"Yes. To St. Petersburg, my dear one. And will you go with me?"
She looked up with all of her wonderful love in those dark eyes, whence distrust and fear had altogether vanished. But he looked at her cheeks, at her forehead; not into those eyes, for the shadow of shame stung him withal.
"I to live in a real city!" She clasped his hand in hers. His hand was cold. It was toy cold. It almost made her shiver. But his voice was gentle and loving as he replied:
"Yes, daring; to live in the best, the grandest of all cities."
"And to see the grand sights you have told me oi?" She hardly knew what she was saying. She was only looking upward and upward, along her dream of joy, trying by little and little to comprehend it all.

possess. You do not know me. I am the Shahovska of Falcon Rock. I give you everything! Myself, my only, only love! My whole heart is yours! In my heart you are the Princess Thurnelda, and if it were only possible, if the Tzar would only permit it, you should have my title before the world, and be to every one the Princess Thurnelda,"

She was so still, so very still, that he gathered courage again. He began to think he had succeeded. He ventured to look into her face again. Then he forzot to speak, and suddenly sprang to his teet; for some one he had never seen was standing before him.

With a faint ery, at those last words, Thurnelda had leaned back against the old tree trunk again, For an instant it was only a frightened peasant girl; the next, she stood erect again; Thurnelda still, but suddenly transformed to a proud and outraged woman. With an impertous gesture she bade him be silent. Pale and silent she stood there, her black eyes buried in his very heart. When she spoke at last, the little brown hand was still extended, and the voice was calm and low. upon the lake.
"Great Heavens! Why did I say it!" he groaned.

"I have the own away a priceless pearl. Black may the curse he on me forever, cursed be my life from this day on, that when the serpent tempted me, I crushed the fruit of paradise!"

THE WORLD SHALL HAVE A PRINCESS OF FALCON. ROCK.

Two months later Prince Victor Shahovska of Falcon Rock sat in his castle, smoiting, with his chaplain, Heinrich Charlovitz. Listlessly he quoted the well-worn rhyme:

Life debonair is everywhere.

And yet a charm is wanting there.

Very frankly, and yet as it may appear, somewhat deceitfully, the priest replied:

"It might not be so if my lord should have a wile."

wile."

Now Heinrich Charlovitz was what is commonly called "a character." In some respects; in others he was very thoroughly "a man," and in still others he was a very excelent priest. He was younger than the prince by a few years, but, as we know, he was father, in sacred things, over the castle and the castle village of Falconburg, which lay in the valley, just below, built to exact imitation of the great St. Petersburg, as it was first laid out, in that long ago, when the house of Falcon Rock and the new capital were side by side in their earliest youth. It was christened by Peter the Great, who stood there in person, so tradition, said, and bestowed the name with his blessing, the very day that he conferred the perpetual princedom upon the first Victor Shahovska.

Hethrich Carlovitz being somewnat related to nobility through his aunt, the Lady Countess Von Kramareff, had, pernaps, some excuse for his inordinate amention; and, following its dictates, he made his first outy beyond the demands of the little church of Falconburg, that of rendering himself agreeable and literally indispensable, if Possible to the lord of the castle. Indeed, anything which he could do to strengthen his position there, he performed with the utmost energy. This was an easier task, from the fact that he was natur-

from their school days together the prince had been fond of him.

The Shahovska only laughed at the priest's

comment and replied:
"Alas, Father Charlovitz, my chances are poor.
None of them please me, and I am not at all sure
t, at I should please them."

"Alas, Father Charlovitz, my chances are poor. None of them please me, and I am not at all sure that I should please them."

The priest smiled.
"My lord is looking at buds," he said. "He is comparing them with the flowers that have blossomed for other men. Once they, too, were only buds. Other buds will blossom if my lord transplant them into his conservatory. Their beauty and fragiance will surprise him. And let me say this to my lord: Brightest in bud is not best in flower by any means. The sacred lotos on the Nite, and the Syriao valley lily, are most uncomely in budding. The virgin Queeu Eizabeth was, in her girlhood, called the 'Princess of Ugliness,' and Marie Antoinette was named 'La Grossiere,' But England's court and the paradise of Louis XVI. made the pride of Great Britain and the Iamed beauty of France of them. May I tell an Eastern fable, please you, my lord?"

"Tell it, Charlovitz. Tell it, but beware! I know your Eastern fables. They are the sugar coating of your bitterest pills." Victor laughed, and changed his bostion a fittle, to listen more easily. "There is no pill here," said the priest, smillog. "It is simply of a king who sought a bird to sing in his court. It must be the sweetest of all singing birds; one that should forever fill his heart with melody. His couriters sought in vain. The king himself wend on his mission. He came upon a brook, where, bathing, was a bird with back so brown that it could scarrely be distinguished from the rocks. 'Here is a good subject to be bribed,' the king said. 'This bird will appreciate a little benefit.' And thus he spoke: 'Oh, bird, I seek the sweetest of all songsters, to charm me in my courts. Find such an one for me and your reward shall be a crown of gold and a necklace of gold, wrought by my craftiest workmen,' "Oh, king!" the bird replied, "If the song of a little bird can please thee, I will go with thee to thy courts, but spare thy treasures, for they are naught to me." "You to my courts!" he cried; "you to my courts! What to fier I will give,

of yeilow, white and crimson. She sang a song, too, as she flew, that to his dying day left nothing more for him but discord and regret. That is all of it, my lord; yet, after all, think on it," said the priest, rising.

He was tail, athletic and handsome. He was a man made rather to stand than to sit, and one who understood the fact and always took occasion to rise, when he would say, "N. B."

The Dr. see was left alone, and, strolling out upon the lawn toward the broad lake that was the prid- of the eastle, he mused, with a deep sight: "Already I could say, 'Father Charlovitz, you are right.' I must have a wife. Yes, must have—unless I turn traitor to faicon Rock. Yes, and you were also right about the flowers. I have seen the lotos bud and blossom on the Nile and on the Jordan, and afenander, and picked the lily of the valley. Yes, and I have found that brown-backed bird in the forests of Poland, with a heart that was purer and whiter than show. What did I do with her? I threw her from me. And that song she sang as she floated away—Beware her wrath, for she was a woman, toe,' will doubtless render all my life a discord to the end: I can never atone to her or to me for that bilter blundering. I will not try. It must burn and torture here. I must suffer. God grant that she may find that musult and the outrage sweetened, to her, in the thought of the true and the noble part she played. And I, why I must simply have a wife. I cannot choose. I will take, without question, any bird that will come, be she good shuger or ill. I will open the cage door, I will say, 'come if you wish to come!' or better, I will say to Hehrich Charlovitz, 'find me a wife as pleases you.' And though I strike on Seylla, to escape Charybdis, the world shall have a princess of Falcon Rock."

He stood for a moment by the lake, in silence, then suddenly exclaimed,—

"Stay! I will settle this while I am courage-ous." And then mosaic table bring me a byzantine jewel box."

The boy disappeared, and the prince repeated, "I' will settle it while

box."

The boy disappeared, and the prince repeated, "I will settle it while I am brave, once and forever."

But forever, alas! is a longer time than be, or

But forever, alas! is a longer time than he, or any of his kind, have ever measured. He stood looking into the lake till the boy returned. He was thinking, perhaps, of the nature, mirrored there in a picture amore perfect even than the original; or of the picture, in his heart, perhaps, of the forest Thurnelda, or it may be only of his own past life. When he compared it with that to come, he murmured that old, that world-wide proverb, in its original Italian, "It is distance lending enchantment to the view."

The boy returned. The jewel-box he brought was a marvellous work of art; it was one of the linest specimens of that style or Roman workmanship. On the cover the rough, irregular tiles, in wonderfully soft and exquisite harmony, represented the "Thorn-Crowned Head," after the freeso by Guido in the Pauline chapoi at the Santa Maria Maggiore. He pressed his finger on a flashing diamond that covered the lock. The cover flew open, forced by a spring. The little box was lined with silver.

"You are my rarest gem from Italy," said the Shahoyska, "but are none too rich a mausoleum for the relie once binding me to the purest pearl that ever lay out of the way of the surging sao of treacherous humanhy."

He tore from his journal the leaf with "In

the Chard his policy, to venture to ask permission to marry one of his own peasants, and a Roman Catholic at that, and this very restraint made him the more eager.

Victor Shahovska withboner, little as Russian to the consider certain customs, justly abhorred totaly as really objectionable. But love, when goaded to posselh, is like hunger—it knows no law, it drives to posselh, is like hunger—it knows no law, it drives not a little life in Russia to compare with this 1 to posselh, is like hunger—it knows no law, it drives not a little life in Russia to compare with this 1 to posselh, is like hunger—it knows no law, it drives not a little life in Russia to compare with this 1 to posselh, is like hunger—it knows no law, it drives not a little life in Russia to compare with this 1 to easy to posselh, is like hunger—it knows no law, it drives not a little life in Russia to compare with this 1 to easy to posselh, is like hunger—it knows no law, it drives not a little life in Russia to compare with this 1 to easy to posselh, is like hunger—it knows no law, it drives not a little life in Russia to compare with this 1 to easy to posselh, is like hunger—it knows no law, it drives not a little life in Russian node in the life in the law of the law of the life in the law of the law of

"What have you been doing since your return, my lord?" he asked, and the answer which alarmed him so much was:

"I have been solving a mystery."

"I knew it! I knew it! And all is lost!" the colonel grounded, hardly caring whether the words died beneath his moustaghe or went farther. A moment later, as he found that he must say something, he repeated the word, "A mystery?"

"A simple one, however, when once resolved," Victor replied, quietry, making matters so much the worse.

thing, he repeated the word, "A mystery?"

"A simple one, however, when once resolved," Victor replied, quietly, making majters so much the worse.

With a terrible sinking at the heart the officer muttered, "You speak in problems. I cannot understand,"

"Problems? No. You flatter me, colonel. I told you plainly. It was only a mystery, that puzzied me wille it lasted. Some men could have solved it for me in a twinkling,"

"Who?" gasped the officer. And to himself he muttered, "as sure as destiny he means me! And I am done for." But the prince did not answer instantly, and he asked again, "Who, my lord? Who could have solved it?"

Strangely enough, when it came, the answer was precisely what he had prophesied, yet it acted like a death-blow.

At the first ejaculation the Shabovsha had stanked a little; there was something unexpected about it. The motion had scattered the ashes from his cigarette over his embroidered coat, and he was bachelor enough to stop, then and there, and at once forget all else, till he had brushed away the last atom. It was while thus engaged that the second "Who" called from him, in an absent minded way, the answer:

"Why, you, for Instance," and in a lower tone, which the officer did not catch, he added; "or any other man of like common sense,"

"Oh, Goal" groaned the colonel.

The Shahovska looked up suddenly and fair in the face of the colonel, His lips were white, his nostrils distended, his eyes staring in a bewildered way, his cigarette smoking, all by itself upon the floor, his hands handing helplessly over his knees. It was so sudden and so inderons that, losing any appreciation of the fact that there could be a serious side; the prince feil back on the divan, convulsed with lamplifer. He thought it all an extraordjnarily well acted loke of some sort.

Agony turning to passion with this, the colonel lost the last atom of self-control, and, springing to his feet, he exclaimed madly:

"Aye! So be it, my lord! I grant you all of it what then? Is not the knave enough without making a

than he began, and turning slowly on the divan, he at last met the officer, eye to eye.

They looked at each other steadily, for an instant. Then Victor spoke:

"By all immortal, Constantine Wolzonn, what is the matter with you?"

But Constantine Wolzonn did not know. It suddenly began again to dawn upon him that there had been a blunder, and that again it was he, in quick suspicton, who had committed it, lie grasped his forehead between his palms, and, sinking upon the divan, he said, in a hoarse whisper:

grasped his forehead between his palms, and, suaking upon the divan, he said, in a hoarse whisper:

"My lord!! I have not been well for a week. What was it you said? I did not hear."

"I should think not," said Victor, shrugging his shoulders, but he turned resolutely away—for it evidently required resolution—and, ringing a bell furiously for a servant to bring some wine, he said to thinself!

"For years there has been something wrong there. Poor Wolzonn is bearing a heavy load of some sort. But never mind. It is no affair of mine. He is no hardened criminal. No, he will never be that. There is a good man at the heart there, and something will happen some day to rid him of that burden, whatever it is."

The colonel roused himself to drink the wine; then, like one in a dream, he said:

"What was it you were saving, my lord?"

"Why, simply this, in short," replied the prince, wholly ignoring the strange conduct, as though it were, as the colonel said, only some lilness, "that finding myself such a confirmed recluse, and gre wing worse every year, without even religion enough to call myself a hermit. I set my wits to work to unravel the trouble and put myself right. After a long struggle, Father Charlovitz, our chaplain, did it all for me in a moment, by making me see that I should have a wife."

"It will not be a hard matter to do that," replied the officer, sitting upright again, with a sigh of relief that seemed to have no limit.

plied the officer, sitting upright again, with a sigh of relief that seemed to have no limit.

"That depends," said the Shahovska, "but at all events I shall try to do my part so far as I can. This wine acts like a charm upon you, colonel. Have another glass."

CHAPTER XI.

LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

Not very long after his first conversation with the prince upon his marriage necessities Heinrigh Charlovitz took occasion to speak again.

"You are right, Charlovitz," said the Shahovska, almost instantly, "and, what is more, I have determined that you shall select the wife. You know much better than I, by repute at least, hundreds of women whom I might marry, while to me they represent only so many jewels and so many devices to deceive."

"Your highness does me honor, no doubt," replied the priest smiling, "and surely I will discover all that can be learned of any one whom he may hame."

"Your highness does me honor, no doubt," replied the priest smiling, "and surely I will discover all that can be learned of any one whom he may name."

"No; you shall name one yourself, Chariovitz. All I require is a face that is not ugly, a body that is not this a repatation that is not transhed. She must understand that I do not and can not love. I shall simply treat my wife as the most honorable husband should. She must make no compromise. I swear to have no other affection. Those are my conditions. The more quickly you succeed in filling them the better."

"They are both very light and very heavy," replied the priest. "Let me ask this favor, if it please your highness: Let there be a banquet given here, such as has not been known since your honored father, through Paul the Reckless, became so disaffected with all the Russians. I will select, among those invited, prinaps one, perhaps many. I will tell the prince all I can learn of them, and he shall then judge for himself."

"Do so, good Charlovitz," replied the prince. "It shall be as you say."

Thus it came about that the day of the ball arrived, and all St. Petersburg was on the alert for one of the grandest occasions ever known in that land of magnificent festivals. It was very last of harvest time, and the daughter of the Countess yon Kramarelf, reclining upon a luxurious tollet lounge, drawn into a massive grey-stone octagon window of her boudoir, was patiently enduring the hair-dresser, arranging a magnificent coil of pear's from the Persian guif in her heavy braids of nair, while Elise, her old nurse and constar, attendant, sat upon a stool ather feet.

"Elise," she said, "have you counted those wonderful cards of yours, today."

"Yes, m' lady."

"Then they are good."

"No, my'ady."

"The they are good."

"No, my'ady."

"That's very funny, it seems to me, for those wonderful cards of yours, then you may tall me

"No, m'lady."
"That's very funny, it seems to me, for those wonderful eards of yours; then you may tell me what you think."

se made no answer. 'Don't try to escape me in that way, Elise. Do

"Don't ary to escape me in that way, kine. Do you like him?"
"Yes, in 'lady."
"Better than Cousin Colonel Wolzonn?"
"No, in lady."
"Elise, you are no respecter of person." The hair-tresser was gone, and, turning to Elise, she said, "Go tell the houseman there will be a callet this afternoon who must not be put off. Mother is not well, and unless she rests we cannot go to Falcon Rock tonight. It is only a business matter. I will see him when he comes. The houseman is to let me know at once."

Elise turned at the door to say, "There's no good in his coming here so much of late."

Elise turned at the door to say, "There's no good in his conling here so much of late."
"Why's conling?" the lady asked, a little sharply, starting from the divau.
"Why, him that's coming this afternoon. The priest Charlovitz."
"Elise!" the mistress exclaimed, "how many times must I tell you that my business is not yours! Go!"
Elise made no answer. She was satisfied. She had sald her say; and she always said that say, though it were through fire and water and right in the teeth of her lady's command; and the worst of it was that mine times out of ten Elise was right. But the priest came, and the daughter saw him alone.

alone.
"I am glad of this," said Heinrich Charlovitz,
"for I had hoped to be able, to speak with you

"I am glad of this," said Heinrich Chartovitz, "for I had hoped to be able, to speak with you alone."

"You have not bad news?" she asked anxiously. The priest was watching her closely. "Is it really love, as she says?" he asked himself for the hundredth time. Then he answered aloud:

"I will tell you and you shall judge for yourself. Everything is ready. I have done alt that was possible, and the result, so far as the mere marrying is, is as sure as you could wish. He will dance with you tonight, and if he sees nothing in you to object to—simply object—he will ask your mother for your hand."

"Surely, my good Father Charlovitz, that is the very perfection of success." She clasped one of the priest's hands in hers and would have kissed it, but, seeing the motion, he drew it quickly away, exclaiming:

"No, no. Not for that, lady. It is not the functions of a priest that I am performing. Nor is it either, as you say, the perfection of success. I feared that your mother might think it so, but I—I did not think that—that you—my lady, reniember. I have warned you before; let me once again. He does not love."

"Ahl good father, you place too much importance there. I love him. He will love me, in time. I am sure of it."

"That is my earuest hope, and shall be my constant prayer. If you accept him. He loves no other; I am sure of that; and from the tzar to the rag-picker there is not a more honorable man in Russia."

rax-picker there is not a more honorable man in Russia."

"And had a woman not better have such an one without his love than the passion of a debauche?"

"True, lady; true. And yet, if you love him, you will look for love."

"And do not your good books say that love begets love?"

"The priest smiled. "It may be, my lady," he said.

"It shall be, good father."

"The prince is a strange fellow," said the priest.
"He says he was never made to love, and I sometimes think he knows."

"Why, then, it is so much the better for me, father, if so that as far as he has gone he does not know the meaning of that word."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In That Case She Probably Swears, Too.

A Brooklyn woman has acquired the art of whistling. She probably learned it from hearing her husband when the "diline"s bill was wheeled

PROFESSOR C. H. WILKINSON, Editor Medical Surgical Journal, says: "The Coca Beef Tonic of he Liebig Company, combined as it is with Coca, qui-Line and iron, forms a most valuable adjunct to the practice of medicine. From the experience we have pad with it we are forced to speak in its favor and to mend its use. Beef, iron and quinine canno be surpassed by any other ingredients in or out of the dispensatory for invigorating an enfeebled system, and when such remedies can be combined from so reliable a house as Liebig's, it behooves the profession to patronize the same to the fullest

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON, Baronet, M. D., D. C. L., F. R. S., Physician to Her Majesty the Queen, President Royal British Association, Professor at the University of Edinburgh, etc., says: "The properties of this wonderful plant (the Coca) are the most remarkable of any known to the medical world. From repeated personal trials I am convinced that its use is

PROFESSOR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M. D., LL. D., F. R. S., President Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Member General Council University of Edinburgh, etc., etc., says: "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic has more than realized my expectations."

PROFESSOR JOHN M. CARNOCHAN, M. D., Surgeon-in-Chief N. Y. State Hospitals, Professor Surgery N. Y. Medical College, ex-Health Officer Port of New York, etc., says: "My patients derive marked and flecided benefit from the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef

Member Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, Professor of Practice of Medicine, etc., etc., says: "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is far superior to the fashionable and illusive preparations of beef, wine and iron."

The American Homeopathic Observer says: "Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic certainly merits all the praise

The St. Louis Clinical Review says: "We desire to call the attention of the profession to the reliability of the preparations manufactured by the Liebig Company, and to the high character of the indorsements accorded to this celebrated firm by leading physicians

PROFESSOR J. C. LEHARDY, M. D., President State Medical Society of Georgia, Member Athenee Royal de Bruxelles, etc., etc., says: "The results obtained by me from its use in my practice are indeed

"I am thoroughly pleased with it. It is the best tonic which I have had come to my notice in a practice of twenty-five years."

> J. M. WATSON, M. D., Fisherville, Va.

"As a tonic it has no equal." H. T. SHARP, M. D.,

Eureka, Caldwell Parish, La.

"A valuable preparation in every sense of the A. E. GARCEAU, M. D.,

"It is recommended by the most learned practition ers in all cases requiring tonics. Foreign and native physicians-gentlemen of great learning and of the highest order of intellect - indorse its wondrous powers. It has forced its way by its own intrinsic merits."-N. Y. Dry Goods Bulletin.

what it is claimed to be-a superior tonic. It has undoubtedly saved many lives by its timely use."-The "It is all that it is recommended to be," says PRO-

FESSOR MARTIN FRELIGH, M. D., LL. D., 31 West Twenty-fourth street. New York City.

Coca Beef Tonic and was greatly benefited by it. I have repeatedly since then prescribed it among my nts, and am well pleased with the results. I think it far preferable to the beef, wine and iron A. OTIS, M. D.,

"It is the very best tonic in the market. It contains Coca, citrate of iron, quinine, beef, etc." - PRO-FESSOR R. C. WORD, M. D., LL. D., in Southern Medical Record.

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derful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all, se handsome book of 160 pages, mailed for only 10 to by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

TRADING IN TONGATABOO.

Roving Life of a Sailor Lad from New Bedford.

Tiring of Life on a Whaler, He Goes Into Business Among the Friendly Islas.

The Natives and Their Occupations-Return of the Wanderer.

New Bedford, Mass., December 27.—Joseph B. Nye, son of H. G. O. Nye of this city, has just returned home, after an absence of eighteen years. Shortly before finishing his 14th year he shipped on the whaling bark Abraham Barker, for a three years' voyage in the Pacific ocean. The vessel was gone longer than had been expected, and was at Vavouone, of the Friendly Islands, at the expiration of three years and a half. The crew had liberty on shore, and Nye, then 18 years of age, and a young Swedish companion, being pleased with the country, decided to remain there. There was a terrible drought that season, wells and reservoirs gave out, there was much suffering among the natives and the two young adventurers were, of course, badly off. The Swede, at the first opportunity, got passage to New Zealand, and Nye, when a missionary came over from Tongataboo, the largest island of the group, induced him to take him along on his return, and at Tongataboo he has been till the first part of this year. The Island of Tongataboo is about forty miles long and eight miles wide and has about 10,000 inhabitants. The natives are of a yellow complexion, with long, straight hair. They are civilized, and have a good government composed of a king and parliament. Wesleyan missionaries from England have done much for their enlightenment, and the Christian religion has general sway.

Most of the Preachers are Natives. only one English missionary now remaining. More recently some French Catholic priests and More recently some Freuch Catholic priests and sisters of mercy have gone into the country. The laws are good, and pretty well enforced. There is no prison, and penal servitude is devoted to keeping the roads in repair. The courts are prompt, and for the short time intervening between arrest and trial prisoners are handcuffed and kept in the police quarters. Most of the offences are assaukts on account of lealousy, which is a prominent trait in the character of the islanders, hospitality is also a prevailing sentiment. The laws against Sabbath breaking are strict, and the sale of liquor is prohibited, but there are two places on the island where sly drinks can be obtained. There is very little drunkenness. Some times ago an Englishman, who kept one of the largest stores on the island, added a quiet bar to his enterprise, and the police were unable to ferret it out. One day the establishment caught fire, Everybody ran when the alarm was given, but when the police got there and found that the fire was in the Englishman's store, they gave orders that nothing should be done to put the fire out, and nothing but a few hundred dollars in the sale was left.

The clause was left.

The content of the dried meat of the cocoanuts, known in commerce as copra. The arts are broken open and left exposed to the air for a few days until the meat dries so as to cleave from the inside of the shell. sisters of mercy have gone into the country. The

inside of the shell.

The Collection and Exportation of Copra is in the hands of a company of Hamburg merchants, who, with their employes, about 150 in number, include nearly the whole white popu-

Living is very cheap, the climate being extremely productive. The island has a steady tropical heat tempered by ocean precess, being in latitude 21 south, longitude 175 west. There are no dangerous animais, except that the wild hogs light hard if attacked, but they are narmless if not moiested, and any one can safely sleep out in the busin through the dry season. Dogs are plenty. Some of them are well trained to pig hunting, but the larger proportion are worthless. There are occasional droughts, but one about 1873 was the only one during Mr. Nye's stay of equal severity with that which closely followed his advent into the country. in March, the equinoctial gale is likely to be a terrible hurricane. Living is very cheap, the climate being extremely be a terrible hurricane. During the latter portion of Mr. Nye's living on

During the latter portion of Mr. Nye's living on the island, he was employed as an agent of the Hamburg company, getting \$40 a month, besides commissions of 15 per cent. on purchases of copra from the natives. His life there was unevential, and therefore, what he has to relate is mostly general descriptions of the country, its seenery, productions and inhabitants. He learned to speak seeman and the native language, and though in fourteen or fifteen years he had little opportunity to air his English, he speaks his native tongue easily and accurately.

A longing to see his native land finally took such complete possession of him that he gave up his position, took passage on a German bark, and after a voyage of 156 days, reached Liverpool, whence he sailed to America. "It has won for itself a splendid reputation for just

[Louisville Courier Journal.] Among the recent arrivals in the city was Mr. Edward B. Elder of Highland county, Virginia.
Of late there have been reports from that section of the country of a strange phenomena, which was said to have been witnessed in the mountains a

of the country of a strange phenomena, which was said to have been witnessed in the mountains a few miles from Monterey court house, Highland county, where the earth was said to be one burning mass. The fact that Mr. Mulhattan was known to be in another quarter of the globe gave the story some credence, and more especially so as it was vouched for by responsible men. A reporter learning of Mr. Elder's arrival went in search of him last night to see if he knew anything concerning the matter. He was found comfortably ensconced in a cushioned chair at the Gait House, talking to some friends. When asked if he had heard of the strange performance Nature was said to be guilty of, he replied:

"It is certainly true, and is the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. From present indications I should say that we are likely to have another edition of Mount Vesuvius produced in the mountains of Virginia. The phenomena consists of fires which seem to be raging under the earth, on the top of the peaks in Highland county, and the ground for a considerable distance seemed to be a smouldering mass. "The first heard of it was a report brought by a boy who claimed to walk over the piace which was on fire. The country around is almost maccessible, and it is very seldom that any one ventures so far up on the mountains, therefore it was only by accident that the discovery was made. A few days ago the boy, who was in search of some lost sheep, wandered on foot among the hills until he got several miles from home. All at once he felt the air around him getting warmer and experienced a strange sensation as if some burning substance was beneath him. He was on an elevated plateau, probably a quarter of a mile square, on the top of one of the small mountains. At first he stance was beneath him. He was on an elevated plateau, probably a quarter of a mile square, on the top of one of the smail mountains. At first he was greatly alarmed and started to run away. His curiosity overcame his fear, however, and he stopped to see if he could find the cause of the unusual warmth. He stooped and placed his hand on the earth, and was startled to find that it was so hot as to almost blister his flesh. He did not pursue his researches any further, but proceeded at once to his home, where he told of the strange occurence. No faith was put in the narrative, and it was thought by the neighbors that the youth was going crazy.

at once to his home, where he told of the strange occurence. No faith was put in the narrative, and it was thought by the neighbors that the youth was going crazy.

"The news finally reached the town of Monterey, and some scientifically-inclined persons determined to investigate. Procuring the boy for a guide, they went to the place and round that all he had stated was true. When they returned they told even a more wonderful story than that told by the boy. This produced a great sensation throughout the immediate country, and a great many persons were nearly frightened out of their wits. The superstitious were of the belief that the day of judgment was close at hand and began to make preparations to respond to the call of the trumpet, which they momenarily expected to wake the slience of the mountains. I lived some distance away, but when the news reached me 1 determined to satisfy myself. After nearly a day's travel over the rough mountain road, which wound around cliffs at the foot of overhanging rocks, I arrived within a short distance of the region. I here left my horse, and, together with a couple of friends who had accompanied me, proceeded as best I could to the place undicated. I had heard exaggerated stories, and was almost prepared for anything, but I must confess that I was greatly startled. The earth for yards around seemed to be a smouldering heap, and was as hot as an oven. In places a hard crust had formed over the clay, and large fissures made by the heat. The air second very deags and foggy, and in many places a bluish smode broke through holes in the earch and spread over the mountain tops. We dug down to the depth of probably three feet and came to a yallowish sort of clay which was almost as soft as putty. When a shovelful was thrown out on the ground it smouldered like a heap of ashes, and a quantity of smoke seemed to rise from it. It was very hot and glowed with a strange brilliancy, which is soft as putty. When a shovelful was thrown out on the ground it smouldered like a heap of ashes,

But Little New in the Style of Sleighs. "There are very few new styles in sleighs this year," said a prominent manufacturer yesterday.

have not attempted much of anything in the way of new patterns. I have noticed that the square back is this season very popular, and retail dealers are purchasing very largely of this particular shape. But of course that is a mere matter of taste, and has very little to do with any particular style. Then, again, the rolling swan-curved dashers are very much admired, and I think will take very well. But hone of these are entirely new, and, with the exception of some novelties in the way of upholstering, the styles remain pretty much like those of last year."

JAQUES AND DORA.

A Vienna Heiress Weds a Peripatetic Re taller of Notions - They Enter Mayor Edson's Office by the "Little Side Door.' NEW YORK, December 25 .- "Married, at the Mayor's office, Wednesday, December 24, at 5 p. m., Jacques Gewitschen and Dora Medelburgh, both of Vienna." This announcement reveals little of the romance which it ends. Jacques Gewitschen was the only son of a wealthy Austrian merchant. Father Gewitschen bought and sold leather, tanned hides and ranked with the merchant princes of Vienna. Jacques, nursed and educated in luxury, refused to follow in the paternal footsteps, preferring nights of revelry to laborious days spent in the counting-room and the factory. Three years ago he was sent to the United States, in the hope that, divorced from old associations, he might honor the gray hairs of his father. Called back to Vienna after a short stay in this country, it seemed as though absence had been salutary. Instead of resuming his former occupation of "sowing wild oats," he evinced a desire to learn the leather business and what leisure hours remained after the duties of the day he devoted to the society of a lady whom he soon came to regard as the loveliest of her sex. Dora Medeibnrgh, a tall brunette, with a will and fortune of her own—the latter amounting, it is said, to half a million florins—consented to his suit. So did the parents, and all went well for the lovers in that gay capital. Jacques came to New York again to open a branch of his lather's house. He was to return to Vienna last spring to be married, when a cable despatch announced the failure of Gewitschen & Co. for a million florins—to a million flori trian merchant. Father Gewitschen bought and to Vienna last spring to be married, when a cable despatch amounced the failure of Gewitschen & Co. for a million florins. Jacques was in despair. Dora nourisned a hope which not all the reasoning and importunity of her parents and friends could uproot of yet becoming Mme, Gewitschen. Deprived of his allowance from home, his growing business nipped in the bud, Jacques gave his hetrothed her freedom and bravely began the work of rebuilding his ruined fortunes by selling at retail in a peripatetic way various articles comprised under the word "notions."

A correspondence, largely on the young woman's A correspondence, largely on the young woman's side, was kept up. She wanted him to return and share her home and florins. He refused. She insisted and finally announced her determination to sall at once for New York and deliver him from his distress by marrying him. Without waiting to receive his written remonstrance she came, borne on the wings of love. Yesterday they met at the wharf. She was radiant in silk and furs. Time and separation had enhanced her charms beyond his fondest expectation.

Hymen waited patiently and in smiles on his

TOO MANY PINS AND NEEDLES. Extraordinary Story of Mrs. Levi Seeley of Sardina, N. Y.

[New York Sun.] woman and her husband have been removed to the Eric county almshouse, and-not only needles, but fragments of pins, hair-pins and knitting-needles, to the number of over 100, have been taken from her arms and back. Several were removed on Saturday; one, a large brass pin with the head cut off, being taken from the flesh an inch deep below her right shoulder blade. When the presence of the needles were first discovered in her body Mrs. Seeley said she had no idea how they came there. Her husband also professed entire ignorance on the subject. Among the theories advanced was one that they had been driven into the fiesh last July by a stroke of light.

theories advanced was one that they had been driven into the fiesh last July by a stroke of lightning which killed two men near the house where the Seeley slived. It was afterward learned that Mrs. Seeley was not within two miles of the place where the lightning struck.

Mrs. Seeley now declares that the needles and pins were driven into her body at different times by Mrs. George Robinson of Sardinia, who was in love with her husband, for the purpose of slowly causing her death. She says she was placed under the influence of morphine by Mrs. Robinson while she was ill, and the pins and needles were then forced beneath the flesh. This statement led to an examination of the woman's husband on Saturday. He at first denied all knowledge of the matter, but finally said woman's busband on Saturday. He at first denied all knowledge of the matter, but finally said that, while he was lying helpless in bed last summer, Mrs. Robinson came to their house. He saw her give a quantity of whitsh liquid to his wife, which made her unconscious. Mrs. Robinson then broke a number of pins and needles and pushed them into his wife's fiesh. When he protested she told him that if he whispered a word of what he had seen she would treat him in the same way.

CEORCE SAND'S PECULIARITIES. Her Dislike to Wearing Gloves - Are All

she felt, were made to be active and not to be muffled up until they became useless. They were small, brown, plump and firm, and ended in polished fingers and almond-shaped nails. Her manual dexterity was remarkable. She had to the end of her life a sweet, full and rapid finger as a planist, and was fond of playing the plano in the evening. Her musical taste was German. She liked solemu better than light music, An exception was made in favor of Chopin, with whom, when he was in consumption, she spent a winter in Majorea, along with her two children.

George Sand's figure was never elegant, and she had the good sense to understand that tight lacing would never improve it. Perhaps if she had been tall and graceful she might have sacrificed to fashion and submitted to the tyranny of a corsetiere. Her neck was short and powerful, and her shoulders were in proportion. This plastic defect, which is common to persons of genius, is not shown in the statue. Lest the proposition I have just enunciated be called in question, I shall observe en passant that Shakespeare wore a flat collar when ruffs were a la mode, and that, because short-necked, Voltaire, Napoleon, Victor Hugo and Balzac would have probably done so too had they been contemporary. The statue, however, expresses the external tranquinty of George Sand, who was not only exempt from wantty but from ordinary ambition.

For thirty years her chief alm was to ascertain in what spirits masculine were superior to spirits feminue. To this end she surrounded herself with the former, and out of the £44,000 she earned with her pen she spent all but £800. This sum was invested about ten years ago to enable her family to pay her doctor's bill and funeral expenses without trenching on the grandmother's Nohant estate.

the following important announcement, which

PHILADELPHIA, December 27, 1884.

A FAMILY

Pills are the only pills used in our neigh- I use them for any irregularity in the borhood."-R. C. Comly, Row Landing, bowels, and find them thorough and W. Feliciana Parish, La.

SARAH PERRY'S ROMANCE.

and separation had enhanced her charms beyond his fondest expectation.

"Where is the Mayor's office?" she asked.

"Take me there first and love me afterwads."

A coach was called and together they went to the law office of Delahunter & Vilas, in the Tribune building. There John Delahunter, an old friend, drew up the marriage papers. The Aqueduct Commission was in session with Mayor Edson in the chair in the adjoining office. He stopped the decision on a contract to give ear to the legal representative of Jacques and Dora. Informed of the interesting facts already narrated, he consented to marry them at the close of the commission session. From that time every parliamentary tactic of which he was master was employed to hasten of which he was master was employed to hasten

Hymen waited patiently and in smiles on his nonr's pleasure. At 5 o'ciock a procession stared across City Hall park. The Mayor was followed by Jacques and Dora, John Delahunter and a cloud of clerks and curious witnesses. The snow fell fast and the rude wind deepened the blushes upon the cheeks of the fair Austrian girl, who clung to the arm of her lover, oblivious to all else. Arrived at the City Hall the Mayor found his office closed and locked. The bridal party halted and the Mayor seemed irresolute. A beseeching look from Dora decided him, "The side door," he cried, and led the way through a gloomy passage. A single gas-jet burned above the heads of the youthful couple, and illuminated the benign countenance of the Mayor as he stood in front of his desk and said the fateful words.

So they were married and on Christmas eye Dora saw the end of her long quest, and every witness there from the Mayor down wished he was as sure of a merry Christmas as was Jacques.

SARDINA, N. Y., December 24.—Some weeks ago the Sun printed an account of the removing of a large number of needles from the body of Mrs. Levi Seeley of this town. Since then the woman and her husband have been removed to

of what he had seen she would treat him in the same way.

Mrs. Seeley is 35 years old. Her husband is 85, and a repulsive-looking man. Mrs. Robinson is a handsome woman, not yet 30. She is the wife of a well-to-do blacksmith. She indignantly denies all knowledge of the needle-sticking affair. She says she went to Seeley's house once or twice out of charity to him and his wife while they were ill. Many people believe that Seeley is himself responsible for the needles in his wife's body, and others hold to the theory that she inserted them herself to create a sensation, and work on the sympathy of her neighbors to obtain money. No doubt exists that the needles and pins were introduced intentionally, as all are broken and cut.

all are broken and cut.

Fragments of no less than six large-sized hair-Fragments of no less than six large-sized margins have been removed. Some of the fragments are corroded and others are bright. Dr. Prince says it is hardly possible that they could have made their way into the flesh by being taken into the stomach first. The case, on the affidavit of Mrs. Seeley, will be laid before the grand jury.

Geniuses Short-Necked?

[London Truth.] In the whole course of her life George Sand never wore a dozen pairs of gloves. Her hands, she felt, were made to be active and not to be muffled up until they became useless. They were

A Change of Firm Name.

The proprietor of one of the best known and nost reliable seed houses in the country makes

PHILADELPHIA, December 27, 1884.

To my old patrons:

Many of my customers are acquainted with the fact that for some time past I have been the only member of the firm of Benson, Manle & Co. The world-wide reputation of this firm's name as sending out none but the best of seeds has been so great that I have heretofore hesitated to change it, but now that the name of Maule is almost equally as well known, I have decided to change the name of our firm, January I, 1885, from that of Benson, Maule & Co. to simply Wm. Henry Maule. Very truly,

WM. HENRY MAULE, Proprietor.

Should always be provided with a box of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are the most failing remedy for the cure of Headache, desirable remedy for the cure of all Liver Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Heartburn, and Stomach troubles. "Ayer's Pills have Costiveness, Piles, and all disorders arising been used in my family for over 30 years. from a morbid condition of the Liver and We find them an excellent medicine in Bowels. J. M. Haden, Concord, N. C.,

Ayer's Pills.

effective."

Prepared by J. C. Aver & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Lovers Married After Forty Years of Separation.

The Story of a Misdirected Letter-The Course of Love Interrupted.

Stranger Than Fiction-Another Picture Set in Contrast.

FALL RIVER, December 27 .- Forty years ago a toy vender, Perry by name, lived on Borden street. His home was a humble one, and a large family, eleven children, was sheltered by its roof. The elder three were girls, and as was the custom in families of moderate means in those good old days, were sent to work in the mill. Curly-haired Sarah was the youngest of the three, and the favorite among the girls in the old Quequechau mill. Her sunny ways and generally jolly disposition won all hearts, and it became a common saying that "Sarah Perry was as clever as the day is long." So it was not surprising that young John Marland loved her. His wooing prospered, and finally their troth was plighted. The wedding day was fixed, and all bid fair to terminate in the consummation so devoutly wished for. But Marland was called South on business before the wedding day arrived. The lovers exchanged vows of constancy and parted with promise on either sid of frequent correspondence. But on the day that of frequent correspondence. But on the day that John Marland started for the sunny South, sly Cupid began his mischievous pranks. Days passed into weeks and weeks into months, and no word from her absent lover came to the trusting maiden waiting in the North. The day set for the wedding came and passed, but John Marland did not return to claim his bride, nor did any message from the absent lover come to explain his absence or cheer the breaking heart of her to whom he had plighted his affection. The years rolled by and the bitter tears of sorrow were shed as Sarah Perry finally realized that she had been deserted. At last, worn with waiting, she sought to tear his image from her heart and accepted the attentions ar asi, worn with waiting, she sought to tear his image from her heart and accepted the attentions of one of the many who sought to gain her affections. To Spaulding Southworth she gave her heart and hand. They were married and lived as happy a life as any one could wish.

Weary of Waiting. Meanwhile John Marland, in his Southern exile. watched and waited for tidings from the loved one he had left at home. But no word came, and he waited and wondered in vain. He had written to her, as he had promised, but his message of love brought no reply, and he finally decided that love brought no reply, and ne many decided that the bewitching Sarah Perry had jitted him. This opinion was confirmed by the reports which came to him from home, and he maily wooed and won a Southern bride. So two lives which had promised to blend together drifted apart, and the cherished plans for the future became but memories of the past, forgotten almost in the new development of another love.

past, forgotten almost in the new development of another love.

The Southworths lived in this city. Spaulding was a prosperous carpenter, a steady man, the superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school, and a model husband. Sarah was a faithful helpmeet, a loving wife and a fond mother. The bousehold was a happy one, and no bitter memories of the old love marred the domestic bits.

Marland returned North in a few years with his Southern bride. He did not come back to Fail River, however, but settled in Middleboro, He had heard indirectly that Sarah Perry had married. Happy in his new love, he had no useless sorrow for the old, nor sought to renew acquaintance. And so, separated by scarce a score of miles, but kept asunder by the impassable barrier of a new love and solemn vows, the two, who years before had pledged their life love, each to the other, lived their separate lives as the advancing years brought to maturity another generation.

Widowed and Lonely.

Widowed and Lonely. A few years ago Marland's wife died. Spaulding Southworth too died meanwhile, and so the two who had plighted and broken their sacred troth in the years gone by were each alone once more. They each had loved again, had reared a happy household, and to each heart had came another and a similar sorrow at the hand of death. Strangely singular was the coincidence of their life experi-ence. More singular still was the chance that

ence. More singular still was the chance that threw them together. No word had passed between them in all these years, and no sight or sign was there to bring to either the love of their younger days. And both were high-spirited and proud, so neither sought to know the reason of the other's fatthlessness. Each equally guilty and alike innocent of the wrong, being each themselves the injured and the other the deceiver.

Two months ago John Marland came to this city to visit relatives, and by some chance met his sweetheart of forty years ago. Age had whitened their hair, furrowed their brows and roughened the cheeks that tast had touched the other forty years ago, when the farewell kisses sealed the pledge of constancy that since then had been broken. But deep down in the hearts of each,

Cherished During All These Years beneath that other love which each had known, the flame of the love of their young lives burned bright and clear and constant. And then, as confidences were again exchanged, the mystery of all these years was explained. A misdirected letter. which had never reached its destination, owing probably to a mistake in an initial, had caused all the trouble and changed the course of four lives, perhaps of more.
With the explanation and reconciliation, the ardor of youth returned. There was no separation this time, or chance for misdirected letters, and

Speedy Marriage fulfilled the troth plighted twoscore years ago, And so their paths have joined together, like the mountain trails which follow the sides of a ravine, and descending merge into one broad path through the valley; and they now go band in hand towards the end of the valley of life, happy in the old love, constant reminder of their youth, contented and united. Of the company which gathered around the Christmas board last Thursday none were happier than they, and to those of the younger generation, which has come up during these years, the story of their lives seems more romantic than any that they ever read in fiction. broad path through the valley; and they

A Terrible Contrast. But if in this case forty years has only served to draw two lives together, in another it has torn two lives apart. In the one case the love of forty years ago retained its vigor under circumstances most adverse. In the other a like period of loving companionship has resulted only in quenching the old love until relief from uncongenial companionship is sought in a petition to loose the tie that binds. This last couple were married some forty years ago, and have lived together ail these years, bearing each other's burdens, fighting the battle of life together rearing a family of culidren, who now are married and have children of their own, and steadily accumulating a property which now amounts to some \$200,000. But the love which all these years should have strengthened nas departed. After bearing each others faults for forty years, they now discover that they cannot ablue each other, and the husband seeks a legal separation. This venerable couple will make a novel picture in the divorce court.

There was no more striking contrast than the Christmas boards of these two families, or the storles of their forty years. years ago retained its vigor under circumstances

NEW YORK, December 27.-Mrs. Charles Tracey of Kingsbridge on Monday last gave birth to a healthy child that weighs exactly eleven ounces and is but six inches long. The baby's body could be circled by a fourteen-year-old child's thumb and finger. The head, perfectly formed, is about the size of a crab apple. Its mouth is so small that it is unable to partake of its natural nourishment, and a small nipple, the size of a straw, attached to a small glass bottle, does duty in that particular.

"Unblemished Integrity" is Good. Washington, December 27.-Ex-Secretary Robeson, talking about his late retirement as a member of Congress, said it was a matter of promember of Congress, said it was a matter of pro-found regret on his part that he did not, before his official term closed, make a carefully prepared and fully matured arraignment of the public press of the country, for its victousness and morbid desire after sensations at the expense of pure morals and unblemished integrity. He said he believed the press, as a whole, was destructive of the best interests of pure government, and that newspaper men were victous from instinct. MEDICINE.

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CHARLES F. BARKER..... EDITOR

CHECKERS.

BOSTON, December 30, 1884. All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

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Position No. Position No. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.—End By Isaiah Barker, Cam-bridgeport, Mass. BLACK. 0 /// 0 //

White to move and win. White to move and draw. Position No. Position No. By L. M. Stearns, Derry Depot, N. H. BLACK. By J. S. Denning, Bur-lington, Vt. BLACK. 1/// (6) //// (9)

White to move and win.

White to move and win Came No. 1366-"Cross." The following four games were played in the match between Messrs. H. Z. Wright and N. K. Wright's move: 11..15 23..18 14..18 30..20 23..7 29..26 16..30 23..27 7..2 17..14 9..13 27..31 2..9 14..10 13..22 Drawn. 5..23 (Var. 1.) 11..15 20..16 22..26 16..11 26..31 14.

31...27 (Var. 2.) 19..16 12..19 23..16 14..18 17..14 10..17 21..14 15..19 14..10 19..24 26..23 18..22 Drawn. 18.. 9 5..14 29..25 8..11 25..22 7..10 (Var. 3.) 23..19 14..18 19..10 18..25 29..22 6..15 31..27 5...9 21..17 3...8 27..23 9..13 23..19 15..18 22..15 11,.18 17..14 13..17 14..10 18..23 19..15 23..27 24..19 1.. 5 26..23 19..26 30.. 7 2..11 25..22 9..14 27..23 11..15 28..24 8..11

Came No. 1867-"Ayrshire Lassie." Played between Messrs. W. F. Larkin and E. C. Morrison of Haverhill, Mass.

C. Morrison of Haverhill, Mass.

11.15 19.16 18.27 14.10
24.20 12.19 25.22 19.28
8.11 23.16 7.11 2.7
28.24 9.13 29.25 28.24
4.8 16.12 27.31 7.16
23.19 11.15 25.22 15.18
15.18 20.16 31.27 16.11
22.15 8.11 24.20 18.22
11.18 26.22 27.23 11.15
32.28 11.20 22.17 22.26
10.14 22.17 23.18 15.18
26.23 13.22 28.24 26.30
7.11 27.23 18.23 21.17
30.26 20.27 17.14 30.25
2.7 31.24 23.19 17.18 20..16 24..19 18..15 19..24 16..11 21..17 15..18 24..19 11.. 7 19..16 7.. 2 Drawn.

Solution of Position No. 1136. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass. 14.. 9 1-13.. 6-2 23..19 11.. 2 16..11 B wins. (Var. 1.) 11..20 23..19 13.. 6 7.. 2 B. wins.

(Var. 2.) 11.. 2 23..19 13.. 6 16..11 B. wins. Solution of Position No. 1137. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Solution of Position No. 1138. By Dr. Purcell. 7..10 17₃.13 16..19 18..14 26..22 9..5 13..17 23..18 10..6 13..17 5..1 14..9 22..17 11..16 17..13 1..5 6..9 17..13 19..23 9..6 Solution of Position No. 1139. By B. A. Sinclair.

22..26 26..22 22..18 23..19 19..15
15..11 18..15 14.. 9 15..10 9..14
W. wins.

Checker News. The projected match between Messrs. Ferrie and McKelvie of Glasgow, Scot., is considered off. A friendly match between Messrs. Ashley and McGreevy of Detroit, Mich., will shortly take

Mr. H. Z. Wright of this city is expected to visit New York soon and try his hand with the players of that city.

Percy M. Bradt, the Wisconsin checker prodigy, in playing with about 100 different players from all portions of Wisconsin and elsewhere, has invariably been victorious, never, in fact, having lost a match or sitting in playing over 3000 games. Percy was only 18 years old last April.

DRAUGHTS PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY .- Mr. DRAUGHTS PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. Strickland, the well-known blindfolded draughts player, visited Swansea on the occasion of the opening night of the Swansea and District Chess and Draughts Club at the Welcome Coffee Tavern. The Revs. Prebendary Gauntlett, M. A., and Canon Richards, Messrs. Thomas Hall, Thomas Charles and Cawker were amongst those present. Mr. Strickland, by a tearvelious feat of memory, played against six draught players at the same time without looking at the board and with the aid of numbered squares, which were given him by word of mouth. Mr. Strickland beat five players, and in the case of the sixth the game was drawn.—[Evening Mail.

A Doctor Fatally Poisoned by Contact With a Patient. BROOKLYN, December 27 .- Dr. Atkinson of this city, who, while performing an operation upon a patient, absorbed some poisonous matter through a scratch on his hand, died tonight at 11 70 Chromo Cards and Tennyson's Poems mailed for 10 through a scratch on his hand, died tonight at 11

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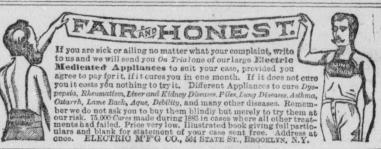
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Blaine Convinced of Burchard's Perfidy. PORTLAND, December 27 .- A well-known Republican politician who has been in New York and came home in the full belief that Burchard and came home in the full belief that Burchard did it "on purpose," says that he had some time ago suggested this to Mr. Blaine, and that the latter shad laughed at him; but in a recent conversation, Mr. Blaine had told him that he had about come to the conclusion that Burchard had really said his say with his wits about fime. Such a mistake will probably never be repeated; and probably in 1888, clergymen who expect to offer spontaneous tributes of respect to the Republican standard-bearer must submit their manuscripts for revision.

Hale's Honey the great Cough cure, 25c., 50c. & S1 Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 250 German Corn Kemover kills corns and bunions. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye—Black & brown, 50c, Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25c. Dean's Rheumatic Pilis are a sure cure, 50c.

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R—Cocain (from Erythroxylor occa) I drachm. Hypothosphir quinia, 1-2 drachm. Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatic amarae (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Giverin, a. s. Mix.

Ext. ignates amore (accoonce), 2 grains.

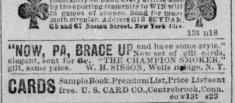
Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples. Mix.

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